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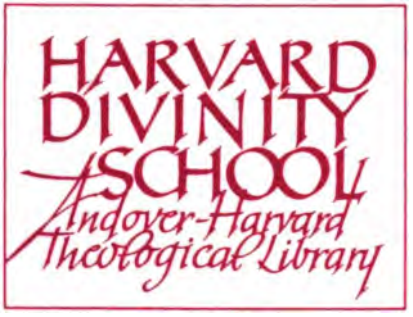
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WORK AND PLAY

BY

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PREFACE.

At the suggestion of a friend, who is himself an author, I have named this volume from its first article; partly because it must have a name, and partly because the matter of it represents the spontaneous overplus and literary by-play of a laborious profession.

As the contributions of the volume represent opinions and impressions that belong to dates, or periods of life, widely separated, no exact consistency of view will be expected or demanded.

In the article on 'The Growth of Law,' a reflection more severe by implication than by statement, is cast upon those reformers who have it for a point of endeavour, to show that slavery was not permitted in the ancient Scriptures. I confess that my impressions are somewhat modified by the late argument of my friend Dr. J. P. Thompson. At the same time, I do not see that anything really decisive is depending on that question. Doubtless it is all the better

if slavery can get no complexion of favour from the Scripture usage, yet still it is quite well even if it can. If there is, by God's appointment, and is always to be, a progress in law, nothing more is wanted for its final condemnation, than to show that the day of it is now gone by, and a state is reached, in which the world is capable of better things. And if it can be shown that Christianity itself expects, and deliberately prepares, just this kind of advancement in the social capability of mankind, slavery is then just as truly ruled out by the Scripture, as if it were specifically condemned. The ground which I took in this article, twenty years ago, coincides exactly, it will be seen, with the very able, and more strictly Scriptural, argument of Goldwin Smith, just now published. But if it should turn out that we are all in a mistake in our arguments, I think it will be discovered, ere long, that God has a way of uprooting slavery that is Providentially right.

H. B.

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I.

WORK AND PLAY.[1]

THERE are many subjects or truths, and sometimes those of the greatest moment, which cannot well be formally announced. They require to be offered rather by suggestion. They will enter the mind and be in it only as they are of it, generated by the fertile activity of a meditative spirit. This is frequently true even in matters of scientific discovery, where also it is often remarked, that the best suggestives are the humblest instances; such as the mind can play itself upon with the greatest facility, because it is not occupied by their magnitude or oppressed by their grandeur. Some lamp is seen swinging on its chain, some apple falling from the tree, and then, perchance, the thoughtful looker-on, taking the hint that nature gives, will be able also to look in; thus to uncover truths not measured by their instances,—laws of the universe.

[1] Delivered before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa, in the University of Cambridge.

More true is this, if possible, of moral subjects; for there are many of these which the soul will not suffer to be thrust upon her. She must ask for them, catch the note of them in some humble suggestive, entertain them thoughtfully, take them into her feeling, and there, encouraging, as it were, their modesty, tempt them to speak. So especially it is with the subject in which I desire to engage you on the present occasion. No formal announcement will probably do more for it, than just to thrust it on your disrespect.

Let me call to my aid, then, some thoughtful spirit in my audience; not a poet, of necessity, or a man of genius, but a man of large meditation, one who is accustomed to observe, and, by virtue of the warm affinities of a living heart, to draw out the meanings that are hid so often in the humblest things. Returning into the bosom of his family, in some interval of care and labour, he shall come upon the very unclassic and certainly unimposing scene,—his children and a kitten playing on the floor together; and just there, possibly, shall meet him suggestions more fresh, and thoughts of higher reach concerning himself and his race, than the announcement of a new discovered planet, or the revolution of an empire would incite. He surveys, with a meditative feeling, this beautiful scene of muscular play,—the unconscious activity, the exuberant life, the spirit of glee,—and there rises

in his heart the conception, that possibly he is here to see the prophecy or symbol of another and higher kind of play, which is the noblest exercise and last end of man himself. Worn by the toils of years, perceiving, with a sigh, that the unconscious joy of motion here displayed is spent in himself, and that now he is effectually tamed to the doom of a working creature, he may yet discover, in the lively sympathy with play that bathes his inward feeling, that his soul is playing now,—enjoying, without the motions, all it could do in them ; manifold more than it could, if he were down upon the floor himself, in the unconscious activity and lively frolic of childhood. Saddened he may be to note how time and work have changed his spirit, and dried away the playful springs of animal life in his being; yet he will find, or ought, a joy playing internally over the face of his working nature, which is fuller and richer as it is more tranquil ; which is to the other as fulfilment to prophecy, and is, in fact, the prophecy of a better and far more glorious fulfilment still.

Having struck, in this manner, the great world-problem of WORK AND PLAY, his thoughts kindle under the theme and he pursues it. The living races are seen, at a glance, to be offering in their history, everywhere, a faithful type of his own. They show him what he himself is doing and preparing,—all that

he finds in the manifold experience of his own higher life. They have, all, their gambols, all, their sober cares and labours. The lambs are sporting on the green knoll; the anxious dams are bleating to recall them to their side. The citizen beaver is building his house by a laborious carpentry; the squirrel is lifting his sail to the wind on the swinging top of the tree. In the music of the morning, he hears the birds playing with their voices, and, when the day is up, sees them sailing round in circles on the upper air, as skaters on a lake, folding their wings, dropping and rebounding, as if to see what sport they can make of the solemn laws that hold the upper and lower worlds together. And yet these play-children of the air he sees again descending to be carriers and drudges; fluttering and screaming anxiously about their nests, and confessing by that sign that not even wings can bear them clear of the stern doom of work. Or passing to some quiet shade, meditating still on this careworn life, playing still internally with ideal fancies and desires unrealized, there returns upon him there, in the manifold and spontaneous mimicry of nature, a living show of all that is transpiring in his own bosom; in every flower, some bee humming over his laborious chemistry and loading his body with the fruits of his toil; in the slant sunbeam, populous nations of motes quivering with animated joy, and catching, as in play, at the golden particles

of the light with their tiny fingers. Work and play, in short, are the universal ordinance of God for the living races; in which they symbolize the fortune and interpret the errand of man. No creature lives that must not work, and may not play.

Returning now to himself and to man, and meditating yet more deeply, as he is thus prepared to do, on work and play, and play and work, as blended in the compound of our human life; asking again what is work and what is play, what are the relations of one to the other, and which is the final end of all, he discovers, in what he was observing round him, a sublimity of import, a solemnity even, that is deep as the shadow of eternity.

To proceed intelligently with our subject, we need, first of all, to resolve or set forth the precise philosophic distinction between work and play; for upon this distinction all our illustrations will depend. That, in practical life, we have any hesitancy in making the distinction, I by no means intimate. At least, there are many youths in the universities, not specially advanced in philosophy, who are able to make their election with the greatest facility, be the distinction itself clear or not. But as I propose, on the present occasion, to speak of the state of play in a manner that involves a philosophic extension of the idea, I am required to distinguish the idea by a careful analysis.

You will discover, at once, that work and play, taken as modes of mere outward, muscular activity, cannot be distinguished. There is motion in both, there is an exercise of force in both, both are under the will as acting on the muscular system; so that, taken outwardly, they both fall into the same category. Indeed, they cannot be discriminated till we pass within, to view them metaphysically, considering their springs of action, their impulse, aim, and object.

Here the distinction becomes evident at once; namely, that work is activity *for* an end; play, activity *as* an end. One prepares the fund or resources of enjoyment, the other is enjoyment itself. Thus, when a man goes into agriculture, trade, or the shop, he consents to undergo a certain expenditure of care and labour, which is only a form of painstaking rightly named, in order to obtain some ulterior good which is to be his reward. But when the child goes to his play, it is no painstaking, no means to an end; it is itself rather both end and joy. Accordingly, it is a part of the distinction I state, that work suffers a feeling of aversion, and play excludes aversion. For the moment any play becomes wearisome or distasteful, then it is work; an activity that is kept up, not as being its own joy, but for some ulterior end, or under some kind of constraint.

Another form of the distinction is made out, and one that is more accurately adapted to philosophic

uses, by saying that work is done by a conscious effort of will, and that play is impulsive, having its spring in some inspiration, or some exuberant fund of life at the back of the will. So that one is something which we require of ourselves, the other something that we must control ourselves not to do. We work because we must, because prudence impels. We play because we have in us a fund of life that wants to expend itself.

But man is not a muscular creature only; he does not consist of mere bones and integuments. He is a creature also of thought, feeling, intelligence, and character. And what we see of him in the muscular life, he is, or should be, in the higher domain of spirit. Regarding the child as a creature full of life and spontaneous motion, thus and therefore a playing creature, we are to see in him, not the measure, but the sign, of that which shall be. For as the race began with an outward paradise, which, being lost, may yet offer the type of a higher paradise to be gained, so each life begins with muscular play, that, passing through the hard struggles of work, it may carry its ideal with it, and emerge at last into a state of inspired liberty and spontaneous beauty. In short, we are to conceive that the highest and complete state of man, that which his nature endeavours after, and in which only it fulfills its sublime instinct, is the state of play.

In this view, study is to be regarded as work, until the disciple gets beyond voluntary attention, application constrained by prudence, rivalry, ambitious preparations for life, and begins to dwell in beauty and truth as inspiration. For then he passes into another and more perfect kind of activity, an activity that is spontaneous or impulsive, and is to itself both reward and end.

And this kind of activity, call it enthusiastic or inspired, or by whatever name, we shall discover is commonly regarded as a higher and nobler—in fact the only perfect activity conceivable. In the article of memory, for example, we regard a spontaneous memory, that which mirrors all the past before us without any effort of recollection, as the only perfect memory. But a reflective memory, supported by mnemonic contrivances, and assisted by recollective efforts, is so far in the nature of work; and the necessity of work argues the imperfection of the instrument. Our idea of a perfect or complete memory is, that it reports the past spontaneously, or in play.

When we ascend to the higher modes of action, such as involve the inventive exercises of reason, fancy, imagination, or the sentimental exercises of feeling, passion, humour, we find that we are even offended by the signs of work; or, if not offended, we are unsatisfied, just in proportion to the evidence of

work or effort obtruded on our attention. For work, we allow, argues defect or insufficiency, and to say that the man *labours* is the same as to say that he fails. Nothing is sufficient or great, nothing fires or exalts us, but to feel the divine energy and the inspiring liberty of play.

Then, again, as we ascend still higher, to modes of activity that are moral and religious, we become quite intolerant of anything in the nature of work. To be good or true, for the sake of some ulterior end, is the same as to value goodness and truth second to that end; which is the same as to have no sense of either. So, if some benefit or gift is bestowed upon us by constraint, and not from any compassion for our lot or interest in our welfare, we deem the gift itself an insult, and call the charity hypocrisy. In like manner, purity, forced by self-restraint or maintained by mere prudence, argues impurity. True purity, that which answers the perfect ideal, is spontaneous; unfolding its artless, unaffected spotlessness in the natural freedom of a flower. It could not defile itself without an effort. Nay, it is supposable that perfect purity could not even blush. In like manner, self-denial is never a complete virtue till it becomes a kind of self-indulgence. It must bathe itself in the fountains of a self-oblivious charity. Forgetting fame and reward, rising above the constraints of prudence, and losing the nature of work, it must become the spontaneous

impulse of our being,—a joyous overflow of the soul's liberty.

It follows, in this view, that work is in its very nature temporary, or should be, having for its end the realization of a state of play. Passing through activity *for* an end, we are to come into activity *as* an end; beyond which, of course, there is nothing higher. As we rest in the one, we are to cease from the other. And might we not have said as much beforehand? Who that considers the ethereal nature of a soul can conceive that the doom of work is anything more than a temporary expedient, introduced or suffered to perfect our discipline? To imagine a human creature dragged along, or dragging himself along, under the perpetual friction of work, never to ascend above it; a creature in God's image, aching for God's liberty, beating ever vainly and with crippled wings, that he may lift himself into some freer, more congenial element; this, I say, were no better than quite to despair of man. Nay, it were to confess that all which is most akin to God in his human instincts is only semblance without reality. Do we not all find within us some dim ideal, at least, of a state unrealized, where action is its own impulse; where the struggles of birth are over, and the friction of interest and care is no longer felt; where all that is best and highest is freest, and joyous because it is free; where to be is to be great, because the inspiration of the

soul is full, and to do is as easy as to conceive; where action is itself sublime, because it is the play of ease and the equilibrium of rest!

Let no one imagine that I derogate thus from the dignity of work. Rather do I dignify it the more, that I represent it as the preparative to a state so exalted. Possibly our modern writers, in their zeal to dignify work, have sometimes excluded or omitted the notice of this, which is its only dignity. Indeed, some of our poets seem to have worked harder to change the world's work into poetry, than the world need have done to finish it in prose. Work is transitional, having its good in its end. The design is, that, by a fixed law of nature, it shall pass into play. This is its proper honour and joy.

Let us notice, then, for a moment, in what manner work becomes the preparative or necessary condition of play. Observe the child as a playing creature in the muscular life. Full of animated glee, unable to contain the brimming life that is in him, he must needs expend himself in action. He leaps about the ground, climbs into the trees, screams among his fellows in notes that tingle on the air; not because he will, or has any ulterior end, but because the play-fund is in him, and he must. But we do not always note that a period of trial answering to work was necessary to prepare this liberty of motion; that the

child had first to practise eye, voice, ear, hand, foot, putting forth carefully by little and little, and gradually getting possession of the bodily machinery that now plays so nimbly. Every muscle in his body had, in fact, to be graduated in the little university of motion, before he was ready for play. He had many falls to suffer, in order to get the balance of his members; much crying to do, to get possession of his voice: and this, I suppose, must be taken for work. By the same kind of necessity is mental and spiritual work necessary to the play-state of the soul. The man must go into experiment, through experiment or study get possession of his soul, so that he can turn every faculty whithersoever he will, and have the whole internal machinery in the exactest play. I speak not here of the discipline merely of schools and colleges, but, as much, of the struggles we encounter and the scenes through which we pass in this great school of life—its objects, relations, and duties; its sturdy trials, fears, falls, crosses; its works, and wars, and woes; all discovering to us, and thus helping us to possess, ourselves. We get the helm thus of our thoughts, tempers, passions, aspirations, and wants. And if a vigorous training in the school be added, our capacities of taste, fancy, observation, and reason are also discovered, and limbered for the free activity of spiritual play.

It will also be seen that this free state of man

involves a moral experience, and possibly somewhat of a bad or selfish experience, whereby his choices may be settled in the permanent love of goodness. For this, in fact, is the greatness of all greatness, that it is of the man himself—the measure of his own free aims and aspirations. And if so much depends on the soul's choices, it needs to be made wise that it may choose wisely, and possibly to choose unwisely in order that it may be wise. Thus it descends into selfishness and evil, which are only forms of work, there to learn the wisdom of goodness in the contrasts of distaste, weariness, and hunger. And this, I suppose, is the solution of the various travail that is given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith. Some men work to get money; others, quite as hard to spend it. Some men work to get reputation; others, who have it by accident, work harder in seeing it go by a law. There is a laborious ease, and even a laborious idleness. What we call pleasure is commonly but another name for work; a strenuous joy, a laboriously prepared, and therefore wearisome happiness. We all go to our self-serving and work, till at last we learn, it may be, to cease from ourselves, and then—we play.

But there is yet another office served by work, without which the state of play is never complete. The man must find inspiring forces, objects that exalt the feeling, ideals to embrace that will beget a spon-

taneous greatness in him. But he is ignorant, at first, even of facts; and how shall he find his ideals, unless they are discovered in the practical throes of experience, labour, and study? How shall he turn himself to things that shine with their own brightness, ideal objects born of the soul's own thought, and luminous by a divine quality hid in themselves, unless he has sweltered for a time in self-exercise and the dust of labour? Then, at last, he conceives and embraces in his love, sublimity, beauty, honour, truth, charity, God; and the inspiration he feels imparts to him somewhat of a higher nature, spontaneously good, wise, great,—joyous of necessity.

Thus it is that work prepares the state of play. Passing over now to this latter, observe the intense longing of the race for some such higher and freer state of being. They call it by no name. Probably most of them have but dimly conceived what they are after. The more evident will it be that they are after this, when we find them covering over the whole ground of life, and filling up the contents of history with their counterfeits or misconceived attempts. If the hidden fire is seen bursting up on every side, to vent itself in flame, we may certainly know that the ground is full.

Let it not surprise you if I name, as a first illustration here, the general devotion of our race to money.

This passion for money is allowed to be a sordid passion, one that is rankest in the least generous and most selfish of mankind; and yet a conviction has always been felt, that it must have its heat in the most central fires and divinest affinities of our nature. Thus the poet calls it the *auri sacra fames*—*sacra*, as being a curse, and that in the divine life of the race. Childhood being passed, and the play-fund of motion so far spent that running on foot no longer appears to be the joy it was, the older child, now called a man, fancies that it will make him happy to ride! Or he imagines, which is much the same, some loftier state of being—call it rest, retirement, competence, independence—no matter by what name, only be it a condition of use, ease, liberty, and pure enjoyment. And so we find the whole race at work to get rid of work: drudging themselves to-day, in the hope of play to-morrow. This is that *sacra fames*, which, misconceiving its own unutterable longings after spiritual play, proposes to itself the dull felicity of cessation, and drives the world to madness in pursuit of a counterfeit, which it is work to obtain, work also to keep, and yet harder work oftentimes to enjoy.

Here, too, is the secret of that profound passion for the drama, which has been so conspicuous in the cultivated nations. We love to see life in its feeling and activity, separated from its labours and historic results. Could we see all human changes transpire

poetically or creatively, that is, in play, letting our soul play with them as they pass, then it were only poetry to live. Then to admire, love, laugh; then to abhor, pity, weep,—all were alike grateful to us; for the view of suffering separated from all reality, save what it has to feeling, only yields a painful joy, which is the deeper joy because of the pain. Hence the written drama, offering to view in its impersonations a life one side of life, a life in which all the actings appear without the ends and simply as in play, becomes to the cultivated reader a spring of the intensest and most captivating spiritual incitement. He beholds the creative genius of a man playing out impersonated groups and societies of men, clothing each with life, passion, individuality, and character, by the fertile activity of his own inspired feeling. Meantime the writer himself is hidden, and cannot even suggest his existence. Hence egotism, which also is a form of work, the dullest, most insipid, least inspiring of all kinds of endeavour, is nowhere allowed to obtrude itself. The reader himself, too, has no ends to think of or to fear; nothing to do, but to play the characters into his feeling as creatures existing for his sake. In this view, the drama, as a product of genius, is, within a certain narrow limit, the realization of play.

But far less effectively, or more faintly, when it is acted. Then the counterfeit, as it is more remote, is

more feeble. In the reading, we invent our own sceneries, clothe into form and expression each one of the characters, and play out our own liberty in them as freely, and sometimes as divinely, as they. Whatever reader, therefore, has a soul of true life and fire within him, finds all expectation balked, when he becomes an auditor and spectator. The scenery is tawdry and flat; the characters, definitely measured, have lost their infinity, so to speak, and thus their freedom; and what before was play descends to nothing better or more inspired than work. It is called going to the play, but it should rather be called going to the work; that is, to see a play worked (yes, an *opera!* that is it)—men and women inspired through their memory, and acting their inspirations by rote; panting into love, pumping at the fountains of grief, whipping out the passions into fury, and dying to fulfil the contract of the evening, by a forced holding of the breath. And yet this feeble counterfeit of play, which some of us would call only 'very tragical mirth,' has a power to the multitude. They are moved, thrilled it may be, with a strange delight. It is as if a something in their nature, higher than they themselves know, were quickened into power,—namely, that divine instinct of play, in which the summit of our nature is most clearly revealed.

In like manner, the passion of our race for war, and the eager admiration yielded to warlike exploits,

are resolvable principally into the same fundamental cause. Mere ends and uses do not satisfy us. We must get above prudence and economy, into something that partakes of inspiration, be the cost what it may. Hence war, another and yet more magnificent counterfeit of play. Thus there is a great and lofty virtue that we call *cour-age*, taking our name from the heart. It is the greatness of a great heart; the repose and confidence of a man whose soul is rested in truth and principle. Such a man has no ends ulterior to his duty, duty itself is his end. He is in it therefore as in play, lives it as an inspiration. Lifted thus out of mere prudence and contrivance, he is also lifted above fear. Life to him is the outgoing of his great heart,—*heart-age*, action from the heart. And because he now can die, without being shaken or perturbed by any of the dastardly feelings that belong to self-seeking and work, because he partakes of the impassibility of his principles, we call him a hero, regarding him as a kind of god—a man who has gone up into the sphere of the divine.

Then, since courage is a joy so high, a virtue of so great majesty, what could happen but that many will covet both the internal exaltation and the outward repute of it? Thus comes bravery, which is the counterfeit, or mock virtue. Courage is of the heart, as we have said; bravery is of the will. One is the spontaneous joy and repose of a truly great soul;

the other, bravery, is after an end ulterior to itself, and in that view, is but a form of work,—about the hardest work, too, I fancy, that some men undertake. What can be harder, in fact, than to act a great heart, when one has nothing but a will wherewith to do it?

Thus you will see that courage is above danger; bravery in it, doing battle on a level with it. One is secure and tranquil, the other suppresses agitation or conceals it. A right mind fortifies one, shame stimulates the other. Faith is the nerve of one, risk the plague and tremor of the other. For if I may tell you just here a very important secret, there be many that are called heroes who are yet without courage. They brave danger by their will, when their heart trembles. They make up in violence what they want in tranquillity, and drown the tumult of their fears in the rage of their passions. Enter the heart and you shall find, too often, a dastard spirit lurking in your hero. Call him still a brave man, if you will, only remember that he lacks courage.

No, the true hero is the great, wise man of duty; he whose soul is armed by truth and supported by the smile of God; he who meets life's perils with a cautious but tranquil spirit, gathers strength by facing its storms, and dies, if he is called to die, as a Christian victor at the post of duty. And if we must have heroes, and wars wherein to make them, there is no

so brilliant war as a war with wrong, no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

But if bravery be not the same as courage, still it is a very imposing and plausible counterfeit. The man himself is told, after the occasion is passed, how heroically he bore himself, and when once his nerves have become tranquillized, he begins even to believe it. And since we cannot stay content in the dull, uninspired world of economy and work, we are as ready to see a hero as he to be one. Nay, we must have our heroes, as I just said, and we are ready to harness ourselves, by the million, to any man who will let us fight him out the name. Thus we find out occasions for war—wrongs to be redressed, revenges to be taken, such as we may feign inspiration and play the great heart under. We collect armies, and dress up leaders in gold and high colours, meaning, by the brave look, to inspire some notion of a hero beforehand. Then we set the men in phalanxes and squadrons, where the personality itself is taken away, and a vast impersonal person called an army, a magnanimous and brave monster, is all that remains. The masses of fierce colour, the glitter of steel, the dancing plumes, the waving flags, the deep throb of the music lifting every foot—under these the living acres of men, possessed by the one thought of playing brave to-day, are rolled on to battle. Thunder, fire, dust,

blood, groans—what of these? nobody thinks of these, for nobody dares to think till the day is over, and then the world rejoices to behold a new batch of heroes!

And this is the Devil's play, that we call war. We have had it going on ever since the old geologic era was finished. We are sick enough of the matter of it. We understand well enough that it is not good economy. But we cannot live on work. We must have courage, inspiration, greatness, play. Even the moral of our nature, that which is to weave us into social union with our kind before God, is itself thirsting after play; and if we cannot have it in good, why then let us have it in as good as we can. It is at least some comfort, that we do not mean quite as badly in these wars as some men say. We are not in love with murder, we are not simple tigers in feeling, and some of us come out of battle with kind and gentle qualities left. We only must have our play.

Note also this, that, since the metaphysics of fighting have been investigated, we have learned to make much of what we call the *moral* of the army; by which we mean the feeling that wants to play brave. Only it is a little sad to remember that this same moral, as it is called, is the true, eternal, moral nature of the man thus terribly perverted,—that which was designed to link him to his God and his

kind, and ought to be the spring of his immortal inspirations.

There has been much of speculation among the learned concerning the origin of chivalry; nor has it always been clear to what human elements this singular institution is to be referred. But when we look on man, not as a creature of mere understanding and reason, but as a creature also of play, essentially a poet in that which constitutes his higher life, we seem to have a solution of the origin of chivalry, which is sufficient, whether it be true or not. In the forswearing of labour, in the brave adventures of a life in arms, in the intense ideal devotion to woman as her protector and avenger, in the self-renouncing and almost self-oblivious worship of honour—what do we see in these but the mock-moral doings of a creature who is to escape self-love and the service of ends, in a free, spontaneous life of goodness; in whom courage, delicacy, honour, disinterested deeds, are themselves to be the inspiration, as they are the end, of his being?

I might also show, passing into the sphere of religion, how legal obedience, which is work, always descends into superstition, and thus that religion must, in its very nature and life, be a form of play—a worship offered, a devotion paid, not for some ulterior end, but as being its own end and joy. I might also show, in the same manner, that all the enthusi-

astic, fanatical, and properly quietistic modes of religion are as many distinct counterfeits, and, in that manner, illustrations of my subject. But this you will see at a glance, without illustration. Only observe how vast a field our illustrations cover. In the infatuated zeal of our race for the acquisition of money, in the drama, in war, in chivalry, in perverted religion—in all these forms, covering almost the whole ground of humanity with counterfeits of play, that are themselves the deepest movements of the race, I show you the boundless sweep of this divine instinct, and how surely we may know that the perfected state of man is a state of beauty, truth, and love, where life is its own end and joy.

Passing now into the life of letters, we may carry with us a light that will make intelligible and clear some important distinctions that are not always apprehended.

Here is the distinction between genius and talent, which some of our youthful scholars are curious to settle. Genius is that which is good for play, talent that which is good for work. The genius is an inspired man, a man whose action is liberty, whose creations are their own end and joy. Therefore we speak, not of the man's doing this or that, but of the man's genius as doing it; as if there were some second spirit attendant, yielding him thoughts, senses,

imaginations, fires of emotion, that are above his measure—lifting him thus into exaltations of freedom and power that partake of a certain divine quality. His distinction is, in fact, that he is a demonized or demonizable man. Talent, on the other hand, we conceive to be of the man himself, a capacity that is valuable as related to ends and uses, such as the acquisition of knowledge or money, to build, cultivate, teach, frame polities, manage causes, fill magistracies.

But we need to add that talent, in every sphere, passes into genius through exercise; for if geniuses are born, as we sometimes hear, they must yet be born again of study, struggle, and work. First the man comes into action, gets possession of himself, fills out the tone of his energies by efforts and struggles that are of the will. If, then, ideas find him, when he is ploughing in uses, and drop their mantle on him, he becomes a prophet. I say, if they find him; for he is little likely to find them, by going after them. Inspiration sought is inspiration hindered. It must be a call. No man makes a breeze for his vessel by blowing in the sail himself. Neither is any man to act the genius wilfully, or to have it for a question, previous to study and work, whether possibly he is born to the life of genius. To preconceive the life is, in fact, not to suffer it. The most any mortal can do in this matter is to do nothing,—

save to offer a pure, industrious, lively nature to all beauty and good, and be willing to serve them, till he is permitted to reign with them. If then there fall into his bosom, as it were out of heaven, thoughts, truths, feelings, acts of good to be done, all of which are joy and reward in their own nature, and the man, taking fire in these, as with something divine, rises into play, that is the kind of activity we mean by the word *genius*. For if there be an example, now and then, of some precocious foundling, who appears to be born to inspiration, and begins to play in the lap, as it were, of mere nature —plays in the university as a poet, too divinely gifted for the tough discipline of study—if possibly he is reckoned a genius, he will yet turn out to be a genius of the small order, and it will be wonderful, if, as lambs and kittens are sobered by the graver habit of their majority, the growth of his beard does not exhaust his inspiration. However this may be, all the heavy and massive forms of genius, all the giants of inspiration, are sons of work.

Such being the distinction between talent and genius, we shall look for a like distinction in their demonstrations; the distinction, namely, of work and play, activity for an end and activity as an end, that of the empty and that of the full, the acquisitive and the creative, the ascent of the ladder and the ascent of fire.

Here lies the distinction between wit and humour,

a distinction which the rhetoricians have not always distinctly traced, though well aware of some real and very wide difference in their effects. Wit is work, humour is play. One is the dry labour of intention or design, ambition eager to provoke applause, malignity biting at an adversary, envy letting down the good or the exalted. The other, humour, is the soul reeking with its own moisture, laughing because it is full of laughter, as ready to weep as to laugh; for the copious shower it holds is good for either. And then, when it has set the tree a-dripping,

> 'And hung a pearl in every cowslip's ear,'

the pure sun shining after will reveal no colour of intention in the sparkling drop, but will leave you doubting still whether it be a drop let fall by laughter, or—a tear.

The rhetoricians have also laboured much to make out some external definition by which prose may be distinguished from poetry. No such distinction is possible, till we pass into the mind of the writer, and contemplate his subjective state. If he writes for some use or end ulterior to the writing, and of course superior as a motive, or if we read with a feeling produced that the writing is only means to an end, that is prose. On the other hand, every sort of writing which is its own end, an utterance made because the soul is full of feeling, beauty, and truth, and wants to behold her own joy, is poetry. She sings because the

music is in her heart. Her divine thought burns, and words flock round about, fanning the fire with their wings, till she goes up in flame, unable to stay.

Poetry, therefore, is play, as distinguished from prose, which is work. Hence, too, poetry is distinguished from prose by a certain quality that we call rhythm. For when a man thinks or acts for an end ulterior, suggested by self-love, then the drag of his end, being towards himself, makes a specialty of him,—he is a mote in the great universe, centered in itself and not in the sun, and pulling to get something to or in itself; therefore he is out of rhythm in his feeling, and the music of the stars will not chime with him. But when he lets go his private want or end to play, then he is part of the great universe under God, and consciously one with it, and then he falls into the rhythmic dance of the worlds, giving utterance, in beat and number, to a feeling that is itself played into beat and number, weaving and waving with those graces that circle the throne of all beauty, and chiming with the choirs of light in their universal, but, to the most of mankind, inaudible, hymn. Or, to bring an instance from below the stars, where no fiction may be suspected; as the mountains of the world, having a certain secret law of rhythm in their moulds and granite masses, take up the discordant sounds of horns or screaming voices, part the discords, toss the silvering harmonies about in reduplicating beats of

echo, and fine away the notes till they seem vibrations of spirit, pulsing still, after the air is silent; so, when a man falls under inspiration from God and his worlds, and begins to play, his soul forthwith becomes a tuneful creature; his thoughts submit to the universal rhythmic laws, and when he speaks he sings.

If in verse, then, the number is cast by the feeling or inspiration; all is of the feeling, and the words are gathered into their places, not by choice, but by a certain instinct which they themselves feel after; as when birds of passage hook themselves to each other in waving lines of propagated action, all feeling all, and chiming in the beat of their wings. If the writing be in the form of prose, and yet be truly in play, still it will be felt that some higher law than choice has called the words into their places. We have still a feeling of number and rhythm, and certain mystic junctures and cadences, born, as it were, of music, remind us that the son of song is here.

The same may be said of the orator; for there is no definite line of distinction, as many imagine, between the true orator and the poet,—unless we say that the orator is the poet in action, the impersonation of rhythm and play. For though the speaker begins with a cause which he is charged to gain, yet as he kindles with his theme and rises into inspired action, his men become gods, his cause is lifted out of the particular into the universal, or into such a

height that speaking for it becomes an end in itself, and his advocacy, raised above the mere prose level, becomes a lofty, energetic improvising. What he began with a purpose hurries him on now as a passion. His look changes. His voice takes a modulation not of the will. His words and cadences seem rather to make use of him than to be used by him. His action, being no longer voluntary, but spontaneous, falls into the rhythm of play, where you distinguish the sharp, invective iambic, the solemn, religious spondee, the swift trochaic run of eagerness or fear, the heavy molossic tread of grief or sorrow. He becomes, in fact, a free lyric in his own living person, the most animated and divinest embodiment of play, —thus and therefore a power sublime above all others possible to man.

Pursuing the same method, I might also exhibit a similar distinction of work and play between rhetorical beauty, laboured by the rules of the professors, and the free beauty of original creation. Criticism holds a like relation to all the productive energies of genius; logic also a like relation to the spiritual insight of reason; understanding a like relation to the realizations of faith.

There is yet another topic which requires to be illustrated, in order to complete my subject, but which I can touch only in the briefest manner. I speak of philosophic method, or the true method of

scientific discovery. The inductive method, sometimes called the Baconian, is commonly represented in a manner that would make the philosopher the dullest of beings, and philosophy the dullest of all drudgeries. It is merely to classify facts on a basis of comparison or abstraction; that is, to arrange a show-box and call it philosophy! No, the first and really divine work of philosophy is to generate ideas, which are then to be verified by facts or experiments. Therefore we shall find that a certain capacity of elevation or poetic ardour is the most fruitful source of discovery. The man is raised to a pitch of insight and becomes a seer, entering into things through God's constitutive ideas, to read them as from God. For what are laws of science, but ideas of God,—those regulative types of thought by which God created, moves, and rules the worlds? Thus it is that the geometrical and mathematical truths become the prime sources of scientific inspiration; for these are the pure intellectualities of being, and have their life in God. Accordingly, an eloquent modern writer says,—'I am persuaded that many a problem of analysis of Kepler, Galileo, Newton, and Euler, and the solution of many an equation, suppose as much intuition and inspiration as the finest ode of Pindar. Those pure and incorruptible formulas which already were before the world was, that will be after it, governing throughout all time and space, being, as it

were, an integral part of God, put the mathematician in profound communion with the Divine Thought. In those immutable truths, he savours what is purest in the creation. He says to the worlds, like the ancient, — "Let us be silent, we shall hear the murmuring of the Gods."'

Accordingly we find, as a matter of historic fact, that the singular and truly wonderful man who first broke into the ordinances of heaven, and got a foothold there for definite science, was inflamed and led on by the inspirations of geometry. 'Figures pleased me,' he says, 'as being quantities, and as having existed before the heavens.' Therefore he expected to find the heavens included under geometric figures. Half mad with prophetic feeling, and astrologically possessed also by the stars, he goes up among them praying and joking and experimenting together, trying on, as it were, his geometric figures to see how they will fit, and scolding the obstinacy of heaven when they will not; doubting then whether 'perhaps the gibbous moon, in the bright constellation of the Bull's forehead, is not filling his mind with fantastic images;' returning again to make another trial, and enduring labours which, if done in the spirit of work, would have crushed any mortal,—till, at last, behold! his prophetic formula settles into place! the heavens acknowledge it! And he breaks out in holy frenzy, crying—'What I prophesied two-and-twenty years

ago, as soon as I discovered the five solids among the heavenly orbits; what I believed before I had seen Ptolemy's Harmonics; what I had promised my friends; that for which I joined Tycho Brahe, I have brought to light! It is now eighteen months since I got the first glimpse of light; three months since the dawn; very few days since the unveiled sun, most admirable to gaze on, burst out upon me. Nothing holds me; I indulge my sacred fury! I triumph over mankind! The die is cast; the book is written, —to be read, either now, or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has been waiting six thousand years for an observer!'

And yet this man was no philosopher, some will say; he did not proceed by induction and the classification of facts, he only made a lucky guess! Be it so, it was yet such a guess as must be made before science could get any firm hold of the sky; such a guess as none but this most enthusiastic and divinely gifted mortal, trying at every gate of knowledge there, could ever have made.

So too it is now, always has been, always will be, —boast of our Baconian method as we may, misconceive the real method of philosophy as we certainly do,—all great discoveries, not purely accidental, will be gifts to insight, and the true man of science will be he who can best ascend into the thoughts of God,

he who burns before the throne in the clearest, purest, mildest light of reason.

Thus, also, it was that Linnæus, when the mystic and almost thinking laws of vegetable life began to open upon him, cried—'*Deum sempiternum, omniscium, omnipotentem, a tergo transeuntem, vidi, et obstupui!*'

So, too, when the animate races are to open their wondrous history, you yourselves have seen the hand of play, or of scientific genius, dashing out, stroke by stroke, in a few free lines, those creative types of God in which the living orders had their spring; and have seemed, in the chalk formation of the lecture-room, to see those creatures leaping into life, which the other and older chalk formation under ground has garnered there, as the cabinet of Jehovah.

But it is time to bring these illustrations to a close, and it is scarcely for me to choose the manner. They have their own proper close, towards which they have all the way been drawing us, and that we must now accept; namely, this,—that, as childhood begins with play, so the last end of man, the pure ideal in which his being is consummated, is a state of play. And if we look for this perfected state, we shall find it nowhere, save in religion. Here at last man is truly and completely man. Here the dry world of work and the scarcely less dry counterfeits of play are left

behind. Partial inspirations no longer suffice. The man ascends into a state of free beauty, where well-doing is its own end and joy, where life is the simple flow of love, and thought—no longer coloured in the prismatic hues of prejudice and sin—rejoices ever in the clear white light of truth. Exactly this we mean, when we say that Christianity brings an offer of liberty to man; for the Christian liberty is only pure spiritual play. Delivered of self-love, fear, contrivance, legal constraints, termagant passions, in a word, of all ulterior ends not found in goodness itself, the man ascends into power, and reveals, for the first time, the real greatness of his nature.

I speak thus, not professionally, but as any one, who is simply a man of letters, should. I am well aware that Christianity has hitherto failed to realize the noble consummation of which I speak. We have been too much in opinions to receive inspirations; occupied too much with fires and anathemas, to be filled with this pure love; too conversant with mock virtues and uncharitable sanctities, to receive this beauty or be kindled by this heavenly flame. And yet how evident is it that religion is the only element of perfected freedom and greatness to a soul! for here alone does it finally escape from self, and come into the perfect life of play. For just as the matter of the worlds wants a law to settle its motions and be its element of order, so all intelligences want their

element of light, rest, beauty, and play in God. Hence we are to look, as the world rises out of its barbaric fires and baptized animosities into the simple and free life of love, to see a beauty unfolded in human thought and feeling, as much more graceful as it is freer and closer to God. Christian love is demonstrably the only true ground of a perfect æsthetic culture. Indeed, there is no perfect culture of any kind which does not carry the man out of himself, and kindle in his human spirit those free aspirations that shall bear him up, as in flame, to God's own person.

Therefore I believe in a future age, yet to be revealed, which is to be distinguished from all others as the godly or godlike age,—an age not of universal education simply, or universal philanthropy, or external freedom, or political wellbeing, but a day of reciprocity and free intimacy between all souls and God. Learning and religion, the scholar and the Christian, will not be divided as they have been. The universities will be filled with a profound spirit of religion, and the *bene orâsse* will be a fountain of inspiration to all the investigations of study and the creations of genius.

I raise this expectation of the future, not because some prophet of old time has spoken of a day to come, when 'the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof' (for I

know not that he meant to be so interpreted), but because I find a prophecy of play in our nature itself, which it were a violation of all insight not to believe will some time be fulfilled. And when it is fulfilled, it will be found that Christianity has, at last, developed a new literary era, the era of religious love.

Hitherto the love of passion has been the central fire of the world's literature. The dramas, epics, odes, novels, and even histories, have spoken to the world's heart chiefly through this passion, and through this have been able to get their answer. For this passion is a state of play, wherein the man loses himself, in the ardour of a devotion regardless of interest, fear, care, prudence, and even of life itself. Hence there gathers round the lover a tragic interest, and we hang upon his destiny, as if some natural charm or spell were in it. Now this passion of love, which has hitherto been the staple of literature, is only a crude symbol in the life of nature, by which God designs to interpret, and also to foreshadow, the higher love of religion—nature's gentle Beatrice, who puts her image in the youthful Dante, by that to attend him afterwards in the spirit-flight of song, and be his guide up through the wards of Paradise to the shining mount of God. What, then, are we to think, but that God will some time bring us up out of the literature of the lower love, into that of the higher?—that as the age of passion yields to the age of reason,

so the crude love of instinct will give place to the loftier, finer, more impelling love of God? And then, around that nobler love, or out of it, shall arise a new body of literature, as much more gifted as the inspiration is purer and more intellectual. Beauty, truth, and worship; song, science, and duty, will all be unfolded together in this common love.

Society must, of course, receive a correspondent beauty into its character and feeling, such as can be satisfied no longer with the old barbaric themes of war and passion. To be a scholar and not to be a Christian, to produce the fruits of genius without a Christian inspiration, will no longer be thought of; and religion, heretofore looked upon as a ghostly constraint upon life, it will now be acknowledged, is the only sufficient fertilizer of genius, as it is the only real emancipator of man.

If now it be doubted whether a hope of so great beauty is ever to be realized here on earth; whether, indeed, the visions of the Christian seers that look this way are more than rhapsodies of their poetic mood, it must be enough that just such rhapsodies of promise are chanted by the world's own order. Let no expectation seem romantic because it wears the air of poetry; for religion is itself the elemental force of all free beauty, and thus of a life essentially poetic. Its inspired seers and prophets are the poets of God. Its glorious future bursts up ever into song, and pic-

tures itself to the view in poetic sceneries and visions. Even the occupations and felicities of the good beyond life are representable only in the play of choirs and chimes of poetic joy. Music and rhythm are the natural powers, indeed, of order and crystallization, in the social life of all moral natures; as we see in the fact that the ancient laws of the race were framed in verse, and sung into authority, as the *carmen necessarium* of the state. Therefore I can easily persuade myself, that, if the world were free,—free, I mean, of themselves,—brought up, all, out of work into the pure inspiration of truth and charity, new forms of personal and intellectual beauty would appear, and society itself reveal the Orphic movement. No more will it be imagined that poetry and rhythm are accidents or figments of the race, one side of all ingredient or ground in nature. But we shall know that poetry is the real and true state of man, the proper and last ideal of souls, the free beauty they long for, and the rhythmic flow of that universal play in which all life would live.

II.

THE AGE OF HOMESPUN.[1]

IT has often occurred to others, I presume, as to me, to wish it were possible, for once, in some of our historic celebrations, to gather up the unwritten part also of the history celebrated; thus to make some fit account of the private virtues and unrecorded struggles, in whose silent commonalty, we doubt not, are included all the deepest possibilities of social advancement and historic distinction. On this account, since the Historical Address of yesterday presented us, in a manner so complete and so impressive to the feeling of us all, the principal events and names of honour by which our county has been distinguished, I am the more willing to come after, as a gleaner, in the stubble-ground that is left; nor any the less so if, in gathering up the fallen straws of grain, I may chance to catch, in my rake, some of those native violets that love so well to hide their blue in the grass, and

[1] A Secular Sermon delivered at the Centennial Celebration of Litchfield County.

shed their fragrance undiscovered. I think you will agree with me, also, that nothing is more appropriate to a sermon, which is the form of my appointment, than to offer some fit remembrance of that which heaven only keeps in charge, the unhistoric deeds of common life and the silent, undistinguished good whose names are written only in heaven. In this view, I propose a discourse on the words of King Lemuel's mother:—

'*Her children arise up and call her blessed.*'—PROV. xxxi. 28.

This Lemuel, who is called a king, is supposed by some to have been some Chaldee chief, or head of a clan; a kind of Arcadian prince, like Job and Jethro. And this last chapter of the Proverbs is an Eastern poem called a 'prophecy,' that versifies, in form, the advice which his honoured and wise mother gave to her son. She dwells, in particular, on the ideal picture of a fine woman, such as he may fitly seek for his wife, or queen; drawing the picture, doubtless, in great part, from herself and her own practical character. 'She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are covered with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways

of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' Omitting other points of the picture, she is a frugal, faithful, pious housewife; clothing her family in garments prepared by her industry, and the more beautiful honours of a well-kept, well-mannered house. She, therefore, it is who makes the centre of a happy domestic life, and becomes a mark of reverence to her children:—'Her children arise up and call her blessed.'

A very homely and rather common picture, some of you may fancy, for a queen or chief woman; but, as you view the subject more historically, it will become a picture even of dignity and polite culture. The rudest and most primitive stage of society has its most remarkable distinction in the dress of skins; as in ancient Scythia, and in many other parts of the world, even at the present day. The preparing of fabrics, by spinning and weaving, marks a great social transition, or advance; one that was slowly made and is not even yet absolutely perfected. Accordingly, the art of spinning and weaving was, for long ages, looked upon as a kind of polite distinction; much as needle-work is now. Thus when Moses directed in the preparation of curtains for the tabernacle, we are told that 'all the women that were *wise-hearted* did spin with their hands.' That is, that the accomplished ladies who understood this fine art (as few of the women did) executed his order. Accordingly,

it is represented that the most distinguished queens of the ancient time excelled in the art of spinning; and the poets sing of distaffs and looms as the choicest symbols of princely women. Thus Homer describes the present of Alcandra to Helen :—

> 'Alcandra, consort of his high command,
> A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand ;
> And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
> Which, heaped with wool, the beauteous Philo brought,
> The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom,
> Recalled the hyacinth in vernal bloom.'

So also Theocritus, when he is going to give a present to his friend's bride, couples it with verse :—

> 'O distaff! friend to warp and woof,
> Minerva's gift in man's behoof,
> Whom careful housewives still retain,
> And gather to their household gain
> Thee, ivory distaff! I provide,
> A present for his blooming bride,
> With her thou wilt sweet toil partake,
> And aid her various vestes to make.'

If I rightly remember, it is even reported of Augustus himself, at the height of the Roman splendour, that he wore a robe which was made for him by Livia, his wife.

You perceive, in this manner, that Lemuel's mother has any but rustic ideas of what a wife should be. She describes, in fact, a lady of the highest accomplishments; whose harpsichord is the distaff, whose piano is the loom, and who is able thus, by the fine

art she is mistress of, to make her husband conspicuous among the elders of the land. Still, you will understand that what we call the old spinning-wheel, a great machine in its day, was not known till long ages after this; being, in fact, a comparatively modern, I believe a German or Saxon invention. The distaff, in the times of my text, was held in one hand, or under one arm, and the spindle, hanging by the thread, was occasionally hit and twirled by the other. The weaving process was equally rude and simple.

These references to the domestic economy of the more ancient times have started recollections, doubtless, in many of you, that are characteristic, in a similar way, of our own primitive history. You have remembered the wheel and the loom. You have recalled the fact, that our Litchfield County people, down to a period comparatively recent, have been a people clothed in homespun fabrics—not wholly, or in all cases, but so generally that the exceptions may be fairly disregarded. In this fact I find my subject. As it is sometimes said that the history of iron is the history of the world, or the history of roads a true record always of commercial and social progress, so it has occurred to me that I may give the most effective and truest impression of Litchfield County, and especially of the unhistoric causes included in a true estimate of the century now past, under this article of

homespun; describing this first century as the Homespun Age of our people.

The subject is homely, as it should be; but I think we shall find enough of dignity in it, as we proceed, even to content our highest ambition—the more, that I do not propose to confine myself rigidly to the single matter of spinning and weaving, but to gather round this feature of domestic life, taken as a symbol, or central type of expression, whatever is most characteristic in the living picture of the times we commemorate, and the simple, godly virtues we delight to honour.

What we call History, considered as giving a record of notable events, or transactions, under names and dates, and so a really just and true exhibition of the causes that construct a social state, I conceive to be commonly very much of a fiction. True worth is for the most part unhistoric, and so of all the beneficent causes and powers included in the lives of simply worthy men; causes most fundamental and efficient, as regards the wellbeing and public name of communities. They are such as flow in silence, like the great powers of nature. Indeed, we say of history, and say rightly, that it is a record of *e-vents;* that is, of turnings out, points where the silence is broken by something apparently not in the regular flow of common life; just as electricity, when still, goes through and masters the world, holding all atoms to

their places, and quickening even the life of our bodies, and becomes historic only when it thunders; though it does nothing more, in its thunder, than simply to notify us, by so great a noise, of the breach of its connexions and the disturbance of its silent work. Besides, in our historic pictures, we are obliged to sink particulars in generals, and so to gather, under the name of a prominent few, what is really done by nameless multitudes. These, we say, led out the colonies, these raised up the states and communities, these fought the battles. And so we make a vicious inversion, not seldom, of the truth; representing as causes those who, after all, are not so much causes as effects, not so much powers as instruments, in the occasions signalized by their names—caps only of foam, that roll conspicuous in the sun, lifted, still, by the deep under-swell of waters hid from the eye.

If then you ask who made this Litchfield County of ours, it will be no sufficient answer that you get, however instructive and useful, when you have gathered up the names that appear in our public records, and recited the events that have found an honourable place in the history of the county, or the republic. You must not go into the burial places, and look about only for the tall monuments and the titled names. It is not the starred epitaphs of the Doctors of Divinity, the Generals, the Judges, the Honourables, the Governors, or even of the village notables

called Esquires, that mark the springs of our successes and the sources of our distinction. These are rather effects than causes; the spinning-wheels have done a great deal more than these. Around the honoured few, here a Bellamy or a Day, sleeping in the midst of his flock, here a Wolcott or a Smith, an Allen or a Tracy, a Reeve or a Gould, all names of honour; round about these few and others like them are lying multitudes of worthy men and women, under their humbler monuments, or in graves that are hidden by the monumental green that loves to freshen over their forgotten resting-place; and in these, the humble but good many, we are to find the deepest, truest causes of our happy history. Here lie the sturdy kings of Homespun, who climbed among these hills, with their axes, to cut away room for their cabins and for family prayers, and so for the good future to come. Here lie their sons, who foddered their cattle on the snows, and built stone-fence while the corn was sprouting in the hills, getting ready, in that way, to send a boy or two to college. Here lie the good housewives that made coats, every year, like Hannah, for their children's bodies, and lined their memory with catechism. Here the millers that took honest toll of the rye; the smiths and coopers that superintended two hands and got a little revenue of honest bread and schooling from their small joint stock of two-handed investment. Here the district committees and school-mistresses,

the religious society founders and church deacons, and withal a great many sensible, wise-headed men, who read a weekly newspaper, loved George Washington and their country, and had never a thought of going to the General Assembly! These are the men and women that made Litchfield County. Who they are by name we cannot tell—no matter who they are—we should be none the wiser if we could name them, they themselves none the more honourable. Enough that they are the king Lemuels and their queens, of the good old time gone by—kings and queens of Homespun, out of whom we draw our royal lineage.

I have spoken of the great advance in human society, indicated by a transition from the dress of skins to that of cloth—an advance of so great dignity that spinning and weaving were looked upon as a kind of fine art, or polite accomplishment. Another advance, and one that is equally remarkable, is indicated by the transition from a dress of homespun to a dress of factory cloths, produced by machinery and obtained by the exchanges of commerce, at home or abroad. This transition we are now making, or rather, I should say, it is already so far made that the very terms, '*domestic manufacture*,' have quite lost their meaning; being applied to that which is neither domestic, as being made in the house, nor manufacture, as being made by the hands.

This transition from mother and daughter power to water and steam-power is a great one, greater by far than many have as yet begun to conceive—one that is to carry with it a complete revolution of domestic life and social manners. If, in this transition, there is something to regret, there is more, I trust, to desire. If it carries away the old simplicity, it must also open higher possibilities of culture and social ornament. The principal danger is, that, in removing the rough necessities of the homespun age, it may take away also the severe virtues and the homely but deep and true piety by which, in their blessed fruits, as we are all here testifying, that age is so honourably distinguished. Be the issue what it may, good or bad, hopeful or unhopeful, it has come; it is already a fact, and the consequences must follow.

If our sons and daughters should assemble a hundred years hence to hold another celebration like this, they will scarcely be able to imagine the Arcadian pictures now so fresh in the memory of many of us, though to the younger part already matters of hearsay more than of personal knowledge or remembrance. Everything that was most distinctive of the old homespun mode of life will then have passed away. The spinning-wheels of wool and flax, that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us, will be heard no more for ever; seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of the Antiquarian

Societies, where the delicate daughters will be asking, what these strange machines are, and how they were made to go? The huge, hewn-timber looms, that used to occupy a room by themselves in the farm-houses, will be gone, cut up for cord-wood, and their heavy thwack, beating up the woof, will be heard no more by the passer-by—not even the Antiquarian Halls will find room to harbour a specimen. The long strips of linen, bleaching on the grass, and tended by a sturdy maiden, sprinkling them, each hour, from her water-can, under a broiling sun—thus to prepare the Sunday linen for her brothers and her own wedding outfit—will have disappeared, save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of the old time. The tables will be spread with some cunning, water-power Silesia not yet invented, or perchance with some meaner fabric from the cotton mills. The heavy Sunday coats that grew on sheep individually remembered—more comfortably carried, in warm weather, on the arm—and the specially fine-striped blue and white pantaloons of linen just from the loom, will no longer be conspicuous in processions of footmen going to their homespun worship, but will have given place to processions of broadcloth gentlemen lolling in the upholstery of their coaches, able to worship, it may be, in a more cultivated figure, but not with a finer sincerity. The churches, too, that used to be simple

brown meeting-houses covered with rived clapboards of oak, will have come down, mostly, from the bleak hill-tops into the close villages and populous towns that crowd the waterfalls and the railroads; and the old burial places, where the fathers sleep, will be left to their lonely altitude—token, shall we say, of an age that lived as much nearer to heaven and as much less under the world. The change will be complete. Would that we might raise some worthy monument to a social state, then to be passed by, worthy, in all future time, to be held in the dearest reverence.

It may have seemed extravagant or fantastic to some of you, that I should think to give a character of the century now past, under the one article of homespun. It certainly is not the only, or in itself the chief article of distinction; and yet we shall find it to be a distinction that runs through all others, and gives a colour to the whole economy of life and character, in the times of which we speak.

Thus, if the clothing is to be manufactured in the house, then flax will be grown in the ploughed land, and sheep will be raised in the pasture, and the measure of the flax ground, and the number of the flock, will correspond with the measure of the house market—the number of the sons and daughters to be clothed—so that the agriculture out of doors will

map the family in-doors. Then as there is no thought of obtaining the articles of clothing, or dress, by exchange; as there is little passing of money, and the habit of exchange is feebly developed; the family will be fed on home-grown products, buckwheat, maize, rye, or whatever the soil will yield. And as carriages are a luxury introduced only with exchanges, the lads will be going back and forth to the mill on horseback, astride the fresh grists, to keep the mouths in supply. The meat market will be equally domestic, a kind of quarter-master slaughter and supply, laid up in the cellar, at fit times in the year. The daughters that, in factory days, would go abroad to join the female conscription of the cotton mill, will be kept in the home factory, or in that of some other family, and so in the retreats of domestic life. And so it will be seen, that a form of life which includes almost every point of economy, centres round the article of home-spun dress, and is by that determined. Given the fact that a people spin their own dress, you have in that fact a whole volume of characteristics. They may be shepherds dwelling in tents, or they may build them fixed habitations, but the distinction given will show them to be a people who are not in trade, whose life centres in the family, home-bred in their manners, primitive and simple in their character, inflexible in their piety, hospitable without show, intelligent without refinement. And as it will be seen that our

homespun fathers and mothers made a Puritan Arcadia among these hills, answering to the picture which Polybius, himself an Arcadian, gave of his countrymen, when he said that they had, 'throughout Greece, a high and honourable reputation; not only on account of their hospitality to strangers, and their benevolence towards all men, but especially on account of their piety towards the Divine Being.'

Thus, if we speak of what, in the polite world, is called society, our homespun age had just none of it —and perhaps the more of society for that reason; because what they had was separate from all the polite fictions and showy conventionalities of the world. I speak not here of the rude and promiscuous gatherings connected so often with low and vulgar excesses; the military trainings, the huskings, the raisings, commonly ended with a wrestling match. These were their dissipations, and perhaps they were about as good as any. The apple-paring and quilting frolics, you may set down, if you will, as the polka-dances and masquerades of homespun. If they undertook a formal entertainment of any kind, it was commonly stiff and quite unsuccessful. But when some two queens of the spindle, specially fond of each other, instead of calling back and forth with a card-case in their hand, agreed to 'join works,' as it was called, for a week or two, in spinning, enlivening their talk by the rival buzz of their wheels, and, when the two skeins were done,

spending the rest of the day in such kind of recreation as pleased them, this to them was real society, and, so far, a good type of all the society they had. It was the society not of the Nominalists, but of the Realists; society in or after work; spontaneously gathered, for the most part, in terms of elective affinity —foot excursions of young people, or excursions on horseback, after the haying, to the tops of the neighbouring mountains; boatings on the river or the lake, by moonlight, filling the wooded shores and the recesses of the hills with lively echoes; evening schools of sacred music, in which the music is not so much sacred as preparing to be; evening circles of young persons, falling together, as they imagine, by accident, round some village queen of song, and chasing away the time in ballads and glees so much faster than they wish, that just such another accident is like to happen soon; neighbours called in to meet the minister and talk of both worlds together, and, if he is limber enough to suffer it, in such happy mixtures, that both are melted into one.

But most of all to be remembered are those friendly circles, gathered so often round the winter's fire—not the stove, but the fire, the brightly blazing, hospitable fire. In the early dusk, the home circle is drawn more closely and quietly round it; but a good neighbour and his wife drop in shortly, from over the way, and the circle begins to spread. Next, a few young folk

from the other end of the village, entering in brisker mood, find as many more chairs set in as wedges into the periphery to receive them also. And then a friendly sleigh-full of old and young, that have come down from the hill to spend an hour or two, spread the circle again, moving it still farther back from the fire; and the fire blazes just as much higher and more brightly, having a new stick added for every guest. There is no restraint, certainly no affectation of style. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing. They are serious and gay by turns, or the young folks go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the minister's last sermon; or perhaps the great danger coming to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers! Meantime the good housewife brings out her choice stock of home-grown exotics, gathered from three realms, dough-nuts from the pantry, hickory-nuts from the chamber, and the nicest, smoothest apples from the cellar; all which, including, I suppose I must add, the rather unpoetic beverage that gave its acid smack to the ancient hospitality, are discussed as freely, with no fear of consequences. And then, as the tall clock in the corner of the room ticks on majestically towards nine, the conversation takes, it may be, a little more serious turn, and it is suggested that a very happy evening may fitly be ended with a prayer. Whereupon the circle breaks up with

a reverent, congratulative look on every face, which is itself the truest language of a social nature blessed in human fellowship.

Such, in general, was the society of the homespun age. It was not that society that puts one in connection with the great world of letters, or fashion, or power, raising as much the level of his consciousness and the scale and style of his action; but it was society behind the world, in the sacred retreats of natural feeling, truth, and piety.

Descending from the topic of society in general to one more delicate, that of marriage and the tender passion, and the domestic facilities of the homespun age, the main distinction here to be noted is, that marriages were commonly contracted at a much earlier period in life than now. Not because the habit of the time was more romantic or less prudential, but because a principle more primitive and closer to the beautiful simplicity of nature was yet in vogue, viz., that women are given by the Almighty, not so much to help their husbands to spend, as to help them to get a living. Accordingly, the ministers were always very emphatic, as I remember, in their marriage ceremonies, on the ancient idea, that the woman was given to the man to be a help, meet for him. Had they supposed, on the contrary, what many appear in our day to assume, that the woman is given to the man to enjoy his living, I

am not sure that a certain way they had of adhering always to the reason of things, would not have set them at feud with the custom that requires the fee of the man, insisting that it go to the charge of the other party, where, in such a case, it properly belongs. Now exactly this notion of theirs, I confess, appears to me to be the most sentimental and really the most romantic notion possible of marriage. What more beautiful embodiment is there on this earth, of true sentiment, than the young wife who has given herself to a man in his weakness, to make him strong, to enter into the hard battle of his life and bear the brunt of it with him; to go down with him in disaster, if he fails, and cling to him for what he is; to rise with him, if he rises, and share a twofold joy with him in the competence achieved; remembering, both of them, how it grew by little and little, and by what methods of frugal industry it was nourished; having it also, not as his, but theirs, the reward of their common perseverance, and the token of their consolidated love. And if this be the most heroic sentiment in the woman, it certainly was no fault in the man of homespun to look for it. And, in this view, the picture given of his suit, by a favourite poetess of our own, is as much deeper in poetry as it is closer to the simplicity of nature.

'Behold,
The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel.
While by her side the rustic lover sits,

Perchance his shrewd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins that, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thought
(For men have wiser minds than women, sure)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make.'

Do not accuse our rustic hero too hastily, in the rather homely picture he makes; for sometimes it is the way of homely things, that their poetry is not seen, only because it is deepest. The main distinction between him and the more plausible romantic class of suitors is, that his passion has penetrated beyond the fancy, into the reason, and made the sober sense itself a captive. Do you say that a man has not a heart because it is shut up in the casement of his body and is not seen, beating on the skin? As little reason have you here to blame a fault of passion, because it throbs under the strong, defensive ribs of prudence. It is the froth of passion that makes a show so romantic on the soul's surfaces—the truth of it that pierces inmost realities. So, I suppose, our poetess would say that her young gentleman of homespun thinks of a wife, not of a holiday partner who may come into his living in a contract of expenditure. He believes in woman according to God's own idea, looks to her as an angel of help, who may join herself to him, and go down the rough way of life as it is, to strengthen him in it by her sympathy, and gild its darkness, if dark it must be, by the light of her patience and the

constancy of her devotion. The main difference is, that the romance comes out at the end, and was not all expended at the beginning.

The close necessities of these more primitive days connected many homely incidents with marriage, which, however, rather heighten the picturesque simplicity than disparage the beauty of its attractions. The question of the outfit, the question of ways and means, the homely prudence pulling back the heroics of faith and passion, only to make them more heroic at last; all these you will readily imagine.

I suppose many of my audience may have heard of the distinguished Christian minister, still living in the embers of extreme old age, who came to the point, not of a flight in the winter, but of marriage, and partly by reason of the Revolution then in progress, could find no way to obtain the necessary wedding suit. Whereupon, the young woman's benevolent mother had some of her sheep sheared and sewed up in blankets to keep them from perishing with cold, that the much required felicity might be consummated.

But the schools,—we must not pass by these, if we are to form a truthful and sufficient picture of the homespun days. The schoolmaster did not exactly go round the district to fit out the children's minds with learning, as the shoemaker often did to fit their feet with shoes, or the tailors to measure and cut for

their bodies; but, to come as near it as possible, he boarded round (a custom not yet gone by), and the wood for the common fire was supplied in a way equally primitive, viz., by a contribution of loads from the several families, according to their several quantities of childhood. The children were all clothed alike in homespun, and the only signs of aristocracy were, that some were clean and some a degree less so, some in fine white and striped linen, some in brown tow crash; and, in particular, as I remember with a certain feeling of quality I do not like to express, the good fathers of some testified the opinion they had of their children, by bringing fine round loads of hickory wood to warm them, while some others, I regret to say, brought only scanty, scraggy, ill-looking heaps of green oak, white birch, and hemlock. Indeed, nearly all the bickerings of quality among the children centered in the quality of the wood-pile. There was no complaint, in those days, of the want of ventilation; for the large open fireplace held a considerable fraction of a cord of wood, and the windows took in just enough air to supply the combustion. Besides, the bigger lads were occasionally ventilated, by being sent out to cut wood enough to keep the fire in action. The seats were made of the outer slabs from the saw-mill, supported by slant legs driven into the ground at a proper distance through augur holes, and planed smooth on the top by the rather tardy process of friction. But the spelling went

on bravely, and we ciphered away again and again, always till we got through Loss and Gain. The more advanced of us, too, made light work of Lindley Murray, and went on to the parsing, finally, of extracts from Shakspeare and Milton, till some of us began to think we had mastered their tough sentences in a more consequential sense of the term than was exactly true. Oh, I remember (about the remotest thing I can remember) that low seat, too high, nevertheless, to allow the feet to touch the floor, and that friendly teacher who had the address to start a first feeling of enthusiasm and awaken the first sense of power. He is living still, and whenever I think of him, he rises up to me in the far background of memory, as bright as if he had worn the seven stars in his hair. (I said he is living; yes, he is here to-day, God bless him!) How many others of you that are here assembled, recall these little primitive universities of homespun, where your mind was born, with a similar feeling of reverence and homely satisfaction. Perhaps you remember, too, with a pleasure not less genuine, that you received the classic discipline of the university proper, under a dress of homespun, to be graduated, at the close, in the joint honours of broadcloth and the parchment.

Passing from the school to the church, or rather I should say, to the meeting-house—good translation,

whether meant or not, of what is older and more venerable than *church*, viz., *synagogue*—here, again, you meet the picture of a sturdy homespun worship. Probably it stands on some hill, midway between three or four valleys, whither the tribes go up to worship, and, when the snow-drifts are deepest, go literally from strength to strength. There is no furnace or stove, save the foot-stoves that are filled from the fires of the neighbouring houses, and brought in partly as a rather formal compliment to the delicacy of the tender sex, and sometimes because they are really wanted. The dress of the assembly is mostly homespun, indicating only slight distinctions of quality in the worshippers. They are seated according to age, the old king Lemuels and their queens in front, near the pulpit, and the younger Lemuels farther back, inclosed in pews, sitting back to back, impounded, all, for deep thought and spiritual digestion; only the deacons, sitting close under the pulpit, by themselves, to receive, as their distinctive honour, the more perpendicular droppings of the word. Clean round the front of the gallery is drawn a single row of choir, headed by the key-pipe, in the centre. The pulpit is overhung by an august wooden canopy, called a sounding-board—study general, of course, and first lesson of mystery to the eyes of the children, until what time their ears are opened to understand the spoken mysteries.

There is no affectation of seriousness in the assembly, no mannerism of worship; some would say too little of the manner of worship. They think of nothing, in fact, save what meets their intelligence and enters into them by that method. They appear like men who have a digestion for strong meat, and have no conception that trifles more delicate can be of any account to feed the system. Nothing is dull that has the matter in it, nothing long that has not exhausted the matter. If the minister speaks in his greatcoat and thick gloves or mittens, if the howling blasts of winter drive in across the assembly fresh streams of ventilation that move the hair upon their heads, they are none the less content, if only he gives them good strong exercise. Under their hard, and, as some would say, stolid faces, great thoughts are brewing, and these keep them warm. Free-will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute, trinity, redemption, special grace, eternity — give them anything high enough, and the tough muscle of their inward man will be climbing sturdily into it; and if they go away having something to think of, they have had a good day. A perceptible glow will kindle in their hard faces, only when some one of the chief apostles, a Day, a Smith, or a Bellamy, has come to lead them up to some higher pinnacle of thought, or pile upon their sturdy mind some heavier weight of argument — fainting never under any weight, even that which, to

the foreign critics of the discourses preached by them and others of their day, it seems impossible for any, the most cultivated audience in the world, to have supported. These royal men of homespun — how great a thing to them was religion! The district school was there, the great Bellamy is here among the highest peaks and solitudes of divine government, and between is close living and hard work, but they are kings alike in all!

True there was a rigour in their piety, a want of gentle feeling; their Christian graces were cast-iron shapes, answering with a hard metallic ring. But they stood the rough wear of life none the less durably for the excessive hardness of their temperament, kept their families and communities none the less truly, though it may be less benignly, under the sense of God and religion. If we find something to modify or soften, in their over-rigid notions of Christian living, it is yet something to know that what we are they have made us, and that, when we have done better for the ages that come after us, we shall have a more certain right to blame their austerities.

View them as we may, there is yet, and always will be, something magnificent in their stern, practical fidelity to their principles. If they believed it to be more scriptural and Christian to begin their Sunday, not with the western, but with the Jewish and other eastern nations, at the sunset on Saturday, their prac-

tice did not part company with their principles—it was sundown at sundown, not somewhere between that time and the next morning. Thus, being despatched, when a lad, one Saturday afternoon in the winter, to bring home a few bushels of apples engaged of a farmer a mile distant, I remember how the careful, exact man looked first at the clock, then out of the window at the sun, and turning to me said, 'I cannot measure out the apples in time for you to get home before sundown; you must come again on Monday;' then how I went home, venting my boyish impatience in words not exactly respectful, assisted by the sunlight playing still upon the eastern hills, and got for my comfort a very unaccountably small amount of specially silent sympathy.

I have never yet ascertained whether that refusal was exactly justified by the patriarchal authorities appealed to, or not. Be that as it may, have what opinion of it you will, I confess to you, for one, that I recall the honest, faithful days of homespun represented in it, days when men's lives went by their consciences, as their clocks did by the sun, with a feeling of profoundest reverence. It is more than respectable—it is sublime. If we find a more liberal way, and think we are safe in it, or if we are actually so, we can never yet break loose from a willing respect to this inflexible, majestic paternity of truth and godliness.

Regarding, now, the homespun age as represented in these pictures of the social and religious life, we need, in order to a full understanding or conception of the powers and the possibilities of success embodied in it, to go a step farther; to descend into the practical struggle of common life, and see how the muscle of energy and victory is developed, under its close necessities.

The sons and daughters grew up, all, as you will perceive, in the closest habits of industry. The keen joky way of whittling out a living by small bargains sharply turned, which many suppose to be an essential characteristic of the Yankee race, is yet no proper inbred distinction, but only a casual result, or incident, that pertains to the transition period between the small, stringent way of life in the previous times of home-production, and the new age of trade. In these olden times, these genuine days of homespun, they supposed, in their simplicity, that thrift represented work, and seldom looked about for any more delicate and sharper way of getting on. They did not call a man's property his *fortune*, but they spoke of one or another as being *worth* so much; conceiving that he had it laid up as the reward or fruit of his deservings. The house was a factory on the farm, the farm a grower and producer for the house. The exchanges went on briskly enough, but required neither money nor trade. No affectation of polite living, no

languishing airs of delicacy and softness in-doors, had begun to make the fathers and sons impatient of hard work out of doors, and set them at contriving some easier and more plausible way of living. Their very dress represented work, and they went out as men whom the wives and daughters had dressed for work; facing all weather, cold and hot, wet and dry, wrestling with the plough on the stony-sided hills, digging out the rocks by hard lifting and a good many very practical experiments in mechanics, dressing the flax, threshing the rye, dragging home, in the deep snows, the great wood-pile of the year's consumption, and then, when the day is ended—having no loose money to spend in taverns—taking their recreation, all together, in reading, or singing, or happy talk, or silent looking in the fire, and finally in sleep—to rise again, with the sun, and pray over the family Bible for just such another good day as the last. And so they lived, working out, each year, a little advance of thrift, just within the line of comfort.

The picture still holds, in part, though greatly modified by the softened manner of in-door life, and the multiplied agencies of emigration, travel, trade, and machinery. It is, on the whole, a hard and oversevere picture, and yet a picture that embodies the highest points of merit, connects the noblest results of character. Out of it, in one view, come all the successes we commemorate on this festive occasion.

No mode of life was ever more expensive; it was life at the expense of labour too stringent to allow the highest culture and the most proper enjoyment. Even the dress of it was more expensive than we shall ever see again. Still it was a life of honesty and simple content and sturdy victory. Immoralities, that rot down the vigour and humble the consciousness of families, were as much less frequent, as they had less thought of adventure, less to do with travel and trade and money, and were closer to nature and the simple life of home.

If they were sometimes drudged by their over-intense labour, still they were kept by it in a generally rugged state, both of body and mind. They kept a good digestion, which is itself no small part of a character. The mothers spent their nervous impulse on their muscles, and had so much less need of keeping down the excess, or calming the unspent lightning, by doses of anodyne. In the play of the wheel, they spun fibre too within, and in the weaving, wove it close and firm. They realized, to the full, the poet's picture of the maiden, who made a robust, happy life of peace, by the industry of her hands.

> 'She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
> Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
> She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
> Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
> Her homespun dress, in simple neatness lies,
> And for no glaring equipage she sighs;

> No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
> And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.'

Be it true, as it may, that the mothers of the homespun age had a severe limit on their culture and accomplishments. Be it true that we demand a delicacy and elegance of manners impossible to them, under the rugged necessities they bore. Still there is, after all, something very respectable in good health, and a great many graces play in its look that we love to study, even if there be a little show of toughness in their charms. How much is there, too, in the sublime motherhood of health! Hence come, not always, I know, but oftenest, the heroes and the great minds gifted with volume and power, and balanced for the manly virtues of truth, courage, persistency, and all sorts of victory.

It was also a great point, in this homespun mode of life, that it imparted exactly what many speak of only with contempt, a closely-girded habit of economy. Harnessed, all together, into the producing process, young and old, male and female, from the boy that rode the plough-horse, to the grandmother knitting under her spectacles, they had no conception of squandering lightly what they all had been at work, thread by thread, and grain by grain, to produce. They knew too exactly what everything cost, even small things, not to husband them carefully. Men of patrimony in the great world, therefore, noticing their

small way in trade, or expenditure, are ready, as we often see, to charge them with meanness—simply because they knew things only in the small, or, what is not far different, because they were too simple and rustic to have any conception of the big operations by which other men are wont to get their money without earning it, and lavish the more freely because it was not earned. Still this knowing life only in the small, it will be found, is really anything but meanness.

Probably enough the man who is heard threshing in his barn of a winter evening, by the light of a lantern (I knew such an example), will be seen driving his team next day, the coldest day of the year, through the deep snow to a distant wood-lot, to draw a load for a present to his minister. So the housewife that higgles for a half-hour with the merchant over some small trade, is yet one that will keep watch, not unlikely, when the schoolmaster, boarding round the district, comes to some hard quarter, and commence asking him to dinner, then to tea, then to stay over night, and literally boarding him, till the hard quarter is passed. Who, now, in the great world of money, will do, not to say the same, as much, proportionally as much, in any of the pure hospitalities of life?

Besides, what sufficiently disproves any real meanness, it will be found that children brought up in this way, to know things in the small—what they cost and what is their value—have, in just that fact, one of the

best securities of character and most certain elements of power and success in life; because they expect to get on by small advances followed up and saved by others, not by sudden leaps of fortune that despise the slow but surer methods of industry and merit. When the hard, wiry-looking patriarch of homespun, for example, sets off for Hartford, or Bridgeport, to exchange the little surplus of his year's production, carrying his provision with him and the fodder of his team, and taking his boy along to show him the great world, you may laugh at the simplicity, or pity, if you will, the sordid look of the picture; but, five or ten years hence, this boy will probably enough be found in college, digging out the cent's worths of his father's money in hard study; and, some twenty years later, he will be returning, in his honours, as the celebrated Judge, or Governor, or Senator and public orator, from some one of the great States of the Republic, to bless the sight once more of that venerated pair who shaped his beginnings, and planted the small seeds of his future success. Small seeds, you may have thought, of meanness; but now they have grown up and blossomed into a large-minded life, a generous public devotion, and a free benevolence to mankind.

And just here, I am persuaded, is the secret, in no small degree, of the very peculiar success that has distinguished the sons of Connecticut, and, not least, those of Litchfield County, in their migration to other

States. It is because they have gone out in the wise economy of a simple, homespun training, expecting to get on in the world by merit and patience, and by a careful husbanding of small advances; secured in their virtue, by just that which makes their perseverance successful. For the men who see the great in the small, and go on to build the great by small increments, will commonly have an exact conscience too that beholds great principles in small things, and so form a character of integrity before both God and man, as solid and massive as the outward successes they conquer. The great men who think to be great in general, having yet nothing great in particular, are a much more windy affair.

It is time now that I should draw my discourse, already too far protracted, to a close. Some of you, I suppose, will hardly call it a sermon. I only think it very faithfully answers to the text, or rather to the whole chapter from which the text is taken; and that sometimes we get the purest and most wholesome lessons of Christian fidelity, by going a little way back from matters of spiritual experience, carrying the wise Proverbs with us, to look on the prudentials of the world of prudence, and watch the colours that play upon the outer surfaces of life and its common affairs.

I have wished, in particular, to bring out an impres-

sion of the unrecorded history of the times gone by. We must not think on such an occasion as this that the great men have made the history. Rather is it the history that has made the men. It is the home-spun many, the simple Christian men and women of the century gone by, who bore their life-struggle faithfully in these valleys and among these hills, and who now are sleeping in the untitled graves of Christian worth and piety. These are they whom we are most especially to honour, and it is good for us all to see and know, in their example, how nobly fruitful and beneficent that virtue may be, which is too common to be distinguished, and is thought of only as the worth of unhistoric men. Worth indeed it is, that worth which, being common, is the substructure and the prime condition of a happy social state, and of all the honours that dignify its history—worth, not of men only, but quite as much of women; for you have seen, at every turn of my subject, how the age gone by receives a distinctive character from the queens of the distaff and the loom, and their princely motherhood. Let no woman imagine that she is without consequence, or motive to excellence, because she is not conspicuous. Oh, it is the greatness of woman that she is so much like the great powers of nature, behind the noise and clatter of the world's affairs, tempering all things with her benign influence only the more certainly because of her silence, greatest

in her beneficence because most remote from ambition, most forgetful of herself and fame; a better nature in the world that only waits to bless it, and refuses to be known save in the successes of others, whom she makes conspicuous; satisfied most, in the honours that come not to her—that 'Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.'

Assembled here, now, as we are, from all parts of this great country, most of us strangers heretofore to each other, it is yet our common joy and pride that so many of you return from stations of honour, which are the tokens of your success, appearing among us in names to which you have added weight and lustre abroad, and so reflected praise on the home of your nativity and nurture. Our welcome to you is none the less hearty, none the less grateful I am sure to you, that we give not all the credit of your successes to you. We distinguish in you still the seeds you carried away. We congratulate you; we honour those who made you what you are. Or if we say that we honour you, we bow our heads in reverence to those fathers and mothers less distinguished in name, it may be, and those virtues of common life and industry which have yielded both us and you, the social honours we rejoice in, on this festive occasion. In this latter sentiment I think you will join me, wishing, if possible, to escape the remembrance of yourselves, and pay some fit honours to the majesty

of worth, in a parentage ennobled in yourselves and sanctified by the silence of the places where they are resting from their labours. It will be strange, too, when your minds are softened by these tender remembrances, if your thoughts do not recur instinctively to what is the tenderest of all sentiments, that which remembers the lessons and the gentle cares of a faithful motherhood. Then let this voice of nature speak, and let the inward testimony of our hearts' feeling hail the witness of the concourse here assembled, as a welcome and sublime fulfilment of the word—'Her children arise up and call her blessed.' Or, if we exult, as we must, in reviewing the honours that have crowned the one century of our simple history as a people, let our joy be a filial sentiment, saying still, in the triumphant words that close our song—'Give her of the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates!'

Men and women of Litchfield County, such has been the past; a good and honourable past! We give it over to you—the future is with you. It must, we know, be different, and it will be what you make it. Be faithful to the sacred trust God is this day placing in your hands.

One thing, at least, I hope, that in these illustrations I have made some just impression on you all of the dignity of work. How great an honour it is for the times gone by, that when so many schemes are

on foot, as now, to raise the weak; when the friends of the dejected classes of the world are proposing even to reorganize society itself for their benefit, trying to humanize punishments, to kindle hope in disability, and nurse depravity into a condition of comfort—a distinction how magnificent! that our fathers and mothers of the century past had, in truth, no dejected classes, no disability, only here and there a drone of idleness, or a sporadic case of vice and poverty; excelling, in the picture of social comfort and wellbeing actually realized, the most romantic visions of our new seers. They want a reorganization of society!—something better than the Christian gospel and the Christian family state!—some community in hollow-square, to protect them and coax them up into a life of respect, and help them to be men! No, they did not even so much as want the patronage of a bank of savings, to encourage them and take the wardship of their cause. They knew how to make their money, and how to invest it, and take care of it, and make it productive; how to build, and plant, and make sterility fruitful, and conquer all the hard weather of life. Their producing process took everything at a disadvantage; for they had no capital, no machinery, no distribution of labour, nothing but wild forest and rock; but they had mettle enough in their character to conquer their defects of outfit and advantage. They sucked honey out of the rock, and

oil out of the flinty rock. Nay, they even seem to want something a little harder than nature in her softer moods could yield them. Their ideal of a Goshen they located, not in the rich alluvion of some fertile Nile, but upon the crest of the world, somewhere between the second and third heaven where Providence itself grows cold, and there, making warmth by their exercise and their prayers, they prepared a happier state of competence and wealth, than the Goshen of the sunny Nile ever saw. Your condition will hereafter be softened, and your comforts multiplied. Let your culture be as much advanced. But let no delicate spirit that despises work grow up in your sons and daughters. Make these rocky hills smooth their faces and smile under your industry. Let no absurd ambition tempt you to imitate the manners of the great world of fashion, and rob you thus of the respect and dignity that pertain to manners properly your own. Maintain, above all, your religious exactness. Think what is true, and then respect yourselves in living exactly what you think. Fear God and keep his commandments, as your godly fathers and mothers did before you, and found, as we have seen, to be the beginning of wisdom. As their graves are with you, so be that faith in God which ennobled their lives and glorified their death an inheritance in you, and a legacy transmitted by you to your children.

III.

THE DAY OF ROADS.[1]

'In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied and the travellers walked through byways.'—JUDGES v. 6.

I HOPE it will not be deemed a conceit, if I occupy you, to-day, with a discourse on Roads. It certainly will not, if I am able to collect about the subject those illustrations which are necessary to its social and religious import.

The road is that physical sign, or symbol, by which you will best understand any age or people. If they have no roads, they are savages; for the road is a creation of man and a type of civilized society. If law is weak and society insecure, you will see men perched in castles, on the top of inaccessible rocks, or gathered into walled cities, spending all their strength, not in opening roads, but in fortifying themselves against the access of danger. The drawbridge is up,

[1] Delivered at the North Church, Hartford, on an Annual Thanksgiving, in 1846.

the portcullis down, and sentinels are mounted on the ramparts, carefully studying every footman or horseman that turns the corner of a wood, or gallops across the distant plain. Wheeled vehicles are seldom seen, and roads are rather obstructed than opened. Or if you inquire after commerce, look at the roads; for roads are the ducts of trade. If you wish to know whether society is stagnant, learning scholastic, religion a dead formality, you may learn something by going into universities and libraries; something also by the work that is doing on cathedrals and churches, or in them; but quite as much by looking at the roads. For if there is any motion in society, the road, which is the symbol of motion, will indicate the fact. When there is activity, or enlargement, or a liberalizing spirit of any kind, then there is intercourse and travel, and these require roads. So if there is any kind of advancement going on, if new ideas are abroad and new hopes rising, then you will see it by the roads that are building. Nothing makes an inroad without making a road. All creative action, whether in government, industry, thought, or religion, creates roads.

In the days of Shamgar and the Judges, there was no law or security. Every one did what was right in his own eyes, that is, what was wrong in the eyes of everybody else. Gangs of robbers and marauders prowled over the country, stripping every passenger,

and rushing into the gate of every walled town, if they could find it open. This middle age, continuing for two hundred years, was also the dark age of Iṣrael, and was to that nation what the dark ages, so-called, have been to Christendom. As there was no security, there was, of course, no commerce or trade. The highways, therefore, were 'unoccupied,' that is, unused; the public roads, such as they had, were blocked up and made impassable, and the bridges torn down, to prevent hostile incursions upon the towns. The 'travellers,' therefore, or more literally, the 'footers,' for there was no travel save on foot, walked through byways or crooked and obscure trails—picking out their way across mountain passes, through glens and over the fields. What a picture of society have we here—the whole book of Judges in a sentence!

So things continued till the reign of law began to be established under Samuel and David. This latter finally went so far as to open a commercial treaty with Hiram of Tyre; and as the object of the treaty was to procure timber for the temple, we see that a commercial road was opened leading down to Tyre. Another must have been constructed leading off to Lebanon. When Solomon came to the throne, a new age was dawning. He was, moreover, a liberal and cultivated man himself, acquainted with all the foreign courts about him, and he went into relations

of active intercourse with them. He opened a lively and lucrative commerce with the East, with Egypt, and the Red Sea, and sent out his ships of commerce even to Spain. He had also fourteen hundred chariots of war, which are also an indication that he had roads leading in every direction. I do not say that this was an age of the highest civilisation, or the greatest public happiness. Some mournful consequences were to be produced by this very activity of intercourse and travel. Still it was the splendid age of Israel—the age of new hope, excitement, wealth, and power. Therefore it was the age of roads; and roads were the type of the age; travel the spring of its activity. Now it was that philosophy and learning of every kind most flourished, now that architecture began to be cultivated, now that religion displayed the greatest zeal for expense, built its chief monument, and enacted its most public and gorgeous solemnities.

Could we restore the lost history of Egypt, we should find that the splendid age of that buried realm of splendour and power, the age of the pyramids, was an age of roads. The hundred gates, too, of Thebes would be seen pouring out their vehicles of commerce and travel, and their chariots of war rolling up the dust of the plain, till they are lost in the smoky horizon on every side. Now, Egypt is more like Israel in the days of Shamgar.

The splendid age of the Roman empire is known to have been an age of roads. The Appian Way, leading off to Brundusium, on the south-eastern coast of the peninsula, about four hundred miles, paved with hexagonal blocks of stone laid in cement, was not the only one. This was built three hundred years before Christ. As the empire grew in power and splendour, roads multiplied; till, in the age of the Antonines, one might stand in the forum between highways coming in from the north and the south, the east and the west, and see travellers pouring in from Scotland on one side, and Antioch on the other. Mountains were perforated, rivers bridged, milestones set up, and the roads themselves were hardened to a floor, macadamized before the time of M'Adam, by sand, gravel, and cement. All the distant provinces and cities were united, in this manner, and regular posts established. Beginning at Scotland, the Roman could travel on by post to Antioch, a distance of nearly four thousand miles, interrupted only by the passage of the English Channel and the Hellespont. And it is actually related, as one of the memorabilia of the age, that one Cæsarius went post from Antioch to Constantinople, six hundred and sixty-five miles, in less than six days. But the power of Rome was in its arms, and these roads were built rather as the bonds of conquest and means of military subjection, than for the benefit of industry or the social advance-

ment of the empire. Still they represent activity. When these roads are building, something is going on—it is no stagnant age. It is also to be remarked, that while the roads consolidated the empire, they also assisted the civilisation and conversion of the nations through which they passed. Christianity went forth on the roads, as a traveller and a soldier, to consolidate her empire.

Again, it is known that the crusades gave birth to modern commerce, and that commerce gave that spring to wealth and refinement which erected the cathedrals of Flanders, Germany, France, and England. The cathedral age was an age of roads and of travel. And it would be well if those who boast the glory and religious grandeur of this wonderful age, contrasting it with our shallow age of speed, and trade, and travel, would remember that roads built the cathedrals. Possibly we may have something to build, quite as admirable as these, though something certainly a little different from these.

For, now, it is clear enough that a new age of roads has come, and the world is waking up to do something. The days of Shamgar the son of Anath are ended, and the people of the walled towns and castles are coming out to build roads. They build not merely roads of earth and stone, as of old, but they build iron roads. And not content with horses of flesh, they are building horses also of iron, such as

never faint or lose their breath, and go, withal, somewhat faster even than the Roman post—not to speak of the immense loads they whirl over mountains and through them, from mart to mart, and from one shore to another. We have invented, too, another kind of sail, which runs against the wind or away from it, stemming tides and climbing currents, making roads through oceans, and changing the great inland sluices of the world into paths of commerce and travel. And where we cannot go bodily to speak ourselves, we send out newspapers as the posts of thought, setting every man to talking with every other, so that all which the great good men are doing and planning is known to everybody, and all that oppressors and knaves do, or would do, is exposed, execrated, and if any shame is left, shamed out of the world. Nor is this all; we have produced still another new kind of road, which outstrips all the horses, whether of flesh or of iron—a road for thought; which when we get complete, the world will become a vast sensorium, spinning out its nerves of cognition and feeling, and keeping the whole body apprised, in every limb and member, of what the electric organ meditates. Whatever else we may think, or hope, or fear, it is quite certain that this is an age of roads. If the Shamgars of conservatism, looking through the loopholes of their walled towns and seeing so many people out whirling through the air, are frightened by the sight,

fearing lest all the walls of stability and defence are going to break way, still the roads will be built and the motion will go on. Wise or unwise, the world has taken it into its head to have roads, and there is a destiny in it, against which remonstrance is unavailing. Indeed, they need not go to their battlements or loopholes to see it; for this destiny, good or bad, has already broken through their walls. Many a time, within the last year, have I seen the railroad forcing the parapets and buttresses of walled cities and sending in the iron horse of travel, in thunder and smoke, to its very centre. I never knew so well before what that word *destiny* means; for here I have seen the new age breaking through the old; power reversing all its intents; and human society, by some fiat of God, compelled to unwrap the coil of its jealousies and fears, to seek, as a good, what it repelled as an evil; and the children moved to cast away, for their life's sake, what their fathers erected to save their bodies.

Acknowledging, then, that there is some destiny at work in this matter of roads and of travel, let us look into it a little, and see if we can gather what it means. It is not, as all history informs us, a social accident, a something existing by itself. It has its causes, and will have its consequences. It is the indication of something existing, and of something to come. Some will say that it indicates a mechanical

age; an age of utility, destitute of great sentiments, without genius, or faith, or reverence of the past, hurrying on to a sordid, meagre end, in moral and political anarchy, and atheistic barbarism. Doubtless we are making abundance of cheap cotton cloth and democracy, they will say, but where is that sense of authority and fine courtesy which prevailed in the days of chivalry? where, above all, that sublime reverence for religion, that genius consecrated to religion, which casts its shadow on our degenerate heads, in the noble structures of the middle age? Now the truth is, that these worshippers of authority, these Gothic-mad moderns, who see nothing preparing, in our times, but money and democracy, would themselves have resisted all which gave birth to the very monuments they worship; for, as I have already intimated, it was a road-making age that built them—an age of revived activity and commerce. And the very struggle of that day was to get the roads; for it was the want of roads that constituted the chief obstacle to commerce, and delayed so long its appearance among the European nations. They knew no other state than a state of seclusion. Commerce was even a thing not yet conceived. Even the kings of England had their garments made by women on their farms. And when a certain ambassador, at the court of Otho, boasted that the Lombard people had as fine clothes as the Greeks, and it was ascertained

that the Lombards actually got them from their markets, through Venice and Amalfi, they were greatly exasperated that foreigners should presume to buy their clothes! So little conception had they of trade, that purchase was an affront, and sale a treason! At length, the nations began to taste the benefits to be gained by commerce. But it was, at first, a stolen taste, and was gotten only by extreme hazard. In England and Germany, for example, the nobles sallied out of their castles to rob every traveller and merchant who dared cross their domain. These seats of chivalry were maintained by robbery, and it was impossible to transport merchandise, even for short distances, in safety. The Hanseatic League, comprising the four commercial cities of Germany, was organized for the very purpose of securing the merchants against these land pirates, and putting an end to the days of Shamgar. Although trade began to get a footing in England, and this kind of robbery ceased, still every noble barbarian who had a castle, being the owner of the road on his domain, carried on a robbery in the shape of tolls, at his borders, his bridges, and his market, which was nearly as bad as the more violent method. To secure an open road, therefore, was still the problem of the age, and one of the first laws passed by the Parliament was a law to excuse the merchant from going out of his way to pay toll, when he could cross, at a ford, or in some nearer way, to

better advantage. At length the roads were opened, trade flowed in, wealth increased, the public mind was liberalized, and a spirit of taste and refinement grew up. And then, at last, the great cathedrals began to lift their turrets unto the sky. Meantime, how many of the fine conservatives of that age, do you suppose, were lamenting over it as a degenerate, mercenary age—an age of merchandise and money, raising up a class of upstarts to rival the fine old nobility, and destroy ancient precedence. Besides, it was setting a strong current toward democracy, which was even worse. For not only was Venice, at length, forbidden by the Holy See to kidnap Christian people and sell them as slaves to the Saracens, in which her trade begun; not only did the Irish Council determine to import no more English children, as slaves, which had been a regular trade before, but the serf on every estate began to be looked upon as a man, labour rose to a higher price than it commands even now, and sentiments began to work in the heart of the English nation, which did not stay their action till every trace of serfdom was done away. Now, in this former age of roads (for I know not how to describe it by any better epithet), there is some looking towards utility certainly, and also toward democracy; and yet even a better result than the cathedrals grew out of it, viz., an elevation of character and virtue—a religious elevation. There was more

manhood, as there was more humanity; more piety, as there was less robbery; barbarism drew back as comfort, wealth, and virtue multiplied; genius came forth to make a thankoffering for its freedom, shot up its holy gratitude into vaulted aisles and sky-piercing pinnacles, and left the cathedrals standing as so many monuments of thanksgiving for roads!

An age of roads, then, is not, of course, an age of moral decay and dissipation, even though it has some looking towards utility and equality. Possibly it may not always end in Gothic architecture; possibly there may be other kinds of good in the universe beside Gothic architecture. Pardon me if I suggest the possibility that God may have something better and nobler than this in store for the coming ages; for though some persons, gifted with a dull imagination, are ever assuming that facts are the measure of God's possibilities, and that no good is to be hoped for, save the good that has been, it is yet remarkable that new kinds of good do appear in human history, and there may be some yet to appear which have not been.

I think, too, that we can detect several new elements at work, in our age of roads, which are not altogether evil, or destitute of promise. Travel and motion of every kind are signs of life, and life implies the quickening presence of new ideas; for a dead body can as easily support a motion as a dead idea. I shall be able, too, I think, to show you, in a brief

review, that, with all other kinds of travel in this age, new ideas are coming into action, and travelling also. Physical improvement associates moral, and moral stimulates physical. There is a reciprocal action between commerce and thought, thought and society, society and religion. Improved roads connect beneficent inroads, and the subjugation of matter associates the subjugation of social and political evil. Accordingly, new ideas, such as these which follow, are waking into life, and pressing their way into the heart of the world—peace between nations, and a reciprocal interest; religious and civil liberty; man as man, to be protected, educated, elevated by equal laws; Christian light, unity, and beneficence.

An American sets off to travel a few months in Europe, and see what can be seen with his eyes. His impressions will, of course, be superficial, and, in many respects, erroneous. He lands, we will suppose, in England. The first thing he discovers is, that England is a land of roads, new roads, and that everybody is in motion. The whole map of the island is covered with a fine net-work of rails and macadamized roads; and yet road-making is but just begun. And, among all the English whirling over these roads, he meets, every few hours, one of his own countrymen, till he begins to think that his countrymen are waging a crusade of travel. In the mail-coaches he travels ten or eleven miles an hour, and upon the railroad

from thirty to sixty. He goes into Scotland, he pierces the Highlands; and here he hears the rolling of the engine; sweeps through the lakes in steamboats; skirts along their shores, round the peaks and crags, and across the glens, where Rob Roy and the Campbells whistled their clansmen, on a broad, smooth, macadamized road. He remembers that he is in the old world, and he looks about for something old. Occasionally he sees a ruined abbey, or castle, or enters some ancient cathedral. But he is surprised to find so general an aspect of newness in the objects he sees. Even old Chester, sufficiently marked by its antique air, is most irreverently disturbed by two or three railroads digging into the walls and through the town. London shows, indeed, a little patch or two of the old city wall, as a curiosity; but, on the whole, it has the air of a fresh modern city. An immense work of creation is going on everywhere, and a young England is rising out of the old, full of power, and visibly stimulated by new thoughts. That insolent prejudice against other nations, which is the disagreeable distinction of Englishmen, and rises, in part, from their insular state, is yielding, at length, to the possibility that there may be something right and respectable out of England. The common people are moving; some of them have been as far as to London, and many others have been out of the town in which they were born, and returned with en-

larged ideas. And the fact that so many roads are prepared for their acccmmodation, suggests to many that they are worth being accommodated. In the corn-law struggle, the landed aristocracy, it is well understood, lost the last hope of supremacy, and suffered a conclusive defeat. It is well understood, also, that an abatement of the laws of primogeniture and entail must ultimately follow; and then, as a consequence, a new distribution of property, which is the greatest social want of the English nation. Meantime, the same spirit of humanity, which overthrew slavery, is searching after some plan of common education for the people. The barbarous rigours of penal law are disappearing. Commissioners are raised every year to inquire into the miseries of the labouring classes, and laws are passed to improve their comfort. The mountain loads of scorn and oppression which have so long lain upon them are beginning to heave. A more enlarged—indeed, I may say, a truly enlarged humanity and fellow-feeling actuates public men in the high offices of state. Religion is a greater subject, and closer to the English mind, than it has been for centuries. Old ideas are returning as new, and new ideas are starting into life to assault and strangle the old. On one side, the establishment is yielding to apostasy. On the other, its existence as an establishment is assaulted by force, which is daily gathering vigour, and assuming a more condensed form of action.

The clergy perceive that a change must sooner or later come. The government is inquiring, meantime, whether it may not possibly strengthen the establishment, by establishing also the Catholic Church of Ireland? but fears to offend the known bigotry of its two established religions by the equal recognition of a third. Some of the more judicious and pure-minded in the Anglican establishment are beginning to question whether its spiritual good would not be promoted if it were separated from the state, and from all connexion with state patronage. Others are the more exasperated the more they see of danger, and spare no act of insult or oppression against the Dissenters that will sufficiently vent the disturbance they feel. Every month repeats some instance of the kind, and that adds fuel to the fire already kindled. The English mind moves slowly; but the issue, though distant, is not doubtful. The new age must come. The law of truth, of equal right, and, above all, of Christian purity, must prevail. Or, if it be a question, as some will say, between roads and cathedrals, which, in one sense, it certainly is, what chance have the dead against the living?

Arming himself now with road-books—a convenience unknown to Herodotus in his Egyptian travels, and another evidence or indication of our road-making habit; providing himself with these, which facilitate all the purposes of travel, as much as

the roads do travel itself—conducting him to comfort, and opening all the gates of knowledge before him, so that he may pass directly to that which, coming as a stranger, it would take weeks or years to discover—the traveller sets off for the continent. He lands, we will say, in Belgium—at the terminus of a railroad, of course. He sees on the engine, quite likely, a name which indicates American manufacture, and, in company with this and other Americans,—for they are everywhere,—he commences his journey towards the Rhine. Belgium is the ancient Flanders, the mother of English manufactures and commerce, and the cock-pit, in all ages, of the European armies. The old towns throw up their cathedrals at short distances, studding the sky,—monuments all of ancient commerce; a commerce which the roads, sweeping by, have come, if possible, to resuscitate, not without some slight signs of effect. These roads, too, plough their way across the old battle-grounds, memorable in history—peace rushing over the fields of war, with a glory as much brighter as her victories are nobler. One monument towers above the plain where Napoleon bowed at last to the fortune of arms—a mound of earth, two hundred feet or more in height, surmounted not by the British, but the Belgic lion, boasting no victory, but standing to commemorate, in silence, the birth-time of peace. New ideas are at work in Belgium. The priests are jealous of com-

merce, and commerce growls at the priests. The king, I believe, does what he can for his people, and the roads do more. Free sentiments are springing up, and signs of quickening are visible, though the country is over-populated, and the masses are greatly depressed by superstition. When the traveller enters the great cathedral at Ghent, and looks upon the elegant carved group which supports the pulpit—Truth holding her open volume to the dazzled eyes of Time, inscribed, 'Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light,'—he thinks of the present degenerate Belgic race, before whom truth has shut her volume, and the light of Christ is hid, not without hope that they will sometime find a prophecy in what their fathers left them. At all events, the roads are coming, and, without doubt, are bringing something of consequence with them; what that something will be, time will show.

We come upon the Rhine, at Cologne, which is the Rome of the North. This old city, which, thirty years ago, was crumbling under a doom of decay, is now reviving, as are most of the old cities of Germany, and showing signs of creative action. The mind of Germany, so long active within itself and in the universities, has caught the spirit of the age, and is turning to relieve itself in works of physical improvement,—building roads, of course—sixty thousand men at work building roads—from Cologne in the west, to

Berlin in the east; from Hamburg and Bremen in the north, to Vienna in the south; also to Frankfort, Dresden, Munich, and I know not where beside. In a few years, probably less than five, the steam-car will rush from the English Channel, through Austria, to Trieste; and, in less than fifty, to St. Petersburg, and thence onward, through Tartary, to China and the Eastern Ocean; by which time another will have crossed the Rocky Mountains to Oregon, opening a line of travel, by which the complete circuit of the globe may be made in less than two months. The Black Sea will soon be connected with the Baltic, through Moscow and St. Petersburg; and the work that is begun will not stop till the vast plains of Russia are spanned throughout with rails of iron, and the whole empire rings under the rushing wheels of travel—rings, of course, with new ideas equally stirring and powerful. But we return to Germany. The spirit of thought and inquiry, which pervades the Protestant half of Prussia, is already breaking into the cities and universities of the Catholic portion, and thousands released from the superstitions of Rome are withdrawing also from their allegiance. A still more rapid intercourse, produced by new facilities of travel, such as will bring all parts of the kingdom into sensible contact with each other, will either require a thorough reformation of the German Catholic Church, or determine its extinction. Meantime, the govern-

ment, as honest and well-meaning, probably, as any in the world, though unaccustomed to the modern popular ideas of liberty, is proving its beneficence by a bold attempt to educate the people. Power is thus accumulating in them, and, as intelligence increases, so also does the free spirit. A constitutional form of government must follow, in which the popular will shall, in some way, limit the throne. Engaged in political struggles and duties on one side, and in physical improvement on the other, the German mind will cease, at length, to ferment in theories and become practical. Having emptied all the stores, of learning, and tried all forms of thought, and uttered all the dreams and visions of which souls are capable; in a word, having opened roads into every corner of the kingdoms, both of truth and of error, it will begin to settle on some practical results worthy of the magnificent preparations it has made. German theology is a great terror to many, and it has certainly made strange havoc with the Scriptures and with all received opinions. But I think I detect a law in its eccentricities, by which it is seen, in them all, to be moving towards a certain final result—a result in which Christ and the Christian Church have an interest as much greater than they had in the cathedrals of the former age, as truth is more divine than stone, and her temple more magnificent than any that is made with hands. Certain it is, that if anything can provide a

menstruum which is able to dissolve the about equal bigotry of Protestantism and Romanism, and bring them out into the open field of truth, to search after truth in its own evidence, and flow together, at last, into the unity of the truth, it is this German activity. Having done this, and nothing more, it will have accomplished a good sufficiently magnificent to compensate for all its aberrations; for, without this, somehow accomplished, it is manifest that the Christian Church can never make the attainment, or achieve the destiny for which she hopes.

Returning from this wide excursion, our traveller ascends the Rhine—by steam, of course. Every bend of the river opens a vista of deserted and ruined castles, crowning the summits of the mountains and the isolated peaks that overhang the river. The poetaster sighs over the decay of so much chivalry and grandeur, but the man of sense, knowing that these were all so many abodes of land pirates and toll-gatherers, who subsisted on the prey of commerce, thanks God that finally a road is opened for honest men to pass and do the honest business of their life. The grey old castles, crumbling under a curse, have a harmless, stupid look, over which Time grins in mockery—he laughs himself at the sorry figure they make. Or, if some of them were built for purposes of personal security, in a lawless and violent age, regarding them only with reverential pity, as monuments

of the days of Shamgar, he glories not in them, but in the new age of law which has at length descended on the world; knowing that law is now the grand castle of man, a castle as much more magnificent, as it is more comprehensive; as much firmer and nobler, as justice and truth are more unassailable and of a nature more august than walls of stone.

Our traveller breaks into Switzerland through the city wall of Basle, under the smoke of a locomotive; for what else can open a path through the walls of fortified cities? Here, in Switzerland, he finds also new roads, the best that can be made, but leaves railroads for the present behind him. All the world are travelling in Switzerland, except the Swiss, and they are beginning to climb over the Alps after loads of American cotton, which they manufacture and carry back to the transalpine markets. The Swiss are a fine people; honest, simple-minded republicans—only they do not understand what liberty is. They think it is liberty, in the Canton Vaud, to compel Christian ministers to read their state proclamations against themselves, and do the bidding of the state in all respects. But the ministers think otherwise, and having taken their stand, with the noble Vinet at their head, incurring silence, suspension, want, and even the fear of death, they are some of them learning, in their trials, what spiritual religion is—which they did not know before. Their persecutors, too,

who are strangely enough called the Radical party, are now rioting against the Jesuits and for their expulsion, which is just as bad in principle. But religion is reviving; the Swiss mind is at work; true liberty is feeling out its way. For long ages this little nation of republicans lay locked within their mountain fastnesses, shut away from the living world; but now, the gates are open; the living world has come, and they feel its quickening power. The valleys are threaded with fine, broad roads; the lakes fronted by palaces, built for hotels—the only palaces known to the Swiss; railroads are projected; and some even think it possible that a locomotive may sometime be heard thundering through the Alps, and making its appearance in Italy, on the other side.

But, for the present, we must go over, and not through them. Here, again, we find four stupendous roads, all virtually new, climbing over these everlasting hills; spanning chasms, plunging through promontories of rock, skirting gulfs, shedded with stone arches, here and there, for the avalanches to slide over; passing, at the summit, between peaks of eternal ice; smooth, wide, easy of ascent and descent; northern Europe pouring over into southern, Protestantism into Popery, and Popery back into Protestantism; new ideas and old travelling back and forth, and passing on their way; and commerce, with its heavy loaded teams, rolling securely over these icy

ramparts, in attempting which a Hannibal lost three-fourths of his army. Climbing over one of these passes, that, we will say, of the Simplon, the traveller is made to feei, possibly for the first time in his life, what is in a road; how much it means, what victories it signifies; what myrmidons of thought, more powerful than armies, are pouring over it, daily and nightly, from nation to nation. Meditating thus, a strange power rushes upon him, as if he had somehow fallen, for once, into the high-road of destiny itself. Is it that Napoleon, whom some have called the man of destiny, is represented in this work? Is it that a force is everywhere displayed which mocks the sternest frowns of nature, and tramps across her wildest gulfs of terror? Or is it, rather, that he pictures the fierce soldier storming these icy solitudes, not, as he thought, to open a way for his armies, but a way, rather, wherein the new future of Italy shall descend upon her? Here it is, if never before, that he conceives the moral import of a road.

He reaches Milan, and first of all he notices, with a smile, that they are here also visibly thinking of motion, having torn up the rough, old pavement of their streets, to lay down smooth lines of floor, in the tracks of the wheels, for easing and expediting their motion. Noting this, as a symptom, he is not surprised to see that this ancient and many times ruined city is reviving once more. He pursues his way

towards Venice, passing the once splendid cities of Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vincenza, Padua, on a fine, broad, macadamized road, constructed by the Austrian viceroy. The signs of improvement are few, and sometimes display the marks of a people only half awake. On this magnificent road, for example, the diligence will have, for its outfit, a conductor and two postillions, one for each span of horses. But the postillions cannot agree, whether to ride fast or slow; they stop every mile or two; the hindmost disconnects the horses of the foremost, and he, in turn, wheels into the path, that the other may not proceed without him; they threaten and storm at each other, and the conductor swears at both, and thus the magnificent road comes, at last, in the practical result, to a very sorry figure, not at all relieved by the liveries, which connect the official dignity of the government with such an exhibition of mock enterprise. Such, now, is the beginning of life in Austria. When Austria is covered with railroads, and quickened throughout by commerce, when private enterprise has come into powerful action, then will a single man do the work of these three; and doing it for himself, it will be well done, done with so much of character, that, without either jack-boots or feathers, or the official horn hung under his shoulder, the deficient livery will not be missed.

At Peschiera, a famous military pass, where the

Mincio issues from the Lago di Garda, the road passes through an enormous fortification, whose cannon bristle in the face of the traveller, as he crosses the moats and winds round the buttresses. Towards this fort cannon are trailing and troops marching; for the Austrian government has just heard that there is another outbreak in the Roman States, and knows not what will come of it—a sign which has much meaning in it. At old Padua he finds a railroad leading down to the coast, off Venice. And here, the Venetians are just finishing a viaduct, on high stone arches, through the sea, six miles in length, over which the locomotive is to be rolled directly into old Venice —that same Venice which was thrown, like a stranded vessel, on a mud shoal, out at sea, to escape the robbers from the land, and obtain a safe mart for merchandise. Every year it was married, with public pomp, to the sea; now it is married, in bands of iron, to the land. When, too, this road is extended to Milan, as it soon will be, commanding all the commerce of Lombardy and Switzerland, Venice will revive again, and will probably become more prosperous even than when it was called Queen of the Sea, and had the commerce of the world. Already it begins to show a new air of life, and, what is truly characteristic of the age, it is building roads within itself, or, what is the same, spanning with bridges, here and there, its numerous water alleys, to facilitate

communication. And so, old Venice, having the 'Bridge of Sighs' walled up, lighted with gas, made a free port of entry, and married to the land, looks up, as a bride again, and smiles. That new ideas are also in Venice, which promise more than all mere physical benefits, it is hardly necessary to affirm.

The traveller now crosses the Appenines, we will suppose, to Florence—much of the way on a new and excellent road. He passes Bologna, a city of the Roman States, on his way. Here many signs of fresh creation are visible, and, as everybody knows, and might know beforehand, there is something of uneasiness in this creative spirit. The Bolognese have wants, and, sometime or other, will have liberty to speak of their wants. Florence is a neat, vigorous looking city; and Tuscany, generally, wears a look of comfort. Here are law and justice, and the old spirit of liberty is still visible in the character of the people. Nowhere, beyond the Alps, is the Roman government, or that of the Pope, so thoroughly despised. Florence, the old enemy, the deadly rival and scourge of Pisa, is now just about to be married to Pisa, by a railroad; it being now discovered that both cities can exist together, and will, in fact, only assist the prosperity one of the other. Alas, that so much blood, and fire, and wrath, should have been expended on a mistake, so easily seen in this age of commerce and roads.

We pass on to the States of the Church. And here

the people are growling, with a half-stifled voice, for something which they cannot get. Why this ill-nature? What is it they want? Why, they want roads, and the Holy Father will not consent. And why do they want roads? have they not all the roads they ever had, and these in good order, some of them newly paved, for many miles, and almost as nicely as the Appian Way itself? Have they not a good new road to Naples also? Assuredly something new, some dim hope of something better, has got into the heads of the people, which mars their content. At length, the Holy Father dies, and immediately a soft smile relaxes their faces. Regarding him as the very representative of God, their mourning over him takes on yet an involuntary smile;—because now they will have roads! But roads were not all they wanted, it was only safer to speak of roads; they had some want of law, personal safety, freer marts of trade, tribunals clear of bribery. Well, the new Pope enters on his office, and he says, yes, let there be roads, railroads, one to Civita Vecchia, one to Ancona on the other shore, one to Florence in the north, one to meet the Naples road in the south. He will endeavour, also, to do something for education; he will secularize the tribunals of law, and the bureaus of state and take off the enormous duties, which had thrown all commerce into the hands of smugglers. He may not be able to do all this; for it is already clear that the priests are

against him, and they are legion, both in name and nature. But the roads will be built, the robbers will lose their occupation, trade will spring up, the English travellers, who have created, at length, these new wants in the people, will pour in more copiously than ever, bringing new ideas still, and the very locomotives, rushing into the eternal city, and rolling their smoke over St. Peter's, will come as new ideas and types of modern power. No man could well understand the age of Shamgar, without a visit to the Roman States. It is soon to be over. The dark middle age of the Judges is coming to an end. Now, most assuredly, comes light, education, justice, and with all these, liberty, religious and civil liberty.

We return to France, where our excursion closes. France, as you well know, is also building roads. She had fine roads, many of them paved with squared stone before; these were not enough to satisfy her commercial and manufacturing activity; for France, if I do not mistake, is improving more rapidly than any country in Europe. The great estates of the nobles and the abbeys were broken up in the violence of the Revolution and under the reign of Napoleon, so that now the landed property of France is well distributed, compared with almost any country in Europe. Hope dawns on labour, and industry opens a new era in physical advancement. Already a railroad penetrates the old city of Nismes, so mournfully dis-

tinguished in the history of the Huguenots. Another will shortly connect Marseilles with Avignon, and the walls of the old inquisition, where the noble Rienzi perished a martyr to liberty, will shake at the sound of the engine and the coming of a renovated age. So there are railroads spinning out of Paris, in every direction, and enough are already projected to cross nearly every Department of the nation. Meantime France talks, in her Parliament, of a more equal and complete Christian liberty. And, what is better still, many hearts are beginning to yearn, in all parts of the nation, for some better light, some more spiritual religion, such as meets the wants of their being. Old superstitions are breaking down; atheism, already old, is shaking with decrepitude. Philosophers talk of religion with such kind of wisdom as they can; hamlets and villages, here and there, turn upon their priests as impostors, and many signs of a great religious renovation appear. Sufficient proof have we here, that our age of utility and of roads is not, of course, losing the sense of religion, and not likely to end in the meagre way which many predict.

Most of the facts included in this brief sketch or review, it is well understood, were known to you before. But it has not been my object to instruct you in regard to facts, so much as to hold them before you, in their moral connexions, as symbols of the age,

and of what God is working in the age. In proposing a discourse on roads, I did it in the hope that I should thus be able to give you a more distinct apprehension, than in any other way, of your age and its characteristics—its relation to past ages, its future prospects, and the methods by which it is reaching after results of use, of common beneficence and common humanity. In no other way can you understand so well what is going on in the world, and what is preparing, and what kind of ideas are at work, whether new or old, malignant or hopeful, as simply to note that this is a road-building age. The dark age built castles on the inaccessible peaks of mountains, to get away from enemies; we build cottages on public roads, which we like to have as perfect as possible, to facilitate access and motion. The Egyptians built pyramids over the dead; we build roads to give life and swiftness to the living. The Chinese erect a wall to shut themselves in; we open roads and ports, and span the ocean itself with floating bridges, that we may go everywhere and behold the coming of all people.

And what is specially remarkable, this road-building movement is the first example, in the history of mankind, where all the great nations of the world have moved together, and been actuated by a common aim. One has given itself to commerce, another to arms and conquest, another to art, another to the sea, another to agriculture. Now, all are for commerce,

interchange, travel, and motion together. And, what is yet more sublime and hopeful, they all are feeling the pressure of the same great moral ideas,—peace, liberty, education, religious light, and unity. The desire of physical improvement holds a natural and philosophic connexion with all these great ideas, moral and religious. In our physical improvements we seek ends of beneficence, such as the ease and cheapness of production, the convenience of a market, the facility of intercourse between the masses of society, and thus we pass over to think of intellectual and moral results, peace, knowledge, liberty, holy virtue, heavenly unity—our ideal of BENEFICENCE allows no limitation; it associates everything good, by virtue of its own goodness; and accordingly, it will be found, much as we hear of the sordid spirit of this age of utility, that the very thought which moves us, in our universal road building, is one that cannot be satisfied till everything included in beneficence, as an ideal, is fulfilled.

WHAT IS TO COME? That is a question opening visions of future good, which, though we cannot prophesy, we cannot but indulge.

Undoubtedly a new era of wealth is at hand. Commerce never has failed to bring wealth to any nation, and it can enrich all as easily as one. Nay, one the more easily, that it is permitted to enrich all.

It follows, of necessity, that the population of the world will be vastly increased.

Wars, it will also be seen, cannot, if they occur, be as long as they have been heretofore. Where it is possible to transport an army, with all its supplies and munitions, a thousand miles in three days, pouring one nation into the bosom of another, almost at will, it is evident that wars must come to their issue, in the fall of one party or the other, in a very short time. This will create an indisposition in the nations to engage in war. The conviction, too, that nations have a natural interest in each other, and are not natural enemies, as was once the current maxim of the world; the advantages also of commerce and the noble triumphs of peace, will all conspire to create a common opinion, at length, against war. The absurdity of war, too, will have been abundantly shown, and its disagreement with the great principles of Christianity. The appeal to arms, therefore, as a means of redress for injuries, will be classed with the old method of trial by combat, and will disappear, we may hope, in the same manner. Prophecy will thus fulfil her holy vision—the nations will learn war no more.

Another promise will follow in the train; for as many run too and fro, knowledge will be increased. I am fully sensible, as you know, to the dangers which beset an age of travel and motion. Every good

brings its dangers with it. And did we not see a desire of universal education everywhere attending and keeping company with the extension of facilities for travel, we might well fear, lest so much of running to and fro will end in a general destruction of all sober habits; producing, at last, a state of society, which is made up only of surfaces, emptied of every solid principle. But the schools, we observe, are spreading, as the roads are extending; and the hope of attaining to a better social state is, in fact, the common stimulus of both. The governments of Christendom are everywhere consenting to the fact, that they exist for the good of all who live under them. And this thought, shaping their policy, gives them an interest in the masses under them, makes them protectors of industry, and prepares them to assist and encourage industry, by favouring such a distribution of property as will best effect an object so worthy. Having it for their problem, to make every man as valuable as possible to himself and to his country, and becoming more and more inspired, as we may hope, by an aim so lofty, every means will be used to diffuse education, to fortify morals, and favour the holy power of religion. This being done, there is no longer any danger from travel. On the contrary, the masses of society will, by this means, be set forward continually in character and intelligence. As they run, knowledge will be increased. The roads will themselves

be schools; for here they will see the great world moving, and feel themselves to be a part of it. Their narrow, local prejudices will be worn off, their superstitions will be forgotten. Every people will begin to understand and appreciate every other, and a common light will be kindled in all bosoms.

The effects which are to result, in matters of religion, from the universal interchange of travel, in our age of roads, are a subject of yet graver import. Man lives for religion. Human society exists for religion. And it is remarkable how all the great movements of society, for the last fifty years, the wars, diplomacies, and even the public wrongs of the world, have tended, universally and even visibly, to favour the extension of Christian truth, and invigorate the efforts of Christian love. Observing a fact so palpable in all the external doings of the nations, who can withhold a suspicion that a correspondent aim penetrates the internal work of society, and, of course, that our age of roads has some holy purpose of God fulfilling, in its social revolutions, which connects with the coming reign of Christ on earth?

Manifestly, freedom of thought and opinion is soon to be universal, and this will throw all truth upon the decision of evidence. Then, force being no longer employed to constrain men's opinions, the false antagonism of fear and passion will no longer disturb the balance of the Christian mind, as now, and truth

will rule by her own right, in her own field. Opinions, being determined only by argument and evidence, will naturally approximate. The Christian mind, liberalized by intercourse, will suffer a more enlarged charity, and the charity of forbearance will be followed by the charity of love. The boundaries of nations, spanned by bands of iron, crossed and recrossed, many times a day, as freely as the birds of the air fly over them, and as swiftly, will cease at length to be felt. The roads of intercourse will create vital bonds of unity between nations, and a common circulation, like that of the ducts of the body, will make the members one, as by a common life.

Meantime, there is an assimilating power in intercourse, which cannot be over-estimated. So great is this power, that every new road of travel which expedites intercourse between the older and newer portions of our country, is to be regarded as a great moral benefit. Let the north and the south, the east and the west, be connected with roads of iron, as soon as possible. The greatest danger which threatens us now is not Romanism, but barbarism; that wildness, lawlessness, and violence which result from distance and isolation. Let distance, if possible, be annihilated, let speed have a race with emigration, and every straggler of the woods be held in close proximity with civilisation, law, and religion; and then the assimilating power, which resides in the better forms of

society, will pervade and shape the whole mass into itself. It seems also to be the magnificent purpose of God, in our age of roads, to set this same power of mutual assimilation at work on a yet broader scale, and so as to include all the churches and nations of Christendom—so that one part may give to another what it wants, and every church and nation find its complement in every other. A feeling of approximation, or a feeling after approximation, is already evident. What was it, in fact, but a lively and free intercourse, which prompted a desire of union so remarkable as that which was manifested by the late convocation at London? In that fact, which, twenty years ago, was not in the conception of man, you may see the first fruits of roads. More and greater will appear in due time; for God, I am persuaded, is preparing results of vaster compass than have yet appeared. In government we have, as yet, nothing perfect, and yet we have all something good to contribute. Thrown together by perpetual intercourse, and having it for our ideal to advance society and man, we shall naturally be assimilated most to that which most commands our respect; and thus we shall mutually contribute what we have, and receive what we want. In government, for example, England may contribute the element of prescriptive order and legal energy; Prussia, that of system and complete scientific distribution; Rome, that of divine authority, by which

law becomes the ordinance of God—an element which, with us, is well nigh lost; France, that of theoretic law; the United States, that of abstract equal right. Thus, all contributing and all receiving, all will be enriched. Nor let this pass for a mere fancy, or an unpractical dream. We are receiving from each other, by a silent influence, in just this manner, now; only not as consciously and with as much depth of impression as we may hereafter, when livelier and more extensive intercourse shall have brought us into a closer sympathy, and travels and discussions have exhibited the points most worthy of respect, in the institutions of all. So in religion, the Church of England may contribute impressions favourable to some kind of liturgical order. Germany may offer scripture learning and all possible views of Christian doctrine. Rome may come into the assimilating process, to infuse a solemn conviction of the need of catholic unity in the Christian family. France, should she return to religion, may contribute an exterior mould of social grace and Christian refinement. The United States may pour in the element of spiritual simplicity and practical activity.

God is wiser than we, and carries vaster purposes in His bosom, and broader truths, I am persuaded, than our childish thoughts have comprehended, or conceived. Therefore, doubtless, it would be much for us to gain, in this matter of religion, if we could

yield the possibility that we are none of us infallible, or perfectly wise, in everything, and suffer the hope that He is now pouring the nations together, in these last days, that He may assimilate their views, and fill out the glorious orb of Christian truth and beauty, and thus unite all Christendom in a common effort to fill this world of sin with the light of Emmanuel.

Such, briefly, are the magnificent hopes that are now set before us in the prospect of the coming ages. What forms of social beauty may be realized, what structures of art may be raised, what works of genius created, by the renovated wealth, intelligence, and piety of the world, I will not stop to conceive. Enough to know, what transcends all conjectures, and rises on the mind as the summit of all grandeur and sublimity, that Christ the Lord shall ascend into his throne, and reign, in the moral majesty of peace and righteousness, over the admiring nations. Seeing, then, the nations moved, for the first time, by a common impulse, and preparing to embrace, in the ways described, we will not fear to view a fact so wonderful, as a forerunner of the Son of man. We will reapply the fit words of prophecy, and say, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth, and—ALL FLESH SHALL SEE THE SALVATION OF GOD.'

IV.

THE GROWTH OF LAW.[1]

FEW persons, it is presumed, have failed to observe that there are two great stages in the matters of human life and experience, one of which is always preparing, and merging itself in, the other. It is so, not simply in the sense of an apostle, when he says, 'first that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual;' but, without going out of the world, or over to the resurrection, for the matter of the contrast, we may say universally—what is physical first, what is moral afterwards.

The child begins his career as a creature of muscles and integuments, a physical being endued with sensation. Whole years are expended in making acquaintance with the body he lives in. By acting in and through this organ, he discovers himself, begins to be a thinking and reflective creature, and finally flowers into some kind of character.

The world itself is first a lump of dull earth, a mere

[1] Spoken before the Society of Alumni, in Yale College.

physical thing seen by the five senses. The animals that graze on it see it as we do. But thought, a little farther on, begins to work upon it, and bring out its laws. The heights are ascended, the depths explored, and every star and atom is found to be so congener to thought, that mind can think out and assign its laws. The whole field of being thus brought into science takes an attribute of intelligence, and reflects a Universal Mind. Every object of knowledge and experience, too, discovers moral ends and uses, and assumes a visible relation to our spiritual training. Now the old physical orb on which our five senses grazed is gone—we cannot find it. All objects are become mental objects, and matter itself is moral.

If we speak of language, this, as every scholar knows, is physical in every term. Words, all words, are only names of external things and objects. Next, the words, which are mere physical terms,—names, that is, of objects, colours, shapes, acts, motions,—pass into use as figures of thought and vehicles of intelligence. The physical world takes a second and higher existence, thus, in the empire of thought. Its objects beam out, transfigured with glory, and the body of matter becomes the body of letters. The story of Orpheus is now no more a fiction; for not only do the woods and rocks dance after this one singer, but all physical objects, in heaven and earth, having now found an intellectual as well as a material

power, follow after the creative agency of thinking souls, and pour themselves along, in trains of glory, on the pages of literature.

Even religion is physical in its first demonstrations —a thing of outward doing: a lamb, burned on an altar of turf, and rolling up its smoke into heaven; a gorgeous priesthood; a temple, covered with a kingdom's gold, and shining afar in barbaric splendour. Well is it if the sun and the stars of heaven do not look down upon realms of prostrate worshippers. Nay, it is well if the hands do not fashion their own gods, and bake them into consistency in fires of their own kindling. But, in the latter ages, God is a spirit; religion takes a character of intellectual simplicity, and enthrones itself in the summits of the reason. It is wholly spiritual—a power in the soul, reaching out into worlds beyond sense, and fixing its home and rest where only hope can soar.

Civil government, also, in its first stages, classes rather with the dynamic than with the moral forces. It is the law of the strongest; a mere physical absolutism, without any consideration of right, whether as due to enemies or subjects. At length, after it has worn itself deep into the neck of nations, by long ages of arbitrary rule, the masses begin to heave with surges of uneasiness. They discover the worth of their being in what it suffers. They reason about rights; they rebel and revolutionize; they set limits to power and

define its objects; till at length government loses its physical character, and seeks to rest itself on moral foundations,—on the good it does, the love it wins, the patriotic fire it kindles; in a word, on the moral sentiment of the governed.

Now it is to be with virtue itself and its law, precisely as it is in these other matters—this I undertake to show. The same kind of transition from a coarse, raw, physical state is here preparing, and is to be finally passed. All wrongs partake, more or less, of violence. All crude moralities are deformities gendered by policies, lies, and revenges—by mixtures of passion, force, and fear. Whatever we call moral disorder in the world comes of the fact that men are wilful, forceful, withdrawing towards what is physical, and away from the pure affinities of principle. But there is, and is to be, a growth of law, and a growth into law, and the moral imperative is thus to obtain a more and more nearly spontaneous rule in the world; till finally the transition above named will be made, and a better circle of history entered—the same, if you will indulge the fancy, which gleamed so brightly, as a future golden age, on the vision of the ancient sages and seers of classic days—the same, with no indulgence of fancy, which wiser sages and prophets more inspired have boldly promised.

Of course it will not be supposed that I dare to an-

ticipate any such consummation, on the ground of a mere natural progress in the race. I take the world with all God's supernatural working, that of His Providence, that of His Spirit, all Christianity, in fact, included in it. In this largest, most comprehensive view of the race, it is that I venture on so large a promise. If, then, I can help you to anticipate any so splendid result to the painful and wearisome history of our race; if I can bring to the toils of virtue in our bosoms any such confidence or hope of triumph; if I can open to learning and genius these exhilarating hopes and these wide fields of empire; I shall not speak in vain, or want a justification before you.

At this venerable seat of learning letters are subordinate always to virtue and religion; which makes it only the more fit, in addressing you as Alumni, that I offer to engage you in the question, when, or by what means, shall society and learning have their common aims fulfilled in the complete sovereignty of truth and right among men? As the founders had the highest veneration for the classics and for intellectual ornament of every kind, and could yet value their foundation as the means to a yet higher end—in which they embraced whatever is good or magnificent in the future history of the race—so the institution still values itself and is valued by its numerous body of friends, in every part of our great country, as the support of truth and righteousness. We ourselves cleave to it as to a good

mother, whose name and remembrance is made dearer to us, by the moral experience of life and the wisdom of years. Possibly, if mere learning or literary splendour were its object, it might have gained an easier celebrity, and, with less of elegant learning, might have had the repute of more. But virtue and truth have a long run, and it will be found, as the years and ages wear away, and society ascends to its destiny of splendour, that this institution, modestly ordained to be the servant of virtue, ascends with it, and gains to itself the highest honours of learning, by its union to the highest well-being and glory of the race.

We stand here, then, on a moral eminence, where learning unites her destinies to that of virtue, we look abroad, up and down the track of human life, to see whither it leads, and especially, to fortify our confidence of a day when all the great forces of society—policy, law, power, learning, and art—shall bow to the lordship of moral ideas, and the just sovereignty of their rule in all human affairs.

What now, let us ask, is necessary to this result—by what means, if at all, shall it be reached? This we shall see by a glance at the nature of the moral department, or law side of our human life.

In what is called virtue, there are two distinct spheres and kinds of obligation; that of fundamental principle, and that of outward, executory practice, or

expression. In the allegiance of the soul to the fundamental principle all virtue consists; in the due conformity of outward action to the code which regulates that sphere, the virtue is fitly exercised and worthily expressed.

Inquiring next for the fundamental principle, it is *right;* a simple, original, necessary idea, a kind of category indeed of the soul's own nature; for, as we could not ask when, if we had no idea of time; or how many, if we had no idea of number; or what propositions are true, if we had no idea of truth; so we could never ask what things are right, if we had not the idea of right, self-announced and asserting its rightful authority in our consciousness. We think in these natural categories, and without them could not even begin to think as intelligences at all—should not, in fact, be men.

To define this idea of right is impossible, because it is simple; the most we can do is to note that a straight line is the natural symbol of it; therefore we call it *right*, or *rectus*—that is, straight. Or we may note that scripture, so very close to nature, 'let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids look straight before thee.'

By this ideal law we should be bound, even if we existed apart from all relations, just as God was bound before all His acts of creation; therefore we call it the law absolute. But we have another law exactly twin

to this in terms of relational existence—it is *love*. This latter belongs more especially to religion, which is itself relational, as respects God, since God undertakes—that is the whole aim of His government—to be the defender of right. But the two are so far measures each of the other, that whoever is fixed and centralized in one, will be in the other, as God Himself is.

Here, now, as we have intimated, is the substance of virtue—it is righteousness, it is love. Being so entered into the principle of all virtue, the next question will be, passing into the second sphere of virtue, by what acts, doings, works, dispositions, shall we fitly represent, execute, outwardly express, the principle into which we have come? Having the substance, what shall be the manners and modes by which we are to show it, and give it fit exercise? It is here, as when we pass out of the pure mathematics into computations of forms, distances, orbits, and forces. The real substance of virtue is constituted by no outward doings or practices. These have no moral character in themselves. Merit and demerit are never measured by them, but only by the fundamental law. In these true virtue is only concerned to act herself out. And there is no small difficulty in solving the question, How? For this world of outward action is made up of infinite particulars, separable by no absolute distinctions, and flowing continually towards or into each

other. Thus we shall ask what the scripture, as a revelation of God, enjoins, either directly or by analogy; then what is the practice sanctioned by custom or the common law of society; what is useful, equal, true, beautiful;—in a word, what forms of action are æsthetically fit to express the right, or a right spirit. These rules of conduct thus elaborated are, of necessity, only proximate. They may be crude and discordant; they may be such as even to limit, and, as a more cultivated age might judge, to corrupt the strength of virtue. Of course, there is room for indefinite amplification and refinement in this outward code, if by any means it may be accomplished.

We have a way of speaking which attributes the approval or disapproval of outward acts to the conscience. But according to the scheme of ethics here adopted, this is true only in a popular sense. The conscience is our sense of the authority of right, or our consciousness of receiving or rejecting this great internal law. All questions of outward duty are questions of custom, revelation, judgment, taste—they belong to the sphere of outward criticism, in which we are impelled *by* the internal law, and seek to realize it. The conscience is no out-door faculty, as the popular language supposes. That we come into being with a conscience, in which all possible acts, in all possible circumstances, are discriminated with infallible certainty beforehand, and apart from

the aid of experience and judgment, is incredible. Quite as hard of belief is it that, if our conscience were required, *by itself*, to settle all the questions of duty as they occur (which perhaps is the popular notion), it would not rise up, like Mercury among the gods, as Lucian fancies, and protest against the infinite business of all sorts it has thrown upon it.

Having now in view this twofold nature of law, we perceive that there are two ways in which it may possibly advance its power, and only two. If the tone of the conscience, or of its ideal law, can be invigorated; if also the æsthetic power, that which discriminates in outward forms, can be so disciplined, or so enriched in spiritual culture, as to distinguish all that is most beneficent and beautiful in conduct, bringing on thus to perfection the code of outward practice, the two great conditions of moral advance are fulfilled. That just this twofold process is, and, in all past ages, has been, going on, I shall now undertake to show. I will then take up three great forces of history, always generically distinct from each other, the Greek, the Roman, and the Christian, showing how they have conspired and are always, in fact, operating together to advance the power of moral ideas, and establish their complete reign in the world.

Is there any law, then, in human history, by which the authority of conscience is progressively invigorated?

Leaving out of view religious causes, of which I shall speak in another place, consider the remarkable and ever widening contrast that subsists between the earliest and latest generations of history, in respect to a reflective habit. The childlike age, whether of the individual or of the race, never reflects on itself. The literature and conduct of the early generations are marked by a certain primitive simplicity. The whole motion of their being travels outward, as the water from under the hills, and no drop thinks to go back and see whence it came. They act and sing right out, unconscious even in their greatness, as the harp of its music, or the lightning of its thunder. Virtue in such an age is mainly impulsive. It is such a kind of virtue as has not intellectually discovered its law. If now the mind becomes reflective in its habit, if it analyses itself and discovers, among all the powers and emotions of the soul—some permanent, and many fugitive as the winds—one great, eternal, irreversible law, towering above every other attribute of reason, thought, and action, and asserting its royal prerogatives; if it discovers remorse coiled up as a wounded snake, and hissing under the throne of the mind; if, too, it discovers the soul itself, as a spiritual nature, strong with inherent immortality, and building with a perilous and terrible industry here the structure of its own future eternity; it cannot be that the moral tone of the conscience will not be powerfully invigorated. And the

transition I here describe, from an unreflective to a reflective habit, is one that is evermore advancing, and will be to the end of the world.

Next, as it were to give greater verity to ideas and laws of mental necessity, and so to the law of the conscience developed by reflection, geometry and the exact sciences will be discovered. The Pythagorean discipline began, we are told, with a period of silence; and as silence, according to Lord Bacon, is the fermentation of the thoughts, the disciples were thus started into a habit of reflection. Next they were exercised in geometry, to make them aware of the reality, rigidity, and invincibility of ideal truth—that kind of truth which is developed by reflection. Then they passed into the law of virtue, and through this up to God. The school of Crotona was thus a miniature of the great world itself. The mathematics are mere evolutions of necessary ideas; and the moral value of a strong mathematical discipline has, in this view, never been adequately estimated. By no other means could the mind be so effectively apprised of the distinct existence, the firmness, and the stern necessity of principles. Mere elegant literature would leave it in a mire of outward conventionalisms, a mere æsthetic worker among the fluxing matter of forms, incapable of a strong philosophic reflection, and quite as much of those sallies into the ideal world which nerve the highest ranges of poetry. If, besides, the

exact sciences are found to reign, as they do, over the great realm of nature and physical science, and the popular mind sees them symbolized to view, in all visible existence, then will a new and more forcible impression of what law and principle are become universal. Looking up to the heavens and beholding all the innumerable orbs and powers of the universe obedient to ideal laws, and revolving in forms of the mind; seeing the earth crystallize into shapes of ideal exactness and necessity, and the very atoms of the globe yoke themselves under the mental laws of arithmetic; seeing, in a word, the whole compact of creation bedded in ideal truth, and yielding to the iron laws of necessity, it becomes impossible not to feel some new impression of the rigidity of moral principle, as a law of the mind, its distinct existence, its immutable obligation.

Next you will observe, as if to carry on these impressions and make them practical, that, as society advances, public law becomes a rigid science, and the rights of society are subjected to the stern arbitrament of justice. Public law is moral. It is the public reason revolving about the one great principle of right, and constructing a science of moral justice. Executive power, with all its splendid prerogatives, is seen withdrawing to make room for a higher law; even right. Tribunals of justice are erected and made independent. They are to sit clothed with the sacred

majesty of right. Their adjudications are to be stern decrees of Nemesis, declarations of exact, scientific justice between the parties. This at least is the theory of public litigation; and if it should happen that actual justice is dispensed as seldom as the most caustic satirists of the law pretend, still it is a thing of inestimable consequence that justice should be thus impersonated among men. It is a solemn concession to the supremacy of right, such as helps to impress a cultivated people with a new sense of the impartial authority of reason and principle.

If, now, a condition of civil liberty be achieved (and this, we know, belongs to the advanced stages of history), the tone of moral obligation will be strengthened in a yet higher degree. Liberty is literally freedom from constraint, according to the manner of intoxication; and it must be confessed that in those great upheavings and revolutions by which the shackles of unjust dominion have been burst asunder, the constraints of order and the barriers of law have too often been utterly swept away. The Liberty worshipped is a true son of Liber, rightly named, as some of the witty ancients may have thought, from the stout old god of the vine. He goes forth, over hill and dale, drawn by his father's lions, brandishing the wrathful thyrsus, boasting his new inventions, and filling the people's heads with the strong wine of democracy, till sense and reason are crazed by its fumes. But the

sober hour comes after, and then it will be found that the individual has emerged from under the masses in which he lay buried—a person, a distinct man, a subject of law, an eternal subject of God. Discharged from the constraints of force, he is free to meet the responsibilities of virtue, and he stands out sole and uncovered before the smoking mount of the conscience, to receive its law. The very doctrine of liberty, too, when it finds a doctrine, will be that force put upon the conscience or the reason is sacrilege. Conscience, it will declare, is no other than the sacred throne of God, which no power or potentate may dare to touch. Mounting thus above all human prerogative, to set its own stern limits and hold back the strong hand of power, as in these latter ages it is beginning to do, how high is the reach of conscience seen to be, how mighty its grasp, how impartial its reign!

I have thus alluded, as briefly as I could, to three or four stages or incidents in the progress of history, which make it clear that the moral tone of the conscience must be ever advancing in power and clearness.

Pass on now to the outward code of virtue, that which regulates her conduct and forms of action. Though there is no merit or demerit, nothing right or wrong, in any outward conduct as such, still the interests of virtue are deeply involved in the perfection

of the outward code. The internal life of virtue can neither propagate its power nor diffuse its blessings, except through the outward state. Furthermore, as expression always invigorates what is expressed, and as the outward reacts on the inward by a sovereign influence, it becomes a matter of the highest consequence, as regards the internal health of virtue, that she should have her outward code complete, and, without exception, beautiful.

Accordingly, there is a work of progressive legislation continually going forward, by which the moral code is perfecting itself. This code, as outward, is no fixed immutable thing, as many suppose. Custom is its interpreter, and it grows up in the same way as the common or civil law, or the law merchant, by a constant process of additions and refinements. Life itself is an open court of legislation, where reasonings, opinions, wants, injuries, are ever drawing men into new senses of duty, and extending the laws of society to suit the demands of an advanced state of being. All art and beauty, everything that unfolds the power of outward criticism, enters into this progress. So does Christian love, which is ever seeking, as the great apostle perceives, to execute its spirit in the most perfect forms of conduct. As when he prays—That your love may abound yet more and more in all knowledge and judgment [αισθησις, æsthetic discernment] that ye may approve things that are excellent.

Moral legislation is, in fact, one of the highest incidents of our existence. Not that man here legislates, but God through man; for it is not by any will of man that reason, experience, and custom are ever at work to make new laws and refine upon the old; these are to God as an ever-smoking Sinai under his feet, and if there be much of dissonance and seeming confusion in the cloudy mount of custom, we may yet distinguish the sound of the trumpet, and the tables of stone we shall see in due time, distinctly written, as by no human finger. Laws will emerge from the experience of life, and get power to command us.

Let us not seem, in this view, to strike at the immutability of virtue. We have no such thought. The law of virtue is immutable and eternal, above all expediency or self-interest; all change, circumstance, power, and plan; necessary as God, necessary even to God. But the substance of virtue lies, as we have said, in no outward forms of conduct, and it is only these that are subject to modification. Thus there is such a thing as time, and time is ever the same thing in its nature. But where is time? Not in the sun, not in the dial, not in the clock or watch; or, if there, it is as much everywhere else. Time is ideal, a thing of the mind. But though time is nowhere in the outward world, it has its signs and measures there, and what matter is it if they be changed; that does not affect the immutable nature of time. Measured by

the sun, the moon, the hour-glass, the clock or watch, the flight of birds or the opening of flowers, time is still the same. So it is with virtue; it is the same unchanging, eternal principle, though its outward code of manifestation has variety and progress.

Neither let us seem to impugn the authority of the revelation. The statutes of revealed law may be divided into two classes. First, the class comprising such as are given for their inherent beneficence; the points of the decalogue, for example, and the golden rule of the New Testament; which, being the want of all ages, are to be drawn out farther and farther in their ramifications and refinements, and be the staple, as it were, of a complete moral code. Secondly, the class comprising permissive statutes, like the license given by Moses to buy slaves of the nations round about; which, as they impose no obligation, have no permanent significance, except in showing that slavery is not inherently and in all cases and ages a necessary wrong; also ordinances of things useful at the time, but liable to be superseded—as, for example, sacrifices and ritual observances; also commands that get their fitness and propriety from the present condition or custom of society—such as the law against taking interest for the loan of money, and that forbidding a woman to appear in public having her head uncovered; also mandates given for retribution's sake, like the 'statutes not good' of which the prophet spake; also

permissions and commands, not because they are the best, but because they are the best that a crude-minded, wild, or half-barbarous people can appreciate enough to accept as obligatory, or the best which can be enjoined without provoking results of barbarity worse than the mischiefs temporarily allowed—of which I may give as example the silent permissions of polygamy, and the law permitting husbands to put away their wives by a divorce which is their own act; a law which Christ himself declares was given 'because of the hardness of their hearts;' that is to save the hapless wives from being dispatched by a more summary method.

I have made this exact and rather tedious specification just to save the doctrine I wish to assert from the imputation of a trespass on the sacred authority of scripture. You perceive, as regards the first class of statutes, that they are going, by the supposition, directly into the great mill of human casuistries, to be refined upon, run out into subtle applications more and more distinct from the crude applications of the early times, and so to be roots of a vast codified system of ethics. And the work will be going on for ages, ripening slowly and by imperceptible degrees. Thus, for example, it is a very simple thing to say—'Thou shalt not steal,'—but the growth of society, property, and mercantile law will raise thousands of questions where the sharpest perception will distinguish, with

much difficulty, precisely what is and is not included under the principle of the law.

As regards the whole second class, manifold and various as it is, you will see that modifications, discontinuances, and even contrary rules of practice, are, by the supposition, possible, and likely to appear. They are such as are casual in their very nature, appropriate only to the present time, and a great part of them such as belong to the crudity and the barbarous perceptions and manners of an early stage of society. For nothing is more plain than that a barbarous people could not receive a perfectly beautiful code of conduct. Is it anything new, that if you give a clown directions how to execute a beautiful painting, he could not even take the sense of the directions? or, if you should give him a full code of politeness, that he could not enter into its terms? But how vast in compass, and multifarious in number, and complicated in form, are the rules of a perfect code of life, compared with the strokes of a painter's art, or the items of a polite conduct! What scope is there here for criticism! what exactness of discipline does it require only to understand what is wise, or useful, or fair, in all cases, even when it is revealed! What sharpness of taste, only to discriminate or conceive all beautiful actions, when expressly commanded—greater, by far, than any nation as yet possesses!

Neither let us wonder if it take many ages to clear

the moral code of all barbarous anomalies, and bring it to a full maturity. Experience must have a long and painful discipline, philosophy must go down into the grounds of things, rights must be settled, letters advanced, the beautiful arts come into form; God must wait on the creature, and conduct him on through long ages of mistake and crudity—command, reason, try, enlighten, brood, as over chaos, by His quickening power—and then it will be only by slow degrees that the moral taste of the world will approximate to a coincidence with the perfect moral taste of God.

Let us now see if facts will justify our reasonings. Far back in the remotest ages of definite history, we find one of the world's patriarchs so fortunate or unfortunate as to be the inventor of wine, by which he is buried in the excesses of intoxication, we know not how many times, with no apparent compunction. Saying nothing of abstinence, not even the law of temperance had yet been reached. Another, who is called the 'father of the faithful,' has not yet so refined upon the moral statute against lying, as to see that prevarication is to be accounted a lie. Accordingly, he, more than once, shows his ingenuity in a practice on words, with no apparent sense of wrong. A successor, in equal honour as a religious man, deceives his blind father by a trick of disguise, and steals the blessing of his brother. He takes advantage also

of this brother's hunger to extort his birthright from him—acts which in our day would cover him with infamy. These were all holy men. It was not so much sin as barbarism, that marred their history. These instances of unripe morality furnish no ground of cavil against the Scriptures, but, to all reasoning minds, they are the strongest evidences of their real antiquity and truth. I have not time to lead you through the Jewish history. The remarkable fact in it is, that, with so high notions of the principle, the outward style of virtue is yet so harsh, so visibly barbarous. You seem to be in a raw, physical age, where force and sensualism and bigotry of descent display their odious and unlovely presence, even in men of the highest worth and dignity. As you approach the later age of their literature and history, you perceive a visible mitigation of its features. Christianity then appears. The old outward regimen of beggarly elements is swept away, new precepts of benevolence and forbearance are given, the Jew is lost in the man, and the man becomes a brother of his race. How sublime the contrast, then, of Genesis and John!

What we see, in this glance at sacred history, is quite as conspicuous in the general review of humanity. The moral code of a savage people has always something to distinguish it as a savage people's code. So with that of a civilized. The very changes and in-

ventions of society necessitate an amplification, and often a revision, of the moral code. Every new state, office, art, and thing must have its law. The old law maxim, *cuilibet in sua arte credendum est*, every trade must be suffered to make its law, is only half the truth—every trade will make its law. If bills of exchange are invented, if money is coined, if banks are established, and offices of insurance, if great corporate investments are introduced into the machinery of business, it will not be long before a body of moral opinions will be generated, and take the force of law over these new creations. Fire-arms also, printing, theatres, distilled spirits, cards, dice, medicine, all new products and inventions, must come under moral maxims, and create to themselves a new moral jurisprudence. The introduction of popular liberty makes the subject a new man, lays upon him new duties, which require to be set forth in new maxims of morality. Already have I shown you, in these brief glances, a new world created for the dominion of law. And what was said of the human body growing up to maturity, is equally true of the great social body :—

> 'For nature crescent does not grow alone,
> In thews and bulk, but as this temple waxes,
> The inward service of the mind and heart
> Grows wide withal.'

I also hinted that new arts and inventions must

often so change the relations of old things and practices as to require a revision of their law. The Jew may rightly take his interest-money now, for other reasons than because the Mosaic polity is dissolved. He is not the same man that his fathers were. He lives in a new world, and sustains new relations. The modes of business, too, are all so changed by the credit system, which makes a capital of character, that the merits of receiving interest-money are no more the same, although the mere outward act is such as to be described in the same words. At this very moment, we have it on hand to revise the moral code in reference to three very important subjects—wine, slavery, and war. The real question, on these subjects, if we understood ourselves, is not, on one side, whether we can torture the Scripture so as to make it condemn all that we desire to exclude; nor, on the other, whether we are bound, for all time and eternity to boot, to justify what the Scripture has sometime suffered. But the question, philosophically stated, is, whether new cognate inventions and uses do not make old practices more destructive, old vices more incurable; whether a new age of the world and a capacity of better things, have not so changed the relations of the practices in issue, that they are no longer the same, and no longer to be justified. Physically speaking, it is the same act to go into a certain house, and to go into it having a contagious disease—

not morally. Physically speaking, it is the same act to go into it having a contagious disease, and to go into it when the inmates have found a new medicine which is proof against the contagion—not morally. In this view, it is nothing to say that wine-drinking is restrained in the Scripture by no law but temperance; for the neighbourhood of distilled liquors, a modern invention, makes it no longer the same thing, but a thing so different that abstinence, possibly, is the only adequate rule of beneficent practice. This, precisely, is the question we are now litigating. In the same way, since the mitigation of the war-state of nations, and the extended sense of fraternity between them, have widened the basis of moral ideas, human slavery is no longer to be justified by ancient examples; for the advanced sentiment of the world, under Christianity, makes it capable of a better and juster practice. In this manner the moral import of actions physically the same is thus ever changing, and no reform is bad because it requires a revision of law; for the change of condition, wrought by time, may be so great as to render the former law inapplicable. It is conceivable that even a positive statute of revelation may lose its applicability, by reason of a radical change in the circumstances it was designed to cover. Nor can it properly be said that such a statute is repealed—it is only waiting for the circumstances in which its virtue lay. A new rule contradictory to it

in words, may yet be wholly consistent with it, and bring no reflection on its merits. Accordingly, in what are called reforms, the real problem more frequently is to revise or mitigate law, perhaps to legislate anew. And there is no evil in the human state, nothing opposed to the general good and happiness, which cannot be lawed out of existence by an adequate appeal to truth and reason, which are God's highest law. Nothing, I will add, which shall not thus be lawed out of existence.

Thus it is within the memory of persons now living, that a clergyman of England, specially distinguished for his piety, forsook the slave trade, by compulsion of Providence, and not because of any Christian scruples concerning it. Night and morning he sent up his prayers to God, blended with the groans of his captives, and had his Christian peace among the lacerated limbs and the unpitied moans of as many as his ship could hold. Now a law is matured against this traffic, and the man is a monster who engages in it. And if you will see the progress of the moral code, you may take your map and trace the exact countries which this new law has reached, just as you may trace, from an eminence, the shadows of the clouds as they sail over a landscape.

If you will see the work of moral legislation on a scale yet more magnificent, you have only to advert to what is called the international code. I know of

nothing which better marks the high moral tone of modern history, than that this sublime code of law should have come into form, and established its authority over the civilized world within so short a time; for it is now scarcely more than two hundred years since it took its being. In the most polished and splendid age of Greece and Grecian philosophy, piracy was a lawful and even honourable occupation. Man, upon the waters, and the shark, in them, had a common right to feed on what they could subdue. Nations were considered as natural enemies; and for one people to plunder another, by force of arms, and to lay their country waste, was no moral wrong, any more than for the tiger to devour the lamb. In war, no terms of humanity were binding, and the passions of the parties were mitigated by no constraints of law. Captives were butchered or sold into slavery at pleasure. In time of peace, it was not without great hazard that the citizen of one country could venture into another for purposes of travel or business.

Go now with me to a little French town near Paris, and there you shall see in his quiet retreat a silent, thoughtful man bending his ample shoulders and more ample countenance over his table, and recording with a visible earnestness something that deeply concerns the world. This man has no office or authority to make him a lawgiver, other than what belongs to the gifts of his own person—a brilliant mind, enriched by

the amplest stores of learning, and nerved by the highest principles of moral justice and Christian piety. He is, in fact, a fugitive and an exile from his country, separated from all power but the simple power of truth and reason. But he dares, you will see, to write *De Jure Belli et Pacis.* This is the man who was smuggled out of prison, and out of his country, by his wife, in a box that was used for much humbler purposes, to give law to all the nations of mankind in all future ages. On the sea and on the land, on all seas and all lands, he shall bear sway. In the silence of his study he stretches forth the sceptre of law over all potentates and peoples, defines their rights, arranges their intercourse, gives them terms of war and terms of peace, which they may not disregard. In the days of battle, too, when kings and kingdoms are thundering in the shock of arms, this same Hugo Grotius shall be there, in all the turmoil of passion and the smoke of ruin, as a presiding throne of law, commanding above the commanders, and, when the die is cast, prescribing to the victor terms of mercy and justice, which not even his hatred of the foe, or the exultation of the hour, may dare to transcend.

The system of commercial law, growing out of the extension of trade and commerce, in modern times, is another triumph of moral legislation almost equally sublime with the international. The science of municipal law, too, has not been less remarkable for its

progress. Saying nothing of the common law, or law of England, which is, in a sense, the child of the civil or Roman law, what mind can estimate the moral value and power of this latter code, extended, as its sway now is, over nine-tenths of the civilized world?

Now all these systems of law, international, commercial, and civil, are founded in the natural reasons of the moral code, and are, in fact, results of moral legislation. Considered, too, as accumulations of moral judgment, elaborated in the lapse of ages, they constitute a body of science, when taken together, compared with which every other work of man is insignificant. No other has cost such infinite labour and patience, none has embodied such a stupendous array of talent, none has brought into contribution so much of impartial reason or constructed such libraries of scientific learning.

Under these extensions of law, the world has become another world. Anarchy and absolute will are put aside to suffer the dominion of justice. The nations are become, to a great extent, one empire. The citizen of one country may travel and trade securely in almost every other. Wars are mitigated in ferocity, and so far is the moral sentiment of the world advanced in this direction, that military preparations begin to look formal and wear the semblance of an antiquated usage. We may almost dare to say as Pandulph to Lewis, and with a much higher sense:—

'Therefore, thy threatening colours now wind up
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently, at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.'

Who shall think it incredible that this same progress of moral legislation, which has gone thus far in the international code, may ultimately be so far extended as to systematize and establish rules of arbitrament by which all national disputes shall be definitely settled, without an appeal to arms? And so it shall result that, as the moral code is one, all law shall come into unity, and a kind of virtual oneness embrace all nations. We shall flow together in the annihilation of distances and become brothers in the terms of justice. And so shall that sublime declaration of Cicero, in his Republic, where he sets forth the theoretic unity of law, find a republic of nations, where it shall have a more than theoretic verity:—'Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac, sed et omnes gentes, et omni tempore, et sempiterna, et immortalis continebit, unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium Deus. Ille legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator!'

I have thus endeavoured to show that as virtue is twofold, so there is a twofold law of progress by which it is advanced in human society—one by which the inward principle invigorates its tone, another by which its outward code is extended and made to

accord more nicely with the highest beauty and the most perfect health of virtue. Both lines of progress have been active up to this time, with results as definitely marked as the progress of history itself. What now is to come? By what future events and changes shall the work go on to its completion?

That must be unknown to us, though the present momentum of society is enough, by itself, to assure us in what line the future motion must proceed. There are, at the same time, three great forces in this motion, which we know are incapable of exhaustion. These must always work on together, as they have done up to this time, to assist the triumph of the moral element. Other forces have entered into history, such as the Gothic eruptions, the crusades, the feudal system, the free cities and their commerce, which, being more nearly physical, lose their distinct existence as soon as they are incorporate, and are manifested only by their results. Not so with the three of which I am to speak—they belong to all future time, and will never cease their distinct activity. These three are the Greek, the Roman, and the Christian training: the Greek, as belonging to the outward department of virtue, and assisting it by the high æsthetic discipline of its literature: the Roman, as asserting the ideal law of virtue and giving it a corporate embodiment: the Christian, as descending from heaven

to pour itself into both, quicken their activity, and bring them into earnest connexion with a government above.

The first thing to be observed in the Greek character and literature is its want of a moral tone. A mere incidental remark of Schlegel touches what might rather be made the staple of criticism in the works of this wonderful people. 'Even in those cases,' he says, 'where the most open expression of deep feeling, morality, or conscience might have been expected, the Greek authors are apt to view the subject of which they treat as a mere appearance of the life, with a certain perfect, undisturbed, and elaborate equability.' How could it be otherwise, where an Aristotle, endowed with the most gigantic and powerful intellect ever given to man, could only define virtue itself as the middle point between two extremes, and every moral evil as being either too much or too little? Socrates and his splendid disciple, it is true, had a warmer and more adequate idea of virtue; though it will escape the notice of no thoughtful scholar that they were charmed with virtue rather as the Fair than as the Right. This is specially true of Plato. He draws her forth out of his own intellectual beauty, as Pygmalion his ivory statue, and as this was quickened into life by the word of Venus, so his notion of virtue takes its life from the charms in which it is invested.

Evil and vice, too, connect, in his mind, rather with deformity and mortification than with remorse.

On the whole, there is almost no civilized people whose morality is more earthly and cold than that of the Greeks. At the same time, their sense of beauty in forms, their faculty of outward criticism, is perfect. Their temples and statues are forms of perfect art. Their poets and philosophers chisel their thoughts into groups of marble. Their religion or mythology is scarcely more than a gallery of artistic shapes, exquisitely sensual. They alone of all people, in fact, have a religion without a moral; gods for the zest of comedy; gay divinities that go hunting, frolicking, and thundering over sea and land. Genius only worships. The chisel is the true incense to hold a place in epic machinery, the true circle of Providence. Everything done or written is subtle, ethereal, beautiful, and cold; even the fire is cold—a combustion of icicles. There can be no true heat where there is no moral life. They love their country, but they do not love it well enough to suffer justice to be done in it, or to endure the presence of virtue. Their bravery is cunning, their patriotism an elegant selfishness. In their ostracism they make public envy a public right, and faction constitutional. We look up and down their history, survey their temples without a religion, their streets lined with chiselled divinities, set up for ornamental effect, we listen to their orators, we open the shining

rolls of their literature, and exclaim, Beautiful lust! splendid sensuality! elegant faction! gods for the sake of ornament! a nation perfect in outward criticism, but blind, as yet, to the real nature and power of the moral ideas.

And yet this people have done a work, in their way, which is even essential to the triumph of virtue. Their sense of beauty, their nice discriminations of art and poetic genius, are contributions made to the outward life and law of virtue. A barbarous people, like the wild African or Indian, you will observe, have no sense of form, and their moral code will, for that reason, be a crude and shapeless barbarism. To mature the code of action, therefore, and finish its perfect adaptation to the expression of virtue and the ornament of life, requires a power of form or of outward criticism in full development. Considered in this view, it is impossible to overrate the value of the Greek art. A whole department of human capacity, the talent of forms or of outward criticism and expression, must be the disciple of Greece to the end of the world. This same Greek beauty, which can never perish, will go into the Roman life, and assist in that process of legal criticism by which the civil law shall be matured. Then it will go into the wild Gothic liberty that is thundering, as yet, along the Baltic and through the plains of Scythia, to humanize it, and make the element of liberty an element of order and

virtue. It will breathe a spirit of beauty into every language and literature of every civilized people ; and their intellectual and moral life will crystallize into the forms of beauty thus evolved, lose their opacity, and become transparent to the light of reason and law. The Christian faith, too, whose prerogative it is to make all the works both of man and of God subservient to its honour, will take to itself all the beauty of all the Greeks and make it the beauty of holiness.

We come now to the Romans, a people of as high originality as the Greeks, though not so regarded by the critics, because their originality did not run into the forms of literature. The ideal of the Greeks was beauty, that of the Romans law and scientific justice. We need not suffer the common wonder, therefore, that all the ambition of the Roman scholars, aided by hordes of emigrant rhetoricians, could not reproduce the Grecian classic spirit in that people; for whatsoever power of outward criticism was awakened, followed after the Roman ideal, going to construct the moral rigours of the Stoic philosophy and fashion the sublime structure of civil jurisprudence. And Greece was as incapable of the Roman law, as Rome of the Grecian literature. Which of the two has made the greatest and most original gift to the future ages, it will ever be impossible to judge.

It was a distinction of the Roman people that they had a strong sense of moral principle. They could

feel the authority of what some call an abstraction, and suffer its rigid sway. Their conscience had the tone of a trumpet in their bosoms. This was owing, in part, we may believe, to their martial discipline; for it is a peculiarity of this, that it bends to nothing in the individual, his interest, comfort, or safety. It is as destitute of feeling as an abstraction, and accommodates the soldier to the absolute sway of rigid law. Accustomed to the stiff harness of discipline, to be moved by the unbending laws of mechanism up to the enemy's face and the bristling points of defence, there to live or die, as it may happen, without any right to consider which; a nation of soldiers learns how to suffer an absolute rule, and if the other and more corrupt influences of war do not prevent, is prepared, with greater facility, to acknowledge the stern ideal law of virtue.

The Romans, too, had a religion, a serious and powerful faith, gods that kept their integrity and held a relation to the conscience. Even Mars himself, their tutelary deity, in so far as he was a Roman and not a Greek, was, on the whole, a much better Christian than some who have presided in Rome, with quite other pretensions, as will scarcely be thought extravagant by the scholar who duly considers with what reverence they guarded the sacred *ancile* let fall from heaven to be the pledge of their safety, or compares the processions of the Salii, with others of a more

recent date and of a different name. It was also a beautiful distinction of the religious character of this people, that they alone, of all heathen nations, erected temples to the mere ideals of virtue—Faith, Concord, Modesty, Peace.

The Romans, also, were an agricultural people, naming their noble families after the *bean*, the *pea*, the *lentile*, *vetches*, and other plants; retaining the sobriety, frugality, and all the rigid virtues of a life in the fields. These are the people to suffer a censorship, in which every licentious and effeminate habit shall expose the subject to a public degradation; the only people, I will add, that has ever existed, capable of such a discipline.

Pass out with me, now, into the Tusculan country, and I will show you one of these old Puritans. A simple rustic house is before you, the house of a small country farmer. A man with red hair, and a pair of grey eyes twinkling under his fiery eyebrows, a muscular, iron-faced man meets you at the gate. This man will boast his dinner as a triumph of economy —bread baked by his wife, and turnips boiled by himself. Of pleasure he is ignorant. He keeps a few slaves, whom he turns away when they become old; for it is his way to make a rigid abstraction even of the principle of economy. In the morning he rises early, and goes forth into the neighbouring towns to plead causes. He returns in the afternoon, puts on

his frock, and goes out to work among the slaves. He is a man of wit, and is to be called the Roman Demosthenes. He is to be a great commander, and a part of his prowess will be, that he spends nothing on himself, and makes the army pay its way by its victories. He will reap the honours of a triumph, he will be consul, he will be censor. And when Cato is censor, woe to the man who has defrauded the treasury! every man then gets over the line of sober drink, every high liver, every dandy! Then, to crown all, this man shall say—for he loves to carry out a principle—that 'he had rather his good actions should go unrewarded, than his bad ones unpunished.' Inexorable in whatever relates to public justice, inflexibly rigid in the execution of his orders, he will make history confess that the Roman government had never before appeared either so awful or so amiable.

Roman virtue, therefore, became a proverb, to denote that strength of principle which can bend to no outward obstacle or seduction. And the pitch of public virtue displayed by this people, especially in the days of the ancient republic, is one of the greatest moral phenomena of history. Always warlike in their habit, inured to scenes of devastation and blood, ambitious for their city, and ignorant of any right in the world but the imperial right of Rome, they were, at the same time, careless of pleasure and of wealth, stoics in fortitude and self-denial, immovable

in conjugal fidelity, reverent to parents, incapable of treachery to their country or disobedience to the laws, exact and even superstitious in the rites of piety. Unjust to every other people, they were yet the firm adherents of law and justice among themselves. They went to war with religious preliminaries. The military oath was their *sacrament*, in which they engaged for a real presence; and though it was to be a presence in veritable blood, it was yet so religiously fulfilled as to be a bond of virtue. They, at first, sent forth their legions to make war, more, it would seem, because they loved the discipline, than because they wanted the plunder. The tramp of their victorious legions was heard resounding at the gates of cities, and across the borders of nations; their leaders were returning every few months, with triumphal entries into the city, that a most just people might enjoy and glory in the spectacle of their own public wrongs; till at last, debauched by the plunder of their victories, they may be said to have conquered, on the same day, both the world and their own virtue together. Nor is even this exactly true; for it is remarkable that they gave back to the subject nations the justice denied them in their conquest, and set up the tribunals of Roman law on the fields of Roman lawlessness! Equally remarkable is it, that in the most dissolute age of the empire, the power of scientific law could not be eradicated from the hearts of this won-

derful people. While the monster Commodus sits upon the throne, Papinian and Ulpian occupy the bench, adding to the civil code the richest contributions of legal science! And even the signatures of Caracalla and his ministers will be found, not seldom, inscribed on the purest materials of the Pandects!

What, then, if Rome did not excel in literature? Had she not another talent in her bosom, quite as rich and powerful—the sublime talent of law? In her civil code, she has erected the mightiest monument of reason and of moral power that has ever yet been raised by human genius. The honest pride of Cicero was not misplaced when he said, 'How admirable is the wisdom of our ancestors! We alone are masters of civil prudence, and our superiority is the more conspicuous if we deign to cast our eyes on the rude and almost ridiculous jurisprudence of Draco, Solon, and Lycurgus.' Little, however, did he understand, when he thus spoke, what gift his country was here preparing for the human race. Could he have pierced the magnificent future, when this same Roman law should have its full scientific embodiment; could he have seen, at the distance of twenty centuries, the barbarians of northern and western Europe compacted into great civilized nations, and, after having vanquished the Roman arms and empire, all quietly sheltered under the Roman jurisprudence; a new continent rising to view, beyond the lost Atlantis, to

be fostered in its bosom; a spirit of law infused into the whole realm of civilized mind, and revealing its energy now in the common law of England, now in the commercial code, and, last of all, in the international—all matured in the pervading light and warmth of the Roman; liberty secured by the security of justice; the fire of the old Roman virtue burning still in the bosom of legal science, and imparting a character of intellectual and moral gravity to the literature, opinions, and life of all cultivated nations; and then, to crown the whole, the visible certainty that the Roman law has only just begun its career, that it must enter more and more widely into the fortunes of the race, and extend its benign sway wherever law extends, till the globe, with all its peoples, becomes a second Roman empire, and time itself the only date of its sovereignty;—seeing all this, the great orator must have confessed that every conception he had before entertained of the majesty and grandeur of the Roman jurisprudence was weak enough to be scarcely better than null. Our minds, even now, can but faintly conceive the same.

Such is the moral value of the Greek art and literature, such of the Roman law; one as a contribution to the outward form of virtue, the other to the authority and power of the moral sentiment itself. These are gifts wrought out from below; extorted, as

we may say, from society. It remains to speak of a third power, descending from above, to bring the Divine Life into history, and hasten that moral age towards which its lines are ever converging. Hitherto we have spoken of causes developed by the mere laws of society, which laws, however, when deeply sounded, are but another name for God, conducting history to its ends by a latent presence of supernatural force. In the religion of Christ we are to view him as coming into mental contemplation objectively to the intellect and heart, and operating thus as a moral cause. In his incarnate person descending into the world from a point above the world, God shows an external government of laws and retributions connected with the internal law of the conscience; opens worlds of glory and pain beyond this life; presents Himself as an object of contemplation, fear, love, and desire; reveals His own infinite excellence and beauty, and, withal, His tenderness and persuasive goodness; and so pours the Divine Life into the dark and soured bosom of sin.

But you will perceive that a certain degree of intellectual refinement and moral advancement was necessary to make the approach of so great excellence and beauty intelligible. A race of beings immersed in the wild superstitions of Fetichism could not receive the Divine. And, therefore, it was not till the Greek letters and the Roman sovereignty were extended

through the world, that Jesus Christ made his appearance. He is, at once, the Perfect Beauty and the Eternal Rule of God; the Life of God manifested under the conditions of humanity; by sufferings expressing the love of God, by love attracting man to His breast. Now there enters into human history a divine force which is not latent. The law from within meets the objective reality and beauty of God from without; conscience links with a government above, and morality is taken up into the bosom of religion.

I will not trace the historical action of Christianity, or show how it has subordinated and wrought in all other causes such as I have named. Every one knows that this new religion, sprung of so humble a beginning, has had force enough, somehow, to take the rule of human society for the last eighteen hundred years. Ancient learning, ancient customs and religions, emigrations, wars and diplomacies, all the foundations of thrones and the bulwarks of empire have floated, as straws, on this flood. And now it is much to say, that where we are, thither Christianity has borne us; and what we are in art, literature, commerce, law, and liberty, Christianity, appropriating all previous advances, has made us.

I will only point you, besides, to a single symptom of the times, which shows you whither human history is going. It is a remarkable distinction of the present era, that we are deriving rules of common life and

obligation from considerations of BENEFICENCE. We perceive that the internal law of the conscience includes not only justice, but love. The spirit of Christianity, as revealed in the life of Jesus, has so far infused itself into human bosoms that we feel bound to act, not as fellow-men, but as brothers to the race. We propose what is useful, we reason of what is beneficent. Government, we claim, is a trust for the equal benefit of subjects. As individuals we are included, in all matters, by the necessities of public virtue and happiness. All the old rules of morality, which hung upon the colder principle of justice, are suffering a revision to execute the principle of love, and everything in public law and private duty is coming to the one test of beneficence.

Here I will rest my argument. I undertook to show you that human history ascends from the physical to the moral, and must ultimately issue in a moral age. I first exhibited the fact of a twofold progress in past history, accordant with the twofold nature of the moral code. What stupendous events and overturnings are hereafter to come pouring their floods into the currents of human history we cannot know or conjecture; but I have brought into view three great moral forces, of whose future operation, as of whose past, we may well be confident—the Greek art, the Roman law, and the Christian faith. These three being indestructible,

incapable of death, must roll on, down the whole future of man, and work their effects in his history. And if we are sure of this, we are scarcely less sure of an age of law, or of the final ascendency of the intellectual and moral life of the race.

I anticipate no perfect state, such as fills the overheated fancy of certain dreamers. The perfectibility of man is for ever excluded here by the tenor of his existence. He is here in a flood of successive generations, to make experiment of evil, to learn the worth of virtue in the loss of it, and by such knowledge be at last confirmed in it. As long, therefore, as he is here, evil will be, and life will be a contest with it.

But a day will come when the dominion of ignorance and physical force, when distinctions of blood and the accidents of fortune will cease to rule the world. Beauty, reason, science, personal worth, and religion will come into their rightful supremacy, and moral forces will preside over physical, as mind over the body. Liberty and equality will be so far established that every man will have a right to his existence, and if he can make it so, to an honourable, powerful, and happy existence. Policy will cease to be the same as cunning, and become a study of equity and reason. It is impossible that wars should not be discontinued, if not by the progress of the international code, as we have hinted, yet by the progress of liberty and intelligence; for the masses who have hitherto composed the sol-

diery must sometime discover the folly of dying, as an ignoble herd, to serve the passions of a few reckless politicians, or to give a name for prowess to leaders whose bravery consists in marching *them* into danger. The arbitrament of arms is not a whit less absurd than the old English trial by battle, and before the world has done rolling they will both be classed together. Habits of temperance must result in a gradual improvement of the physical stature and intellectual capacity of the race. The enormous expenditures of war and vice being discontinued, and invention, aided by science, having got the mastery of nature, so as to make production more copious and easy, the labouring classes will be able to live in comparative leisure and elegance, and find ample time for self-improvement.

Now begins the era of genius; for all the mind there is, being brought into action, and that in the best conditions of intellectual health, it must result that the eminent minds will tower as much higher, as the level whence they rise is more elevated. The old leaden atmosphere of a physical age will be displaced by an intellectual atmosphere, quickening to the breath and full of the music of new thoughts. Society being delivered of all that is low, and raised to a general condition of comfort and beauty, will become a new and more inspiring element. The general peace of nations and the nobler peace of virtue will make the reflective faculty as a clear-sounding bell in a calm

day; every depth of nature will be sounded and brought into the clear light of philosophy. The imagination will be purified by the subjection of the passions, and fired by the vigour of a faith that sees, in all things visible, vehicles of the invisible, in everything finite a symbol of infinity.

But, what is the greatest pre-eminence, it will come to pass that, as the ideal of the Greeks was beauty, and that of the Romans law, so this new age shall embrace an ideal more comprehensive, as it is higher than all, namely, Love. The magnificent genius of Plato attained to some indistinct conception of this same thing, in that intellectual love, so much extolled by him, as being the power of all that is divine in virtue —the love of kindred souls thirsting after truth, and tracing back their way to that bright essence, whose image they dimly remember, and which, having cast its shadow on them in some previous state, made them for ever kindred to each other and to it. But the love of which I speak is this and more—a love to souls not kindred, a love of action and of power, as well as of sentiment and of mutual affinity. This love is no partial idea, as every other must be; it is universal, it embraces all that is beneficent, pure, true, beautiful; God, man; eternity, time. To build up, to adorn, to increase enjoyment; to receive the whispers of that Original Love which inhabits all the heights and depths; to sing out the rhythm and eternal harmony of that

music wherewith it fills, not the stars only, but all the recesses of being ; to go up into the heights of reason after its plan, and lay the head of philosophy on its bosom ; to weep, rejoice, and tremble before it, everywhere present, everywhere warm and luminous, palpitating in all that lives, blushing into all that is beautiful, bursting out as a fire in all that is terrible—thus employed, filled with this love, as by a storm falling out of heaven, lifted and celestially empowered by it, the new moral age must needs unfold a regenerated capacity, and construct a literature more nearly divine than has yet been conceived. All that is great in action, disinterested in suffering, strong in the abhorrence of evil, beautiful in art, wise in judgment, deep in science—the keen, the soft, the wrathful and piercing, as well as the gentle and patient—every side and capacity of mind will display itself, and as the talent of the Creator unfolds its grandeur in love, so by love the talent of His creature will roll out into that full-toned harmony of act and power which constitutes the distinction of genius.

Brothers in letters, I may not close without some reference more personal to ourselves, and closer to the occasion. We are here, once more, in the classic shades where our youthful beginnings were nurtured. We most filially venerate and love the place. Nowhere else does memory drop the element of tense and be-

come experience as here. Our youth returns upon us; its day-dreams even are here, as we left them, floating on the air, and resting in the trees. As now our hearts are open to ingenuous feeling, let us take to ourselves one more lesson before we part, and resolve to wed ourselves, unchangeably, to the good of mankind, and the final triumph of right.

First of all, let us, as scholars, have faith in the future. No man was ever inspired through his memory. The eye of Genius is not behind. Nor was there ever a truly great man whose ideal was in the past. The offal of history is good enough for worms and monks, but it will not feed a living man. Power moves in the direction of hope. If we cannot hope, if we see nothing so good for history as to reverse it, we shrink from the destiny of our race, and the curse of all impotence is on us. Legions of men, who dare not set their face the way that time is going, are powerless; you may push them back with a straw. They have lost their virility, their soul is gone out. They are owls flying towards the dawn, and screaming, with dazzled eyes, that light should invade their prescriptive and congenial darkness.

Every scholar should be so far imbued with the philosophic spirit, as to remember that ways and manners, which stand well with prescription, do not always stand well with reason, and that respectable practice is often most respectably assaulted. Suffer

no effeminate disgusts; neither always be repelled, when a good object is maintained by crude and even pernicious arguments. Men are often wiser in their ends than in their reasons, and, if we see them staggering after the light, our duty is not to mock them, but to lead them. Consider how God has stood by man's history, and laboured with him in his crudest follies, and even by means of them contrived to help him on.

We have a country where the legislation of right is free. Everything true, just, pure, good, great, can here unfold itself without obstruction. To say that we are called to be a nation of lawgivers, in the public constitution, is not all; we are called to be lawgivers in a higher and more sacred capacity. Political law, as supported by force, is here weak, that it may be strong as supported by reason. Our institutions postulate, in everything, a condition of love to the right, and their destiny is to be magnificent, as it is a destiny of principle and truth.

Be it then our part, as scholars, to be lawgivers, bringing forth to men the determinations of reason, and assisting them to construct the science of goodness. And consider that it is sound opinion, not multitudinous opinion, that takes the force of law. Have faith in truth, never in numbers. The great surge of numbers rolls up noisily and imposingly, but flattens on the shore, and slides back into the mud

of oblivion. But a true opinion is the ocean itself, calm in its rest, eternal in its power. The storms and tumultuous thunders of popular rage and bigoted wrong will sometime pause, in their travel round the sphere, and listen to its powerful voice. And if the night comes down to veil it for a time, it is still there, beating on with the same victorious pulse, and waiting for the day. A right opinion cannot die, for its life is in moral ideas, which is the life of God. Have patience, and it shall come to pass, in due time, that what you rested in the tranquillity of reason, has been crowned with the majesty of law.

V.

CITY PLANS.[1]

THE topic assigned me, this evening, is the Planning of Cities. You will understand, of course, that I am not required, in the handling of my topic, to make out the plan of any particular city, or to model a general plan for all cities. There is no absolute plan for cities, and no city can be well planned, as the duplicate of another. Moreover, it is seldom that any, except some paper city of speculation, is planned wholly beforehand. A very few have been; but, commonly, beginnings are made first, which grow into some more definite and more extended plan afterwards. And yet the beginnings made, and the growths or extensions that come after, would commonly be very different, if only there could be on hand a little better culture, in regard to the ideas and principles involved in the best and most tasteful arrangement of cities.

The object of our present inquiry is to recommend,

[1] Prepared for the Public Improvement Society of Hartford.

or to promote, this kind of culture—to unfold the regulative ideas of the subject, to contribute suggestions, state the ends and objects to be sought, sharpen the attention of criticism, and bring out, as far as possible, the laws of construction by which the completest and most attractive city may be built. And the importance of a well-formed power of criticism, in this field, is much greater than many will at once perceive.

Thus, if some of you should ask what considerable interest you can have, as citizens of an old established city or town, in such a subject as this, I answer that it is a matter of some consequence, or ought to be, that you should have impressions not absurd of your own city itself,—its defects, advantages, and capabilities,—for if it should happen that you live your time out here, complaining all your life-long of the best points in it, deploring to your last day the impossibility of removing just the things which are its finest merits; working, it may be, in the city council, to roll up bills of expense for alterations that were really better not to be made; and finally dying a little before your time, because the city plan will not square itself to your false notions of taste and order; it would seem that a more cultivated taste, and a juster view of the subject and the laws by which it is governed were, at least, desirable. I will further add, that exactly what I speak of here is a matter of common

occurrence, and I could name at least a dozen points in the arrangement of our city, about which serious regret is even commonly expressed, which are yet, in reality, among the best points in it.

Furthermore, the impressions you make of yourselves, by the crudity, or sound maturity of your judgments in this particular matter, would seem to have a considerable degree of consequence. Thus, if you were called, sometime, to show the city to a stranger of distinction, in a ride about its localities, and he should find you pleased most often with what is a most certain deformity, and most ready to deplore what a little more culture would as certainly help you to approve, it will not be enough that you are unconscious of the rather weak and ludicrous figure you make. It may be that you do not know it, when he pities your crudity, or smiles at your expense; still it is none the less true that he would think of you with more respect, if he could respect your opinions.

Some of you too will be travelling in foreign cities, and all of you in other cities of your own country, and it will be much to you that you carry with you tastes and ideals of art, so far matured as to enable you to enjoy what is really picturesque, or finely conceived; or, if you must reject anything as absurd, will allow you to do it with a rational confidence in your judgments.

Before we undertake the more specific matters included in the combinations of cities, I think it will help us greatly to raise a previous question, viz., what are the requisites of a good city plan? for the points we may bring up, in a canvassing of this question, will go far, it may be, to determine other questions of a less general nature, which, without some considerations previously brought into view, it would even be difficult to settle at all. I answer then the question proposed, what are the requisites of a good city plan, by saying—

1. That it must make a city, and not something else. This may seem, at first view, to be a mere truism, not having any very important significance; but you will find, as you set your mind upon it more carefully, that it signifies much. The radical idea of a city appears in the old proverb—'God made the country, and man made the town.' A city then is man's world, a little world of life that he has built for himself; and accordingly it is to be perfected principally as a thing within itself. Thus, for example, it is no great point that it should be placed so as to be a conspicuous object from a distance, no great point that it should have a commanding outlook over the open country. If there should happen to be some prominent cliff or acropolis which appears distinctly out at sea, or commands a fine view of the adjacent country, it is well —much better than it is in a cemetery or city of the dead; for there the fine outlook, or distant prospect,

is even a fault to be complained of; and when a granite tower is built to repair the imagined want of a prospect, as in one of our most noted cemeteries, what is it but a wretched offence to genuine sentiment, and a vulgarity that should even be the subject of public mortification? In a city of the living, the conditions of boundary and self-limitation are less stringent. Where there is a point of conspicuity it may be taken, or taken advantage of; but if it should appear that the city was originally set upon the rounded summit of a hill for the mere sake of conspicuity, that simple fact would for ever destroy the sense of a city character. It is a matter of far greater consequence that the parts of a city should look into one another, as when they look across a valley, than that they should have distant prospects looking away from one another into the country. There ought to be something in a city that produces a sense of its being a world in itself, and this is part of the charm felt in the old walled cities of Europe. There is a sense in such cases of being gathered into city life, or a life in man's world, that associates the feeling of art and community, and is therefore only agreeable.

You may test this matter by supposing a city built on a vast plain, having the streets so laid that you may look straight through, in every direction, into the country and the green fields. We have only to conceive such an arrangement, to convince ourselves, at

once, of the painful vacuity and the insupportable weariness it will inflict. There is no reactive object for the eye, no sense of limit or boundary, no gathering into city life. The rows of houses and streets are like the rows of corn in an unfenced field on the prairies, and are scarcely more effective in the sense they beget of a man-world state.

On the same general principle, that a city is to be a city, and not a something to look from, or look at, the study should be, in placing a public building, or any public ornament, such as a statue, or an obelisk, that it is to be so placed as shall show it best; that is, to the greatest number of eyes and from the greatest number of avenues or streets. If a lighthouse is to be built, it must doubtless be set to look out upon the sea; if a monument, a pillar, a commemorative tower, let it stand a mark for all eyes, if possible, within the city lines. The city, in short, will be most perfectly planned, other things being equal, when it makes a world for itself, and reveals its ornaments most effectually to itself. Like the inside of a house, it is to be planned for inside show, completeness, and beauty. It may also be given as a requisite—

2. Of a good city plan, that it shall always unite, if possible, something historical. There needs, in order to the most pleasing and picturesque effect, to be an impression produced of growth or extension. There should be an old-looking part, and a new-looking; an

irregular, perhaps, and a regular. As a house will be most pleasing when it looks as if it grew up with the family, by successive enlargements, and room by room, as other rooms were wanted, not when it appears to have been, at the first, a complete and for ever inextensible formality—a pagoda, an octagon, or a Greek temple, waiting for anybody, or everybody, or nobody, and the same to all—so a city will be most pleasing when the history is told by the plan. If such a city, for example, as Philadelphia were to be extended by additional squares till it was as large as Babylon, there would be no history in it. New York, on the other hand, shows, in the contrast of old and irregular parts with the new, some traces of having had a history. The small city of New Haven, too, reveals a token of history, which is really the very best point of the plan, though deplored, I have no doubt, every day of the year, by the majority of the citizens, as a defect that can never be repaired—I speak of the fact that all the outer portion of the city, which is much the larger portion, is seen to have virtually planned itself. At the original planting there were laid out a few blocks, or squares, composing what is now the core of the town, and was considered at the time to be the whole town of the future. Into this core of square-work came the public roads, each in its own natural line of direction, meeting it sometimes at the sides, oftener at the angles; and then, afterwards, the city spread

itself out upon these roads, divergently related to each other; and so it resulted that no single street goes out of the city in a line parallel to the block-work lines of the centre; secondly, that no one standing in the streets of the block-work centre can look completely through into the open country; and thirdly, that a story is written in the very lines of the streets, which saves the town from the eternal monotony of its levels, and of its otherwise regular form. In the same manner, the boulevards of Paris are history, representing for all future time to the eye the spaces covered by the ancient walls and fortifications, now cleared away, and recalling the day when Paris was only a small fortified town. Frankfort-on-the-Maine is an illustration still more to the purpose. It stands on a river, occupying a plain surface. In the nucleus, or core, is the ancient town, the part that used to be contained within the walls. There, as the plan was to get as many people as possible into as little circuit as possible, in order to make the defence more easy, the structures are crowded, rear upon rear, and the blocks are cut up in all manner of zigzag lines, wherever a building can find room, and the streets themselves are often contracted so that a man may touch both sides with his hands. No space of open ground is anywhere left, save in what is called the market-place—a paved acre, so to speak, where the vegetables and meats might be offered for the provisioning of the

fortress, otherwise called the city. But the day of gunpowder, cannon-balls, and bombs arrives, and, behold, the walls are worthless! Accordingly a new modern figure begins in the clearing away of the walls. The wall and fortification circle becomes a public garden, threaded by mazy walks among shades and flowers; and then, outside of this, round the whole circuit, there spreads a new modern city, with broad, straight avenues and ample house-lots, fronted with trees, in the manner of a new American city. And so the modern Frankfort is old Frankfort converted into history. The people walk about in a history. It stands before their eyes, it touches their feet, they do their business, place their houses, take their title-deeds, and feel the winds themselves in the lines of old historic record.

As, then, a city ought, if possible, to be in some way historic, it should not be planned in any such absolute, complete form, that the future lines shall be determined by those laid down. If the people of New Haven had passed an order that all the roads coming into the town should coincide in direction with the streets in it, they would have very nearly ruined their present city, which is, on the whole, one of the best planned cities in America. Something must be left to the liberty of the future, to produce that air of growth and historic life which is necessary to a really fine city. It is not enough that there should

be something informal or irregular in the plan; that will not produce the historic air we speak of, when it still appears to be an irregularity originally planned. No city is less historic in its air than the city of Washington, because it is so manifestly set down at the first to be just what it is. In this point of view it is the worst planned city in the world; for, if it were to exist a thousand years, it would still wear the look of study, and never the look of growth. If it were a simple block-work or chess-board plan, it might possibly be a more natural extension of some plan originally small; but the studied, foredoomed, regular irregularity of Washington never can appear to be anything but an artificial and formal appointment, with which history and growth have had as little to do as with a diagram of Euclid. Hence, notwithstanding some good points in the plan, there must be an eternal dryness and constraint in it. No plan can be agreeable that excludes the sense of history, or wins the fact of antiquity, without any such tokens of the times and changes gone by as may notch the stages of progress and make the antiquity visible.

3. A city must be so arranged, if it can be, as to answer the conditions of health. No city over which the pale angels of sickness are always hovering becomes ornamental or attractive. Heavy bills of mortality keep down the tonic energy of art. Not even the best commercial advantages brace the feeling up to

improvement. Thrift itself takes on a scarcely thrifty look, because the men most forward in it are always finding how to withdraw and get a chance to live. Even the stone of architecture looks weak in its lines, and statuary droops in expression, where a funereal miasma loads the atmosphere. The mere repute of unhealthiness is a heavy bar of disadvantage, as regards any kind of progress and culture.

And yet a city must sometimes be located where the natural conditions are less favourable to health than would be desirable, because the trade, which is to be its life, cannot be accommodated with a better site. There was probably no better choice for New Orleans than the choice that was made. As there was no other river mouth, or harbour, at the south end of Lake Michigan, Chicago was obliged to settle into the vast mud-plain it occupies, just above the surface of water, and contrive to get the necessary drainage for a great city in what manner it best could. Still a great deal can be done for the healthiness of almost any situation, if only the city plan be rightly adjusted, and the true sanitary conditions duly attended to afterwards.

Thus it is one of the first and most important matters in adjusting the plan of a city, to prepare a sufficient drainage or sewerage. And if the ground is too low, or too flat, to allow a sufficient drainage by gravity, the plan must be arranged so as to favour an

artificial and forced drainage, discharging at a point under water, and remote from the shore. More commonly there will be a sufficient natural drainage, if only it is taken due advantage of in the grade and location of streets. There will be some low ground, or natural depression of surface, such that, if some avenue be laid along the depression, conforming, in a degree, to its sinuosities, there will be no difficulty in carrying off, by a main sewer under it, all that is brought down by a multitude of side sewers into the main, which nature has provided for. Whereas, if everything is sacrificed to regularity of lines and gradings, and the low grounds are filled up to even the grade across them, there will be, as there ought to be, no drainage left. Too great attention cannot be given, in the adjustment of a city plan, to the easy and natural drainage of the parts.

It is also a great question, as respects the health of a city, in what direction, or according to what points of the compass, the streets are laid. To most persons it will appear to be a kind of law, that the city shall stand square with the cardinal points of the compass—north and south, east and west. And where this law appears not to have been regarded, how many will deplore so great an oversight, and even have it as the standing regret of their criticism. Whereas, in the true economy of health and comfort, no single house, or city, should ever stand thus,

squared by the four cardinal points, if it can be avoided. On the contrary, it should have its lines of frontage north-east and south-west, north-west and south-east, where such a disposition can be made without injury in some other respect; that so the sun may strike every side of exposure every day in the year, to dry it when wet by storms, to keep off the mould and moss that are likely to collect on it, and remove the dank sepulchral smell that so often makes the tenements of cities both uncomfortable and poisonous to health.

Regard should also be had, in the laying of streets, to their ventilation; that is, to the courses of the winds in the warmer and less healthy seasons of the year. Thus, in our particular climate, the coolest breeze of the summer, and the softest of the winter, is the sea-breeze, which comes directly from the south. The wind therefore requires exactly the same quartering of the streets that is required by the sun; for in streets that run directly east and west, at right-angles to the course of the wind, the tenements will scarcely feel it on their south side, because the tenements opposite will keep it off, and will much less feel it on their north side, because they keep it off themselves. Meantime, on the streets that run directly north and south in the line of the wind itself, it will only brush the surfaces on either side, and will scarcely press into the windows at all. Whereas, if the streets were

laid diagonally in relation to the breeze, that is, in our particular case, north-east and south-west, and south-east and north-west, the current would press into all the streets, and into and through all the houses open to its passage, making eddies and whirls at every crossing, and fanning, as it were, by its breath, the whole city. In a different case, where the prevailing breeze of summer requires the streets to quarter in one line of diagonal, and the sun in another, the conflict can be settled only by compromise, or by sacrificing one advantage to the other.

4. It is another requisite in the planning of a city, that it be so arranged as to serve the purposes of convenience. Rectangular blocks and structures have so great an advantage in this respect, that squares and parallelograms must and will predominate in all well-planned cities. In this rectangular form architects and builders are best accommodated. The rectangular plan also furnishes most easily, and is well nigh indispensable to an elegant and attractive interior. The shops of trade require the same. Conceding then so much, in regard to the better convenience of the rectangular form, it becomes a problem, requiring only to be the more carefully studied, how, or by what means, it may be so far modified as to save it from the insufferable tameness and stupidity of a mere gingham city, of the Babylonian or Philadelphian type.

Not seldom will convenience itself require a deviation, as where there is some curvilinear sweep of low ground along which a principal avenue will most naturally trace itself, covering some principal sewer of drainage. Sometimes there will be a steep-faced bluff, round the foot of which a quay, or general landing place for merchandise, may sweep, conforming to its lines. Sometimes there will be round-sided hills in the background, rising, it may be, into rocky summits; such as would command a fine outlook over the city and harbour, if only the ascent could be made easy for accommodation of residences. To lay a covering of squares, on the faces of such bluffs and rounded hills, would even be absurd; for the ascent of their heights can be made only by straight lines that are very oblique, and cut each other diamond-wise, or by a spiralling in curve lines that cut each other in acute angles. By the neglecting of this very obvious expedient, the noble background of the fine city of San Francisco is sacrificed and for ever lost. Lying in a capacious bowl or concave between the hills and the bay, the city is laid off, as it should be, in parallelograms, with only here and there a deviation from uniformity, and, as everything passing on the concave length of every street is visible, of course, in every part of it, there is a wonderful vivacity in the circulations. But as soon as the rectangular form, pushing up the steep hill-sides, reaches a point where

the ascent for carriages is no longer possible, the whole space above, which ought to have been covered with residences of the highest character, loses value, and is occupied only by cheap tenements, such as mules and footmen, climbing up as they best can, are able to furnish with supplies. So far the rectangular plan is the enemy of all convenience. Nay, it is even the final destruction of the finest possibilities of beauty. Had the engineers of San Francisco, when reaching a certain point, deflected their straight lines, running them into spirals that cut each other obliquely, the plan which now runs out, in the background, into a weak and crazy-looking conspicuity, would have crowned itself in a summit of ornament ascended by easy drives, and looking down from its terraces on all the activity of a populous and beautiful city.

By the law of convenience the width also of the streets will, in general, be most properly determined. Primarily cities are for use—only for show and beauty afterward—and when we consider the matter of use, it is obvious enough that streets may be too narrow and also too wide for the convenience of use. A very narrow street strangles the free circulation of business, a very wide one never can be made to have the air of business. In a very large city there ought to be a few great arteries of motion where it may flow unobstructed from one side to the other, like the great central street of Antioch, for example, which was four miles long

and some two hundred feet broad, flanked, on either side, by a lofty colonnade or archwork of stone, which covered the promenade walks from one end to the other. But the ordinary streets of cities are more agreeable when they are from fifty to eighty feet wide. Neither is it a point to be greatly insisted on, that there shall be a large and spacious rear provided for in the centre of a block or square; for it spreads the business and the population over too large a surface, introducing magnificent distances where you want the sense of density, and a crowding, rapid, all-to-do activity—which is one of the principal attractions of a city. Besides, when the population or the business begins to press for room in any quarter, it is sure to burst into the vacant centres and rear grounds, erecting there storehouses, stables, manufactories, and producing, at last, a more crowded state in the rear than if no such centres had been reserved; with the disadvantage that they are crowded often with unsightly and filthy nuisances, in place of the clean, close rear that would have been secured by a less roomy plan at the first.

Thus far we have been occupied mainly with the requisites of a fine city; considering what conditions it should answer, and what, in idea, it is or ought to be. In this inquiry we have touched incidentally a good many points, and settled in advance many im-

portant questions. The next thing in order is the question of site.

This, however, is a question that is very often determined beforehand, and that not seldom by what appears to be only an accident—a tent that was pitched by a spring, a landing made for the night upon the shore of some river or bay. A little hamlet is thus begun which insists on the right of growth, and when the thought of being sometime a city takes it, puts forth itself in the adjustment of an embryo plan. In ancient times, cities were located for mere safety, or ease of defence, and not for any particular purpose of convenience or beauty. Some precipitous cliff of rock was taken, some peninsular bluff in the bend of a river, some island in some lake or bay. The sides most exposed, or perhaps all the sides, were defended by a wall, and then the problem was to crowd as many houses and people as possible into a space as contracted as possible, that there might be many defenders and but a small extent of wall to defend. The result was rather a citadel than a city. The people went into it as into their den, to be kept in close quarters, and settle the balance between dying under the hand of enemies outside and by pestilential infections inside, as they best could. Thus we have Jerusalem, Tyre, Venice, Mantua, Berne, Geneva, Paris, Edinburgh, and a very considerable part of the ancient cities—they were lo-

cated as for defence, and grew into cities afterward.

In modern times, and especially in our own new country, it is a remarkable distinction that we have it given us so often to locate a city; and not only this, but that we are allowed to consult, first of all, the conveniences of use and ornament. The summit of rock, the fastness or natural fortification which cannot be scaled or mined, has no longer anything to commend it—gunpowder has made its defences worthless—and there is nothing left us but to spread our cities out where we want them to be, and the freedom of trade requires them to be.

And yet it is remarkable that, having all this liberty, we so often locate our cities in a manner that sacrifices even the convenience of business and the comfort of life. California, for example, has founded three important cities or marts of trade which, considering their newness, are well built and have a generally fine appearance—San Francisco, Sacramento, and Marysville. The two last are even set below high-water mark! when, at the distance of scarcely more than a mile, they could both have secured a fine ample high ground never invaded by water, and equally convenient for the purposes of trade—one of them as much more convenient as a perpetual access by steam navigation is better than a mile of transportation by land for the whole dry season of the year. The first,

San Francisco, is bound to be a successful and really grand city, but, with all its fine natural advantages, it unites a remarkable combination of disadvantages that might all have been avoided by choosing another site. Occupying now the north end of a narrow, jagged dyke of mountains forty miles long, between the bay and the sea, the chance of a railroad connexion inland is cut off as completely as if it were forty miles at sea, save in one particular direction. Meantime there is no place anywhere for the excavation of a dock, which the high tides of that coast render necessary for the convenience of trade, as truly as the tides of Liverpool and London—all the more necessary that the sands drifted up the western slopes, in the trade-wind season, from the sea beach two miles behind the city, are continually sliding down into it, and finding their way thus into the wharfages to shallow the water and compel new extensions to serve the uses of shipping. The defences of the harbour-gate are easy, and yet no defences can ever make the city secure, for the reason that an enemy has only to make his landing on the beach, two miles behind the town, and take it by an assault in the rear. It can even be bombarded from the open sea. Now, incredible as it may seem, for a stranger will hardly believe it, there was, just over the bay, and a few miles to the north, at a little hamlet called San Pablo, a grand natural city plat about five miles square,

graded handsomely down to the bay, supplied on its upper edge with the very best water breaking out of a gorge in the hills, having a straight path out to sea for ships, among islands of rock easily defended, and a fair open sweep for railroad connexions, north, east, and south, with gradings half prepared already, and, behind a rocky summit on its mid-front, a natural dock ground two miles long, partly covered by the tides even now, and open to the deep water at both ends—in short, there was not in the world such a site for a magnificent commercial city. But alas! the site is fixed elsewhere, by the mere chance landing of adventure, and a change is for ever impossible! What an illustration of the immense, or even literally unspeakable importance of the results that are sometimes pending on the right location of a city!

Let me not be understood as deprecating, in this matter of location, a just, or even supreme reference to considerations of business. This, to the modern city, is what the stomach is to the body; for as the body cannot grow, or build its fair proportions and lay on its colours, unless the rather unpoetical matter of digestion is accommodated, so no city can live and become great which is not grown or populated by the uses of business. The melancholy fact is that cities are so often located in a manner of accident as little opportune to the uses of business, as to the higher

purposes of comfort, health, and ornament. Commonly they ask to be located at the foot of some valley, or at the conjunction of several valleys, where roads will naturally centre, and where rivers unite with one another, or with lakes or the sea, just because the natural confluences of business are there. And if the location is bad in many other respects, we have no reason to complain that trade drives the stake of location, saying 'Here.'

Accepting the decree, nothing is left us afterward but to make the place all which it can be made, by a wise and well-considered city plan. And how shall we proceed in framing it? Obviously enough we cannot so much as draw one line of it theoretically beforehand. The most we can do is to raise suggestions, and bring out elementary principles, leaving them to find such applications as they may when the ground is fixed, and the real problem for that ground arrives.

And here what I have already advanced, in showing the requisites of a fine city, will go far in determining the outlines of the plan to be made. Other suggestions of a more specific nature can also be made, and, beyond that, everything must be left to the particular conditions of the particular case in hand.

The first thing commonly is to consider the business frontages of the river, lake, or bay, and accept their lines as the fixed determinations of nature, requiring

everything else in the plan to have some proper reference to them.

In the next place, it should be considered along what low grounds or depressions of surface the railroads will ask to come in; for the railroads always seek the lines of depression. Here, too, they can be more easily bridged, so as to offer no obstruction to the circulations of the streets. Along these low grounds too, on one or possibly on both sides of the railroads, there will commonly be laid, in lines partly conforming to them, great avenues of travel coming in from the country, under which also the principal sewers of drainage will find their place.

Next, if a little way behind the frontages of business there are bluffs or precipitous slopes, the inquiry will be by what lines, spiral or oblique, they may best be ascended. So also if there are bluffs or hills at the back of the site to be occupied.

Accepting, thus far, the lines of nature, which will commonly be curvilinear, and will make irregular angles with each other, the skeleton of the plan that is to be is made out, and the filling up only remains. And this will be done, to a considerable degree at least, by a rectangular block-work, adjusted by some principal straight line, or lines, running up and along the natural summits or ridges between the low grounds and their avenues. These principal, straight-line streets, having the position of dignity, will be the

Broadways of the plan. They will be flanked, on either side, of course, by parallels, and intersected by streets at right angles, running down to the low grounds. But if the ground of the central street, or broadway, is high enough to give a considerable slope to the intersecting streets, they should never cross over, but should meet, on one side, the centres of blocks on the other; because the eye, looking up, will only look out into the open sky, if they cross over, and see nothing beside; whereas, if it could meet some grand architectural frontage, looking down—some church, or college, or court-house, or bank, or exchange, or hotel—the aspect of elegance and beauty would be maintained, in a degree that is always imposing. Indeed, it may be laid down as a rule, that no straight street should ever cross over the back of a summit or considerable convexity, and should never fail to cross over a valley or depression; for when it crosses a convexity the eye will only look through into vacancy, and when it crosses a hollow surface, everything moving in it, from one end to the other, will be visible at a glance, and a scene of perpetual, ever shifting vivacity will be maintained.

Besides, it is a great point in the planning of a city, to get as many good frontages for architecture as possible; so that, moving through it in every direction, the eye will be always meeting, in square front if possible, some grandly imposing or beautiful object.

A city like Philadelphia has no frontages, and, if it were made up of palaces, the eye would only look past them, never at them, and they would make but a feeble, side-glance impression. On the other hand, a city planned like Edinburgh in the new part, or in the happy combination of the old and the new, would so display its frontages, at every turn, as to make everything fine even doubly impressive.

Thus far we are able to say, with great positiveness, what should or should not be done. But there is a large field left, where the conditions must be variable, and where only a large, well-trained discretion can sufficiently direct.

It may be that the site to be occupied has no middle ground of elevation, but lies in a bowl of depression, surrounded by a rim of overhanging summits. In that very fortunate case, everything must be so ordered as to take the best advantage of the ground. The centre now will be the chief point of show or impression; for everything looks into it, and all the motion of the central crossings will be visible from the surrounding slopes or summits. If the streets do not radiate from this centre, or from some open ground reserved for the more imposing structures of the city, they should have their crossings arranged so as to show all the motion going on, and to make the frontages of architecture conspicuous. And then the summits, visible from the centre on every side, should be kept

for the occupancy of great institutions not wanted in the city itself—colleges, armouries, hospitals, asylums, and the like, arranged to overlook and crown the amphitheatre below.

Sometimes the ground of a city site will be so far broken by projecting hill-sides, that the streets, which are generally straight and cross at right angles, will be most naturally deflected, or turned off into new lines; or they will require to be curved about the faces, here and there, of projecting promontories. In such cases there should never be any attempt to force a line against nature; for a curvilinear street is always agreeable and graceful where there is a natural reason for it, which the eye will at once distinguish. On a dead plane there can be no such reason, and a crooked street is never to be planned, because it will never be agreeable—the plan must be conformed to geometric lines; but, among hills, and moving round their faces, nothing in fact is harder and more repulsive than dashes of deep excavation to cut a line straight through. The same law holds in respect to gradings, when the line of grade is cut by defiles to be crossed. No uniform grade should be forced in such cases by cutting and filling, but the surrender to nature should be gracefully made, by only so far tempering the inequalities as to produce a moderately waving surface. The rule to be followed in all such cases, whether of deflection, or of unequal grade, is

to make the lines flow gracefully into each other by curves, and never allow the change to be notified by knee-joint angles. All angles greater than about forty-five degrees, whether in grade or direction, have a mean look, and the wider the angle, the meaner the look; as if they were the notching of a surveyor's stations—indicating the work of a surveyor, and not of an artist. In grades their vulgarity is even quite intolerable.

The beauty of a city depends, to a considerable degree, on the right arrangement and due multiplication of vacant spaces. Thus, where straight-line streets meet those which are in curves, an irregular and small opening may be left with advantage, to be occupied by a watering-place, a fountain, or a statue. If there be some point from which many streets open by radiant lines, a fine effect will be secured by drawing there an ellipse, or circle, or irregular figure of open ground that will cut off the otherwise sharp ending blocks, and making room, at the centre, for some column, or monumental tower, or equestrian statue, that will meet the eye looking in from every direction down the radiating streets. If there be some very large section of the city which is covered by rectangular block-work, the monotony should be relieved by here and there a vacant block, kept open for some kind of ornamental use. Or, since nothing placed in the centre of such a block will be visible

from the streets coming in, four blocks may be truncated at their corners, to make a vacant space or opening, at the centre of which any imposing ornament will meet the eye from every point, however distant in the streets which make their angle of crossing at the centre thus occupied. These vacant spaces, duly multiplied, and rightly managed, will not only be so many breathing places, but will add immensely to the variety, vivacity, and impressive elegance of the city.

The providing and right location of a sufficient park, or parks, is a matter of still greater consequence. For an overgrown city, like London, two or three are not too many. A small city will require but one. This one, too, should be neither too large nor too small, but should correspond with the wants and the proper expenditures of the population. And as it cannot be known, at the founding of a city, how large it is going to be, it would be well if a considerable section of ground were held in reserve, for a time, to be sold off finally, in part, if it shall appear that all of it will not be wanted. It should be as nearly central as it can without crowding into the spheres of business. The form or figure will be most pleasing if it is irregular, bounded partly by curve lines, partly by straight. It should never be hung like a saddle over the back of a hill. A mostly convex surface, where every part is hidden, by the con-

vex lines, from the sight of every other, can never be interesting. A level or plane, is better, but even that should be avoided if possible. The life and vivacity of the park will be graduated by the general show it makes of the multitudes walking, driving, or at play upon it, and of the multiplied colours they group in the picture. And, in order to this, the lines of the surface should be mostly concave lines, or convex only at fit intervals, to give it variety. A scoop of ground, with a high rim of elevation on one or more sides, will be most advantageous, and capable of the best effects. If, besides, there is a stream running through it, or falling into it at some one of the angles, if it includes here and there a cliff of rock, if it faces mainly the south and not the north, and provides a good building ground on every side so as to allow, all round, a solid frontage of architecture, broken by no interval of swamp, or impassable jutting of rock, nature will have done what she could to make it perfect, and the city plan will have also done what it could in selecting and providing the ground—art must do the rest.

It would be a matter of no small interest now to go over the plan of our own city, showing, in the light of the general principles here advanced, how many excellences it has that are continually regretted as irreparable defects, and how many supposed excellences that are really deformities. But

this you will easily do for yourselves, and therefore I desist.

Two things let me suggest in closing. First, the very great instruction regarding this subject that would be derived from a study of the best planned cities of the world, such as Edinburgh, Paris, Naples, and especially the ancient city of Antioch, which appears to me to have been as nearly perfect in the plan as any city ever can be.

I will also suggest, secondly, that, considering the immense importance of a right location, and a right planning for cities, no step should ever be taken by the parties concerned, without employing some person who is qualified by a special culture, to assist and direct. Our engineers are trained for a very different kind of service, and are partly disqualified for this by the habit of a study more strictly linear, more rigidly scientific, and less artistic. The qualifications of surveyors are commonly more meagre still—many of them could not even draw a spiral, if it was wanted, and would for that reason, if no other, march a line straight up a hill, even if it were impracticable. There is even wanted, in this field, a new profession specially prepared by studies that belong to the special subject matter. If a city, as a mere property concern, is to involve amounts of capital greater than a dozen, or even a hundred railroads, why, as a mere question of interest, should it be left to the misbegotten plan-

ning of some operator totally disqualified? Besides, if a railroad is badly located, the track can be altered, but here a mistake begun is for ever irreparable. Most human errors are amended by repentance, but here there is no amendment—an advantage lost can never be recovered, an error begun can never be repaired. Nothing is more to be regretted, in this view, than that the American nation, having a new world to make, and a clean map on which to place it, should be sacrificing their advantage so cheaply, in the extempore planning of towns and cities. The peoples of the old world have their cities built for times gone by, when railroads and gunpowder were unknown. We can have cities for the new age that has come, adapted to its better conditions of use and ornament. So great an advantage ought not to be thrown away. We want, therefore, a city-planning profession, as truly as an architectural, house-planning profession. Every new village, town, city, ought to be contrived as a work of art, and prepared for the new age of ornament to come.

VI.

LIFE, OR THE LIVES.[1]

THE distinction between objects alive and objects without life was one of the first things apprehended by mankind. The progenitors of the race saw it just as we do now. Only it is a somewhat curious fact that, when their imagination began to be a little exercised about causes, their tendency was rather to resolve the lifeless objects by the living, than the living by the lifeless; a tendency which, under modern science, is completely reversed. Thus Pan, playing on his pipe, they took for a symbol of the All, as his name will indicate; conceiving that, in nature, there must be some living soul of harmony, discoursing ever tunefully with itself, and moving mystic dances in the seasons and the skies. Afterwards, under a method a little closer to philosophy, they began to refer the motions of the heavenly bodies to some Soul of the Universe, which they supposed to be operating, consciously or uncon-

[1] Delivered, in part, as a Lecture, in Hartford and elsewhere.

sciously, in all such stellar changes. Astrology and alchemy appear to have originated in a similar impression; as if there were some spirit to be conjured with, in the junctions of the stars and the atoms. Even Kepler himself, last of the old school of science, and first of the new, was so thoroughly possessed by the soul-myths of science in the former ages, that he looked upon the earth as being, probably, a huge living monster, whose breathing caused the tides of the sea, and whose gills were the volcanoes.

Now, as already intimated, the tendency is to resolve the mystery of lives themselves, by the causes and forces of dead matter; for the prodigious successes we have had in the investigation of dead matter, that is in astronomy, chemistry, geology, and kindred sciences, scarcely allow us to look for success anywhere, except under laws and methods so egregiously magnified by the discoveries we have made. Nature figures in our thoughts mainly as a vast wheel-movement, steam-engine, laboratory, world, so that when we turn our thoughts upon a living body, that of man for example, and find the heart in it working as a pump, the lungs as a fireplace, the eye as a telescope, the ear as a drum, we are so much taken with these mechanical discoveries, that we accept them for just what they are not; viz., as a complete solution, an end of all inquiry. Could we suffer the question, what keeps the pump in play, what

works the bellows of the lungs, what makes the eye to see, the ear to hear, as telescopes and drums cannot, we should find that nothing really is solved, but that we have quite as many and difficult mysteries on hand as we had at the beginning. Thus far, even our physiologists themselves appear to have generally had their minds holden by the overpowering laws and analogies of dead matter, those of mechanics and chemistry. They talk of life, and raise the true question concerning it, but commonly end in some solution that quite dispenses with it. Life is a nature too nearly metaphysical to hold any determinate figure in their investigations. What can they do with lives, taken as dynamic forces, not of matter, but sovereign over it? These innumerable and mysterious workers that inhabit earth, and air, and sea, filling all things with beauty, fragrance, and motion, compelling brute matter to assume millions of definite shapes, to weave, and blossom, and palpitate, and rejoice; these soul-like creatures next below us, types of what we are, looking up to us in their half-intelligent endeavour, and claiming, as it were, affinity with us—what recognition do they get from the scientific investigators even of the bodies they build and actuate? What need has science of these very questionable entities? They are too thin, too spirit-like, virtual nonentities —let them be dismissed. Ruled out in this manner, Life becomes a virtually dead word, wanting even

some kind of intellectual resurrection to give it a meaning.

Having this, now, for our object, let us try to freshen it a little from a distance, before we enter into the deeper subtleties of the question. Suppose that some celestial traveller like Voltaire's Micromegas, on a visit from the Dog Star to Saturn, should turn his journey hitherward to our lower world. Let it be true that, in his native planet, the Dog Star, there is nothing but mineral substance; no soil enriched by vegetable deposits, no plants, no trees, no animals, the inhabitants being fitted with bodies of flint, or feldspar, or iron, which want no feeding, because they have no process of nutrition or expenditure. The stranger, lighting on our orb, finds it covered all over with grasses, plants, trees, animals, the waters full of fishes, the air itself with birds. What these living creatures are, and what they are made of, he does not know, but he will be greatly pleased with the wondrously fresh beauty of the landscape, compared with the dry-faced, earth-brown, mineral world he came from. His attention chances to be fixed on the ground, at a spot where he sees a new-looking, tender-coloured something, pricking out, as if coming up to see the light. Sitting down to watch the strange creature, and pondering it thoughtfully in his sluggish, dry brain of asbestos, our little, quick-whirling planet reels off a whole century of years,

which to him are only minutes, and behold the strange thing greening in the sun gets bulk, and adds on length upon length, drawing in the charmed atoms from the air, and lifting up others from the ground, till finally a massive, full-grown tree—trunk, limbs, leaves, and flowers—stands built up as a living wonder, and hangs its wide-spreading parasol of many tons' weight over his head! Now he had been a great professor of chemistry, we may suppose, for some hundreds of years, in one of the Dog Star universities, watching all that time how the metals, and earths, and acids, and water solutions, and gases, operate in their combinations, and what strange figures they will sometimes make, but he has seen nothing like this. True, it is only wood—this huge-grown shape—but what is wood? He tries to think it, imagining it is more in the nature of limestone or more in the nature of gypsum, or how the fresh green covering may be an efflorescence of verdigris, or an incrustation of malachite, and yet he feels himself to be utterly at fault. And then he asks, in his confusion, by what strange spell is this new creature conjured up? who is the artist, or magician? what has wrought the miracle? True philosopher that he is, he must know the secret of this wonder, and, tearing aside the bark and hewing into the woody trunk, he lays open to view thousands of water-sluices beautifully cut, sees the rivers running up, and the rivers

running down, but cannot guess by what engine, worked by what power, the perpendicular rivers are made to run. Out of the flowers and the fresh growths, perfumes steal upon the sense of his stony olfactories, but he asks, in vain, where is the cell or chamber in which the odours are distilled? where is the apothecary hid? Sure there is some spirit within, if he could be found, some invisible chemist, hydraulist, builder—by what name shall he be called?

Now this Dryad of the tree, this hidden chemist, wood-builder, leaf-painter, is Life. All the living creatures are fashioned by the life that is in them, and about this it is that we now undertake to inquire. What is Life, or what are the Lives?—this is to be our question. And the definition I hope to establish is this—

That Lives are immaterial, soul-like powers, organizing and conserving the bodies they inhabit.

With this definition corresponds, more or less nearly, the opinion of Hippocrates, and that of Aristotle among the ancients, and that of Van Helmont, Stahl, Hunter, Blumenbach, and Müller among the moderns; some of them calling Life the *archeus*, or governing-type and architect of bodies, some the *nisus formativus*, or form-endeavouring power, and all conceiving it, under one name or another, as being that unseen force which shapes and impels the

growth of bodies. The opinions of the side opposite I will not stay to detail. I will only cite, as a qualified representation of them at their latest point of maturity, the statement of Dr. Carpenter, in his very thorough and able treatise on the 'Principles of Human Physiology.' 'It is now almost universally admitted,' he says, 'by intelligent physiologists, that we gain nothing by the assumption of some general, controlling agency, or vital principle, distinct from the organized structure itself; and that the laws of life are nothing else than general expressions of the conditions under which vital operations take place—expressions analogous to those which constitute the laws of physics, or chemistry—and to be arrived at in the same manner, namely, by the collection and comparison of phenomena.' 'The collection and comparison of phenomena—' 'classification of phenomena,' is the common phrase of the doctrine, and it is a little relief to have a change, if it be only in the form. Where will be the end of this most incompetent, only half-intelligent version of the Baconian philosophy? As if the laws of nature were only collections, classifications, of facts! As if gravity were nothing but the fact that stones fall, and bodies somehow go towards one another! As if chemical attraction were nothing but the fact that atoms go towards each other, as many times repeated as there are atoms! No! gravity is the intellectual or idealized

conception of a *power* by which bodies go towards each other, chemical attraction the conception of another kind of power by which atoms go towards each other. And just so life is the conception of another and third kind of power—a conception which no mind, being a mind, can help forming—by which organic bodies are organized and conserved. And yet we are told that the 'Laws of Life' are nothing but classifications of facts, as the 'Laws of Physics or Chemistry' are nothing but such classifications. And so it is made to appear that 'nothing is gained by the assumption of some general, controlling agency, or vital principle, distinct from the organized structure itself;' that living beings can be just as well understood without considering them to be alive—understood, that is, by their mere structure! Why then does this learned professor go on to speak of 'Life,' and 'Vital Operations,' and 'Functions of Life?' What are vital operations, which suppose no vital principle? What are functions of life, when life itself is nothing but a name for the functions of dead matter? Are the functions of intelligence nothing but functions without intelligence? or do they suppose some intelligent power, whose functions they are?

The professor is confirmed in his mistake by another, which appears and re-appears at many points in his very scientific and talented book. Thus he informs us in the very next section (§ 258), that 'All

vital phenomena are dependent on, at least, two sets of conditions; an organized structure possessed of peculiar properties, and certain stimuli, by which these properties are called into action.' Take, for example, the seed of a plant, instanced by him in another place. It is a nucleus of organized matter. The life ascribed to it means nothing but that, as a grain of matter, it is thus and thus organized. But it will not grow simply because it is so organized. It must have the stimuli of water, air, heat, soil, and the like, and these, acting on the tissues of the seed, cause it to grow. Now it is very true that these are 'conditions' necessary to its growth, but the mistake is in assuming that the conditions are causes. Heat is a condition of digestion, does it therefore digest? Breathing is a condition of writing poetry, does it follow that the air breathed writes the poetry? We are dependent on ten thousand conditions, in all that we do, but these conditions are not causes of what we do. No more do the conditions referred to cause the activity of growth in a seed. It grows because it is alive, and has found the conditions necessary to growth. And when these conditions are called *stimuli*, it is only assuming, by a word, that they are the causes, when the real causation is in the life itself. The stimuli would have a hard time with the seed, I think, if it was dead. Stimuli for the dead are not efficacious.

But the physiologists get a further bent in this direction, by what they suppose to be a more definite kind of knowledge. They distinguish, in the animal and vegetable economy, certain infinitesimal creatures of life, which they call 'cells.' They float in the blood and the sap and elsewhere, elaborating the nutritive matter, and constituting, as in the egg, or the seed, germs of nourishment and reproduction. For these cells of nutrition, they conceive, and cells of reproduction, are what feed the growth, and mould the organism, and keep in a way of development all the species and generations of the living bodies.

But the cells themselves are just as much alive, it is agreed, as bodies are, and the question, whether it is the life of the body by which they are organized, or they which organize the body, is just as far from settlement as ever. There is much reason here to suspect an imposition. It has required such wonderful acuteness to hunt down these infinitesimal creatures, distinguishing whence they come and whither they go, that the investigator imagines he must now have gotten hold of nature's last secret, even the secret of life! Were these organized specks as big as peas, or walnuts, they would find the question still on hand, whether they were organized by the life, or by the mere structures they nourish and propagate? But these are so very small that they cannot hunt them any farther.

Meantime, there is one great fact which raises a strong presumption of their relation to the life-principle as mere secondaries; viz., that the animal races certainly were not created originally as germs, but as full-grown bodies; for how could the races of birds, for example, begin at the condition of eggs, with no parent bird to hatch them? and how could the young of other animals be kept alive, without their dams to feed them? In all which it is clear, beyond a question, that lives and full-formed living bodies were created first, and had the priority of all the sperm-cell and germ-cell operations. The mere mineral world, uninhabited as yet by living creatures, could not compose the germs of anything, and as the animal races certainly did not come out of germs originally, we naturally believe that all creatures of life, animal and vegetable, began, as creatures, in the full activity or on-going of life.

At this point much discussion was raised a few years ago by Cross, an English experimenter, who claimed that, by passing a current of galvanism for some months through the liquor of flints, he produced living insects. But his experiment found little credit. His supposed insects were accounted for, by the fact that the water and the air are filled with innumerable seeds of plants and eggs of insects, some of which he was able to hatch, and nothing more. When such an experiment really succeeds, physiology

itself will be down, and we shall be obliged to go back to the mineral world and its chemistry for the germinal spring of all organized bodies. Propagation by structure is just as truly superseded as propagation by the vital force.

Thus far, we have been occupied controversially. Let us go back now to our definition, and verify it, by a more positive exhibition of Life in its effects and incidents.

My definition supposes that lives are, in some sense, immaterial, and have a soul-like nature. This impression will be more and more distinctly verified as we proceed with the illustrations now to be given; for I shall conduct you, if you follow me, into a marvellous world, behind our material, corpuscular philosophy, where creatures busy as angels, and like them invisible save by their works, are ever employed in building, repairing, actuating, and reproducing their multiform bodies; with a power over matter and all chemical affinities, as affinities of matter, which is only the more sublime, that it appears to be a sovereignty from without, superior to all forces within.

Observe then, first of all, the mysterious sovereignty of the vital forces over the forms of living bodies already existent. Every man, for example, changes the whole matter of his body many times during his life. We look upon it as remaining the

same, recognise it by its colour and form as being the identical body we looked upon years ago. The man himself has a fixed impression of this identity. And yet his body is more like a river running by, than like a body remaining constant in the constancy of its material. It is not like a crystal, where the form is cast by the law of the matter itself, and remains because the matter remains. On the contrary, a living body takes up new matter, and throws off old matter, and the matter it takes up for one year is different, even in kind, from the matter it took up the year previous, and yet the body remains the same; keeps up all its angles, colours, and looks, showing no perceptible shade of difference. The river of its matter keeps every dimple and eddy of the surface just as it was whole years ago. In all which we perceive, as plainly as possible, that there is some force, sovereign over the matter, which stays by, more constant than the matter, to give it a shape of its own, and keep it in the outward show of constancy. And this hidden power must be immaterial; for it is not any law of the matter, but a power coming down upon matter to configure it always to itself. It is therefore called the *nisus formativus* by Blumenbach and others, and pertains, if not to the matter, to the Life-Principle itself.

But the physiologists of the school just referred to, have it for their answer, that the structure is kept up

by the structure, the form by the form. It begins, they say, with a germ having all the rudimental ducts and tissues of the future body, which ducts and tissues guide all the accruing matter of growth or nutrition to its place, and so perpetuate themselves and the shapes of the body. All which is so far true as that they are the media, or means, by which the result is accomplished. But media, or means, are not powers, but only that by which some power acts; which power is, in this case, the life. Ducts and tissues, taken as mere matter thus and thus posited, are, by the supposition, only mechanical textures and arrangements—able, in themselves, to do nothing, least of all, anything by which they may reproduce themselves. Or if we take them as chemical arrangements, like the plates of a battery, they can have no action but a chemical action destructive to themselves. If they might possibly decompose the food given them to act upon, they could only turn it into its chemical products, or equivalents; they could not make one fibre of flesh out of it, or even so much as a grain of genuine bone. Still less, having varieties of food to act upon, could they manage to be always recomposing the same body. A seed, for example, contains a grain of matter, mechanically and chemically adjusted. How can that grain of matter—carbon, potash, hydrogen, water, and the like—manipulate whole tons of other carbon, potash, hydrogen, and water, as in the

growth of a tree? shaping that growth, from year to year, and when it is broken by storms, or felled upon the ground, reconstruct the house it was building, ducts, tissues, and all, so as to compose a new shape different from the first? Mechanism and the chemistry of dead matter can do no such thing. Put in the life and you have a power that is adequate.

Or, we may take a different illustration. Cut off the head of a snail, and from the body will grow out another head. Cut in two a little water animal called the hydra, and from the head part will grow out a tail, and from the tail part a head. Do the ducts and tissues then of the head contain the future ducts and tissues of a tail, and those of the tail contain those of a head? How little does it signify to say that structure and form, in such cases, keep good structure and form! How can head-structure make tail-structure, and tail, head? The solution gets no show of reason, till we conceive some vital force invisible, dwelling equally in both the head and the tail, which wants a complete body, and formatively endeavours after such a body. And this soul-like force, called the Life, formless in itself because immaterial, has yet a formative instinct natural to its activity, which, as it inhabits and works in matter, weaves every tissue of its body, animal or vegetable, directs every particle of matter where it shall go, only using the structural order for its means, shapes every limb, colours every hair, or

feather, or leaf, and presides in all the living forms, as the conserving principle of constancy and kind. The bees in their hive are not more sovereign over the wax, than are these wonderful life-powers over the structures they build. And it might as well be imagined that the cells themselves account for the honey, and also for the cells of the next year, as that the form of a plant, or of a human body, is nourished and kept good by its mere structural functions.

I assume it then, without further debate, that all living bodies are organized and conserved by lives, operating in and through the structural machinery of their parts, or of their germs. Every life has a kind peculiar to itself, and wants a form to live in, which it has power given it, under certain conditions, to construct and maintain—the life of a man a man's body, the life of a tree a tree's body, the life of a bird a bird's body. We look about us in the populous domain of air, and earth, and water, and see the matter whirling, so to speak, in eddies of vital activity, taken up and given out, growing and decaying, assisting now in the structure of a man's brain, a short time ago breathing in the leaves of forests and blossoming in the flowers of prairies, and, a short time before that, slumbering in the vegetable mould of soils made fertile by its contributions. A year hence, liberated, or getting a respite from the fearfully hard work it is put to, in carrying on the thinking of a

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more islands.' The water of the ground will soak it, and the heat will warm it, but it will only be a lump of matter, a structural machine, soaked and warmed, and the motions of a growing process will no more be started in it, by so much water and heat, than if it were a watch planted in the same manner. We do indeed say, in common familiar language, that the seed will be started. But we mean, if we understand ourselves, not that so much water and heat break the inertia by their impulsion—that is inconceivable, for they have no impulsion more than the seed-matter itself—we only mean that the life, before inert, takes occasion from its favouring conditions and commences the circulating, growing motion from itself. We regard the seed, in other words, not as a mere compounded lump, or structure, but as having life, a power not under conditions of inertia at all, a power which does not move simply as being moved, but as being self-active in its own nature.

And just so it is with all the going on of a living body, after the activities of its living state are begun. By its frictions and other expenditures it would soon exhaust its powers of activity, and drop into the state of inertia, like a spent rocket falling to the ground, if it were not for the continuing forces of the life, by which its activities are renewed. No, say the advocates of mere structure and chemistry, the body only takes in new matter by its feeding and breathing, by

receiving more light, and heat, and electricity, and the chemical forces thus contributed keep the machine still agoing. I hardly know how to speak with due respect of a theory that makes a very little, almost tiny amount of science go so far, and solve a problem of such wonderful complexity. Take a human body, fibered, vasculated, innerved, articulated, digesting, secreting, absorbing, breathing, circulating, carrying on even thousands of distinct operations, at hundreds of thousands of distinct points, all necessary to each other, so that when some tiny process, never perceived by man, slips its duty, and the proportionate working is but a little changed, the equilibrium called health is overset—conceive all this, then conceive that this multifarious world of operative powers plays on, still on, asleep and awake, for sixty or a hundred years, mastering heat, and cold, and breakage, in a thousand forms; whereupon the chemist, who has gotten hold of a few simple laws of inorganic matter, tells you that he can solve it; that we take in food, and the food put into the structure, as a machine makes force and carries on the play, and replaces the waste, and that so the machine keeps everything, even the machine itself, in order, proportion, and prolonged operation! The body is, in this view, nothing but a laboratory, gotten up with just so many parts as there are functions, and they all play together, making it a body. Carry out the figure now, and see what is in

it. The chemist has a laboratory, full of vials, bottles acids, alkalies, all manner of simples, and all manner of salts, with combustibles, and fires, and galvanic batteries, and force-pumps, and gasometers, in short, a little universe of chemical substances and machineries. Now his doctrine of the body is just as if, connecting all these vessels, and substances, into a chemical circle, by pipes, and pumps, and sponges, and wire-conductors, and going to his digester, he were to put in there three times a day a loaf of bread, which has in it such a wonderfully wise-acting set of forces, that, passing into the grand circuit of the laboratory, he imagines it to keep all the parts in play and sound condition—the vials just as full as they were, and of the same substance, the galvanic batteries eaten up by the acids still sound and good as before, the combustibles going off in gases replaced by new combustibles, the ices dissolved replaced by freezing, and the vapours thrown off by condensing, and even the iron digester itself renewed in the wear by the nourishing force of the bread that is dissolved by it. What a magnificently preposterous solution is this to be offered in the name of science! And yet the same kind of solution put upon the body, with such easy complacency, is at least a hundred times more preposterous, as the body-laboratory is at least a hundred times more complex. Now it is very true that living bodies require food—food is the material

on which they work; it is also true that a man wants a little more food when he is in a great stress of labour, than when he is doing nothing, but it certainly is not true that men have their capacities, bodily or mental, graduated by their consumption of nutriment. Steam-boilers are graduated in their force exactly in that way, but not living bodies. No, we get no real conception of a living body, till we see a chemist in it, a power of life that, like a reigning instinct, dominates in every part as a revivifying principle, sending into every member and function just the matter wanted to keep it good, and vitalizing all by the play of its own self-active nature. Now the body is no more a mere machine, no longer under the law of inertia, because it has an architect, preserver, and impeller, operating all its functions, and making it a living creature. Call it wheels, if you please, call it this, or that, or all instruments of machinery, still you understand it not, till you see the spirit of the living creature in the wheels.

We pass now to another point that is less difficult; viz., the triumph of the life-power over the force of gravity. Here we have it as a great law of matter, thus that every particle tends towards every other, and all surface particles tend towards the earth's centre. But a bird, beating on the air, lifts its body against gravity. An elephant, resting on the ground, wills to rise, and forthwith his enormous bulk is seen lifting

itself upward more speedily even than a small steam-engine could do it, with all needful ropes and pulleys. True, he does it by his will contracting his muscles, and so far mechanically. But how were the muscles contracted? By a single thought of his living brain, running out as a fiat into his massive body. And that fiat of the vital force has the sovereignty, thus far, over gravity. Take also a case where the function of will is less apparent—the case of a seed erecting itself into a tree, one of the great trees of California, for example, twenty-five feet in diameter, and four hundred and fifty feet high. A part of the matter, it is true, is not lifted from the ground, but is gathered from the air itself. As regards the part carried up in the sap of the tree, possibly the body of the tree, consisting of a bundle of capillary tubes, may be imagined to carry up such quantities of water and food, by the mechanical force called capillary attraction. But a dead tree has the same capillary tubes as a living, why then does not the sap ascend in a dead tree? Besides, it has been found by an experiment that is fatal to this conjecture, that a grape-vine, cut off in the spring, will force up a column of sap against a superincumbent column of water forty-three feet high. This prodigious pressure upward, exceeding, by one-third, the pressure of our atmosphere, has little resemblance, it must be agreed, to capillary attraction. Dismissing this solution, we are left in a

same, recognise it by its colour and form as being the identical body we looked upon years ago. The man himself has a fixed impression of this identity. And yet his body is more like a river running by, than like a body remaining constant in the constancy of its material. It is not like a crystal, where the form is cast by the law of the matter itself, and remains because the matter remains. On the contrary, a living body takes up new matter, and throws off old matter, and the matter it takes up for one year is different, even in kind, from the matter it took up the year previous, and yet the body remains the same; keeps up all its angles, colours, and looks, showing no perceptible shade of difference. The river of its matter keeps every dimple and eddy of the surface just as it was whole years ago. In all which we perceive, as plainly as possible, that there is some force, sovereign over the matter, which stays by, more constant than the matter, to give it a shape of its own, and keep it in the outward show of constancy. And this hidden power must be immaterial; for it is not any law of the matter, but a power coming down upon matter to configure it always to itself. It is therefore called the *nisus formativus* by Blumenbach and others, and pertains, if not to the matter, to the Life-Principle itself.

But the physiologists of the school just referred to, have it for their answer, that the structure is kept up

by the structure, the form by the form. It begins, they say, with a germ having all the rudimental ducts and tissues of the future body, which ducts and tissues guide all the accruing matter of growth or nutrition to its place, and so perpetuate themselves and the shapes of the body. All which is so far true as that they are the media, or means, by which the result is accomplished. But media, or means, are not powers, but only that by which some power acts; which power is, in this case, the life. Ducts and tissues, taken as mere matter thus and thus posited, are, by the supposition, only mechanical textures and arrangements—able, in themselves, to do nothing, least of all, anything by which they may reproduce themselves. Or if we take them as chemical arrangements, like the plates of a battery, they can have no action but a chemical action destructive to themselves. If they might possibly decompose the food given them to act upon, they could only turn it into its chemical products, or equivalents; they could not make one fibre of flesh out of it, or even so much as a grain of genuine bone. Still less, having varieties of food to act upon, could they manage to be always recomposing the same body. A seed, for example, contains a grain of matter, mechanically and chemically adjusted. How can that grain of matter—carbon, potash, hydrogen, water, and the like—manipulate whole tons of other carbon, potash, hydrogen, and water, as in the

growth of a tree? shaping that growth, from year to year, and when it is broken by storms, or felled upon the ground, reconstruct the house it was building, ducts, tissues, and all, so as to compose a new shape different from the first? Mechanism and the chemistry of dead matter can do no such thing. Put in the life and you have a power that is adequate.

Or, we may take a different illustration. Cut off the head of a snail, and from the body will grow out another head. Cut in two a little water animal called the hydra, and from the head part will grow out a tail, and from the tail part a head. Do the ducts and tissues then of the head contain the future ducts and tissues of a tail, and those of the tail contain those of a head? How little does it signify to say that structure and form, in such cases, keep good structure and form! How can head-structure make tail-structure, and tail, head? The solution gets no show of reason, till we conceive some vital force invisible, dwelling equally in both the head and the tail, which wants a complete body, and formatively endeavours after such a body. And this soul-like force, called the Life, formless in itself because immaterial, has yet a formative instinct natural to its activity, which, as it inhabits and works in matter, weaves every tissue of its body, animal or vegetable, directs every particle of matter where it shall go, only using the structural order for its means, shapes every limb, colours every hair, or

feather, or leaf, and presides in all the living forms, as the conserving principle of constancy and kind. The bees in their hive are not more sovereign over the wax, than are these wonderful life-powers over the structures they build. And it might as well be imagined that the cells themselves account for the honey, and also for the cells of the next year, as that the form of a plant, or of a human body, is nourished and kept good by its mere structural functions.

I assume it then, without further debate, that all living bodies are organized and conserved by lives, operating in and through the structural machinery of their parts, or of their germs. Every life has a kind peculiar to itself, and wants a form to live in, which it has power given it, under certain conditions, to construct and maintain—the life of a man a man's body, the life of a tree a tree's body, the life of a bird a bird's body. We look about us in the populous domain of air, and earth, and water, and see the matter whirling, so to speak, in eddies of vital activity, taken up and given out, growing and decaying, assisting now in the structure of a man's brain, a short time ago breathing in the leaves of forests and blossoming in the flowers of prairies, and, a short time before that, slumbering in the vegetable mould of soils made fertile by its contributions. A year hence, liberated, or getting a respite from the fearfully hard work it is put to, in carrying on the thinking of a

no chemist can make; such as by the mere laws of inorganic chemistry cannot begin to exist; such, in fact, as God himself never made, save in the first living creatures organized by His power.

The article sugar, for example, is a vegetable product, and is constituted by the union of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. But no chemist can unite these three elements, and produce the substance called sugar. He can decompose sugar, and show what elements are in it, but he cannot invert the process; for the elements have no law of union in themselves, of which he can avail himself. He can unite hydrogen and oxygen, and produce water; he can unite oxygen, nitrogen, and potash, and produce saltpetre. But no one of all the vegetable and mineral substances can he produce. Lignin, tannin, acids, oils, perfumes, poisons, nutritive and healing products—not one of these can he compose by his utmost art. The life-power of the beet, the maple, the sugar-cane, coming down upon the refractory atoms, imposes a chemistry upon them they have not in themselves, and so contributes to our comfort this article of sugar. And just so it is that, by a kind of sorcery in lives, all the immense products necessary to our building, clothing, and feeding processes are prepared. The poor chemist follows after, and, trying his hand upon matter, is able to produce no one of them. It is as if there were some spell upon

things, which he cannot understand; or as if the lives had power to set matter whirling by their magic touch, and were showing him their freaks of skill to mock his perplexity. Colours blush out that he cannot make, odours fly whose secret he cannot guess. Substances are grown which he could as easily create a world as make. All his experiments show him that the science he delights in makes him master only of the chemistry of death, and he gives up in despair. The lives that swarm about him are all so many chemists, wiser, every one, and mightier, in a sense, than he.

I must not omit, in this connexion, to name one singular attribute of lives, in this field of chemistry, which reveals a prerogative scarcely credible; viz., this, the power to make different, widely different, substances out of exactly the same material in exactly the same proportions. Thus it is laid down even by Liebig, that animal fibrine, and animal gelatine, and animal caseine, and vegetable fibre, albumen, caseine, and gluten, have all exactly the same analysis. In the same way starch, gum, and cane-sugar have precisely the same proportions, different, as they certainly are, in their tastes and properties. Almost any man, I think, would say that this is impossible; and yet the best chemists are obliged to agree that so it is. What can be more distinct to the taste and in the properties of use than starch and sugar? It

is as if some immaterial property went over to the product, giving it a quality from the life, that stays by and makes it different, while the matter is the same. But we hardly know what we mean when we make the suggestion. It signifies principally that we are utterly confused and lost in the chemical mysteries of life.

Having shown, by these illustrations, on how large a scale the lives are found subordinating the properties and laws of inorganic matter, we will look at them finally in a little more direct aspect, considering what they are in themselves.

It is one of the grand distinctions of man, as a free being, that he acts from himself, and not as a being caused to act. On this account, or in virtue of this prerogative, he is responsible. Now the lives are all types of man in this highest point of his nature; for they all act from themselves, as truly as man, only they do it instinctively and not by will. The human heart, for example, does not beat because physical impulsions of any kind are on it, for there are no such impulsions; but it beats because the life is a causative nature in itself, and plays the machinery of the pulse by its own spontaneous sovereignty. So, when a seed quickens in the ground, it is not, as we have seen, because stimuli begin to play upon it there, mechanically or chemically, that it quickens, puts its pumps in motion, and prepares to raise a tree. There is no

mechanical force in the ground, and no chemical, that can start a growth-motion of any kind. All we can say is, that the life-power of the seed, having found the fit conditions, begins to act from its own instinctive force, and sets all the circulations of growth in motion from itself. It takes hold of matter, thus, as a dynamic, outside of matter and its laws, and, acting from itself all its life long, dominates over the chemistries, composes and goes on composing the forms of matter it wants for its uses, never yielding to the causations of matter till it dies. Here then we have, in the lives, a striking resemblance to souls. They have no intelligence, no will, no consciousness, and yet they are all powers outside of matter, acting upon it from a causative nature in themselves.

They have also another point of relationship to souls, in what may be called their perceptive and adjustive instinct. We speak of the instinct of animals, that by which the crow builds its nest, that by which the bees construct their comb, anticipating, as it were, in the six-sided figure of their cells, the mathematical problem which shows that six-sided prisms are the figure that has the largest containing power, with the least surface, yet packing in a solid body. Just so there is in the lives an instinct, answering to intelligence, though not intelligent. They construct tissues and textures that, put in the microscope, are more wonderful in their order, a

thousand times, than the order of the hive. Let any one but look through the figures in a late treatise on physiology, and he will be astonished by the revelations of the lives there exhibited. When a living body, animal or vegetable, is wounded, there is seen, at once, to be a wondrous instinct, a hidden nurse, of self-preservation in it. A battered rock, or broken crystal, remains broken, unable to think of repair. But the life, in such a case, begins forthwith to nurse its violated body, tends and cleanses the wound suffered, casts off the dead matter, deposits new growths on all sides of the breach, knits together the lacerated fibres and tissues by a process that no human surgery can even trace, and thus restores the original soundness. We have, in our salt waters, a little animal called the *borer*. He lies in the mud and lets down a long proboscis with a file on it, till, by various trials, he finds a small round clam which is to be his prey. He selects the thinest part of the shell and commences there a process of filing, to make his way through. A friend of mine once showed me a shell thus attacked by the borer, in which the inhabitant inside, taking note of the filing on the outside, began at once to secrete, or deposit, a new thickness of shell to keep his enemy off. And here it was, a newly completed counterscarp, drawn across the breach two or three lines inward, which the borer had also to break, before he could reach his prey! Here you

see the instinct of self-preservation acting even prophetically, and preparing to repel future injury. And this again must be taken as an instinct of the life; for the animal concerned is an animal without a head, and therefore, if phrenology be true, not very well off for intelligence.

It is only another form of the same general fact, that the lives appear to have instincts of perception and of measurement. Thus a tree which is fond of water, when planted near some brook, will set off all its principal roots in that direction. How does it know the water to be there? And how does it know that it will be able to reach the border of it? To say, in popular phrase, that the water attracts the roots in that direction, is to invent a new and very remarkable sort of attraction. An attraction that pulls at roots in the ground, and turns them at the point of starting, is a something created to account for the fact in question, which is even more difficult than the fact itself. Mr. Madison, for example, had an aqueduct of logs which, in reaching his house, passed by a tree specially fond of water, at a considerable distance from it. Abreast of the tree there was an auger-hole in the log that had been filled with a plug of soft wood. Exactly thitherward the tree sent off a long stretch of roots, which forced their way through the plug, choking up the passage, and were found there drinking like so many thirsty ani-

mals. Was it then the soft wood plug that attracted these roots? It certainly should be on the attraction principle; for the water was just as near at other points as here.

It is said that a strawberry planted in sand, with good earth a little way off, will turn its runners all in the latter direction, and that if the good earth is too far off to be reached, the plant will make no effort on that side more than on the other, which is equivalent to saying that the plant has, in its life-principle, an instinct of measurement. It does not measure the ground, and then itself, and then compare the two, but it has an adaptive power by which, without comparison, it graduates its action by its possibilities.

Pass now to another point, where the relationship of lives to souls is presented in a still higher form of interest. I speak here of the probability that they are all enjoying creatures. As regards the animal races which people the air, and the earth, and the waters of the sea, there appears to be no room for doubt—their perpetual hum, and chirp, and song, and gambol, and feeding are themselves the tokens of enjoyment. The vegetable creatures are not commonly supposed to have any such capacity, and the physiologists add, as a reason, that they have no nerve or nervous centre to make them conscious of joy. But the argument is good, if at all, only as regards the consciousness of joy, not as regards the joy

itself. The little child is a joyous being, tingling even with joy, we may say, as with fulness of life; but he is not conscious to himself of his joy. Health itself is joy, and yet it is a kind of joy so nearly unconscious, that one of our best writers lays it down as a maxim, that no man is in perfect health who even knows that he is well. Indeed there is strong reason to believe that life itself, clear of all hindrance and disease, is an essentially joyous power, though of course unconscious. Besides, applying all this to the account of vegetable life, there are a good many plants that are called sensitive, because they give tokens of sensation, and others that keep up a constant oscillating, or vibrating motion. And yet again, what human sensibility can resist the impression, beholding the fresh greening of the landscapes, the bright, gay pencillings of the flowers, and visited by the odours they distil in their lives, that they are creatures, all essentially joyous—fair as in the form, fragrant as in the exhalation, of joy? Hence the profound sympathy we have with their beauty—they give us joy, as being in the sense of their feeling.

What a computation have we then of joy in the lives of the world. The navigator, for example, sails through a red-brown sea, even for a week, and this coloured element gets its dye, as he may learn, from a reddish insect tenanting such regions of space, at the rate of probably a hundred millions to the cubic

foot. The coral islands and reefs, extending in the sea for thousands of miles, are only vast cities of life, built up in the water, forts compared with which the Malakoffs and all others built by man are only pebbles. The very earth, too, as Ehrenberg discovered, is, in whole provinces of the world, composed of little flint shells. These shells were before supposed to be only grains of sand, but he found them to be tenanted by lives, which are still going on at their work of sand-making as busy as ever. Then, in the vegetable growths by which the world itself is carpeted and studded with forest shades, every plant, every spear of grass, every hair of mould, is a life, and the air even of the planet is scented with their breath. The seeds of life, such as those, for example, of the mould, are flying everywhere in it, invisible, so that every darkest cave or cavern is a city more populous even than London or Thebes, and waiting only for the fit occasion to spring into natural activity.

Now this boundless wave of life that covers the world, we have little room to doubt, is in some high sense a wave of joy. We look upon the creatures of life as they breathe, and feed, and grow, as they climb, or leap, or fly, or sing, and take them all together as the children, conscious or unconscious, in either case, the happy children, of Him who hath life in Himself, and sends out the pulses of His joy to throb in them all. The green carpeted earth, the

air scented by their odours, the very sky filled with their gambols and the ring of their music,—these are their carnival. A stately joy waves in the giant wood. The ebbing and flowing sea pants with the joys of life that are heaving in its depths. Even the sands of the old continents tingle with the touch of joy.

Having now gone over the field prescribed, it only remains to speak, as briefly as possible, of the ends or objects for which the subject has been undertaken.

In asserting the immaterial quality of lives, I, of course, do not assert anything positive, or anything to hang a conclusion upon, respecting anything else, I only mean that they are un-material, as regards all the known properties and laws of matter. But if we add to this the fact of their self-active nature and their power to subordinate, on a large scale, the chemical and mechanical forces to their sovereignty, we bring into thought an element powerful enough to affect even radically the bent of the world's mind, and so to operate important results, not only in the department of natural science, but also in metaphysics and the philosophy of religion, as well as in the faith and imaginative literature of the world. We need only note how gravity, chemical attraction, electricity, the laws of heat and vapour, have entered the domain of thought, altering even the method of speculation, to see what life would do, coming into full recognition, to qualify the prepossessions and change the

modes of human opinion. It makes the world, in fact, another world, filling it with other and more quickening analogies.

How it would affect physiology, in all its branches, has been obvious in the general course of these illustrations. Indeed, if some physicians were only to get hold of the true idea of life as a power distinct from the laws of inorganic matter, they would be as much less likely to make inorganic matter of their patients. And the supposed science of phrenology, conceiving life as a power organizing and conserving the bodies it inhabits, would begin to suspect that, not the head only, but the whole body, down to the very foot and heel, expresses the volume and spirit and quality of the man. Conceiving it, too, as a self-active power, having causations of its own upon the body, more than the body reactions upon it, the boasted science would begin to look out some place or possibility for a will, free will, better than to represent all human actions as the resultants of compound forces in the brain, or decoctions of some forty-brain-vessels simmering out a joint product. The greatest fact of humanity, the innate sense of responsibility, would possibly get some room thus in the science, and some right to exist, better than it has in the apothecaries' kettles and crucibles.

In the same way a great theologian, like Jonathan Edwards, writing a treatise on the will, might be able,

under the analogies of the self-active, originally causative powers of life, to make a little more adequate account of it, than he does under the analogies of weights and scale-beams. His magnificent puzzle might never have been contrived; but the chances of human responsibility might have been as much greater in the world, as the chances of this kind of sophistry were less. It has been the great misery of theology, in fact, that it has always been trying to solve the relations of God and man as relations of cause and effect, not perceiving that, while this might be a very good way of accounting for the changes of a dead body, it never is for the changes of a living body, least of all for the actions of a living, choosing man. The school of Scotch metaphysicians and theologians, coming in with and after the wondrous revelations of chemical analysis, were still farther diverted from the right modes of inquiry, by the analogies of the chemical method. They could think of nothing but analysis; to raise distinctions, to divide, to atomize the soul by distinctions, was now to be the better way of knowledge. And the result of their better method was just what it must be; for it is the grand distinction of a soul, as of all life, that it makes, not a summation of parts like a rock, but a whole, in which all the parts condition each the others, in such a sense that one cannot be without the others. Their analysis therefore was a kind of

analytic murder, and the man it showed was a dead, dissected man, not a living. It gave us for the real Cæsar the ashes of Cæsar's urn; or better still, it gave us a manikin for a man. The refinements were disappointments, and the new knowledge opened was a waste of sands. The same atomizing method, passing into theology, made a like dry waste of that. It reduced the man to pieces and the truth to pieces, contriving then to show how the pieces of the truth act on those of the man, and how the pieces of the man act on those of the truth; how the causes produce effects, and the heavier weights preponderate, and which is before and which is after—in which it fell out, as it must, that the man died of his treatment, and the truth died also, and the operations of both were nowhere. It will be impossible for any metaphysical or religious thinker to stay in this desert long, after he has once got insight of the lives, and drawn himself to their sympathy. Passing into brotherhood with these, a finer and wholly different class of influences will be upon him. Trying no more to think the soul by its parts, under laws of causation, he will think it, as a whole, a self-active, glorious, living whole, recognising its deep mystery, interpreting it by its wants and feelings and responsible choices, swayed by reasons and not by forces, akin by its nature to all truth, and beauty, and God, perfectible only in a perfect liberty.

Under this kind of method, or influence, the tendency to all sorts of radicalism and religious unbelief will be removed; for all these varieties of mischief come of the endeavour to solve, by the laws of inorganic matter, subjects that are not inorganic matter, but different as possible from it.

The civil state, for example, what is it, as many reason, but an after-thought and artificial contrivance of mankind,—a contract, or compact, in which the members, in a computation of advantage, agree to surrender some of their individual rights, and accept the will of the majority, so far, as law! This, therefore, is the fundamental conception of liberty and all rightful government. No, far from that as possible; the whole scheme is a string of misconceptions. Individuals had never any civil functions to surrender. Majorities had never any natural right of authority. The true conception is that civil society is a *gens*, or *nation*, under the analogies of growth; a form of nascent order, having, under God, its own historic life, by which, as a *nisus formativus*, it will be conserved and governed. This, too, is its constitution; and it makes no difference whether it is written, or unwritten; for if it be written, it is only a transcript of the regulative instincts and elements previously developed by its life and history. It may be hereditary or elective, parliamentary or imperial; it has a divine right in one form as truiy as in another, if only

it rules historically, and not mechanically. It is like the coral banks of the sea, which are representations at once of vital freedom and historic life. And as the coral insects make no complaint, when finding how their personal liberty is taken away by the frame-work of their rocky casement, or constitution, but rather feel that if they were thrust out of it to live, each one by itself, in the open sea, they would lose both their liberties and their bodies, so it may as well be with man, under the frame of civil order constructed by the organic life of their history—protected thus, and made more free, instead of surrendering half their natural liberties to save the remainder, as some of our crude, atomizing theories of social compact are wont to assume.

And so again of reforms. They contemplate the fact that organic society is somehow diseased. If, then, a body grows a rheum, or a carbuncle, does the physician hew it to pieces and get up another, or does he make applications, and administer alteratives, appealing to the life it still has, and contriving, in that manner, to work the desired amendment? So, then, if the rights of labour fare badly, under the selfish and diseased action of society and capital, that radicalism which proposes to crush out society and build up a new civil order, trusting nothing to the mitigations of law, and the infusions of social justice, or Christian brotherhood, is a wisdom that works in the moulds

only of force and mechanical repair, not in those conservative methods that belong to the *vis medicatrix* of life. All such radicals get their logic from the laws of inorganic matter; and falling to work at society, as if it were dead, they take the surest means to make it so.

But we pass to the matter of religious unbelief, and the immense difference it makes, in all the tendencies of religious opinion, whether it is tempered by the analogies of life, or wholly dominated by the modes of inorganic matter. Taking matter and its laws for nature, and asserting the absolute uniformity of cause and effect under these laws, Christianity is no longer credible; there is no place left for miracle, or for any supernatural visitation of God. But when the lives are discovered as beings that are, in no sense, properties of matter; when we see them proved by their effects to be profoundly real—real as gravity, and not a whit more mysterious as regards their substantial nature; when we see inertia, heat, chemical affinity, gravity itself, all the laws of dead matter submitted, on a large scale, to their sovereignty, we are set in a mood that is wholly different. We are ready to believe in forces outside of matter and superior to it, for indeed we do already. There is thus a kind of spirit-world to us in nature itself, preparing, as it were, beginnings of faith, by the sublime mastery it wields. The transition to a faith in supernatural beings and

events is thus made easy. For, if the vegetable lives can sway the mineral properties, if the animal can sway the vegetable, if the intelligent personal minds can master both, then how far from being incredible is it, that a being, coming into the world from without and above, can make all things bend to his diviner will and sovereignty, and yet in such a way as to involve no subversion of order.

In this manner, too, we are prepared to a steadier and more confident opinion of the immortality of souls. How real the soul-powers are in their self-activity we have seen by worlds-full of examples—real enough in their humblest, tiniest forms, to do what all the chemists cannot, aided by all the known powers of matter and its laws.

Is it then assumed that what we call the soul in man is really one and the same with his life-principle? It has been common to raise a distinction between the body-soul, or life, and the spirit-soul, and there certainly is a distinction of functional activity correspondent with these terms; a distinction which, indeed, appears in the Scriptures. But the distinction referred to may be regarded as pertaining to one and the same substance, or as requiring two different substances. On this point Baxter and other Christian teachers of different schools have not been forward to decide. I will only suggest, that multiplying substances and causes where there is no need of it is

unphilosophical. And there is the less reason for it here, that the lives of the world appear in so many grades. First we have the unconscious, next the conscious, then the voluntary and locomotive, then the half-intelligent and contriving, then the responsible and free; so that if we make a separation of soul and spirit, as being distinct substances, we shall certainly be found to include under spirit some things, at least, which belong to mere animate natures under their life-principle. On the whole, it seems better to regard the body-soul, or life, in man, as being one and the same substance as the spirit or religious principle; only having lower functions, by which it lays hold of matter, fashioning a body, and functions more transcendent by which it knows and appropriates God.

But the lives all die, why not then the soul-principle of man, which we are agreeing to regard as being one and the same as his life?

To this I answer, in the first place, that the reality of the soul is, in this view, greatly augmented. It is no longer any ghostly affair, which may or may not be, but it is the very power that organizes and conserves the body, real as the body, whose growths and palpitations even are operated by it.

Then, as regards the evidence of immortality, a wide distinction is made between it and all other of the lives, that they are only servitors to it, existing plainly for its sake, and not for their own. They

take the world as a world of mere mineral substance on which man could not live, and have it given them as their office, to prepare and furnish it for his use. They carpet and colour the landscapes for his eye; they decompose the corrupted atmosphere, and give him the liberated oxygen for his breathing. They fall to composing new substances for his uses and trades; spinning the fibres of flax, cotton, silk, and wool for his clothing; growing forests for his fuels and timbers; composing gums, spices, fruits, grains, meats, and medicines for his food and healing; building stout, powerful bodies, and swift also, for his carriers and couriers; and, what is specially significant, doing nothing for themselves, and all for him, as the lord-life, owner, planter, propagator of them all. And so the mineral earth, on which he would otherwise die, is prepared to a state of habitable order, and bounty, and beauty for his uses—not for the uses of his body only, but quite as much of his mind; for he could not even have a language based on mineral roots alone, that would express his sentiments and the feelings and workings of his heart as a creature of religion. How little then does it signify, as regards the question of his immortality, that these inferior lives are mortal, when he, as a life, holds an order so visibly transcendent! As little does it signify that he dies himself, as respects his connexion with a body, for we can see for ourselves

that the soul-force of his nature gathers volume and majesty, long after the body has culminated; giving, in that fact, the sign that what we call his death is but the leave-taking and final graduation of his immortality.

Besides, we have, in the instinctive working of these lower lives, the strongest of all external arguments for the immortality of man. Thus we have seen that roots which love the water have a kind of instinctive perception, which turns them, even at whole rods of distance, to run in that direction; also that the humble strawberry goes after the good earth near it, by a similar instinct of life; both measuring, in a sense, the reach of their own faculty, and starting, or withholding, as they find themselves able or not to succeed. But of all these inferior lives there is not one that reaches after permanence, or gives any, the faintest, token that it measures itself, or its aims and aspirations, by immutable ideas. This belongs to man alone. In his conscience he feels the touch of immutable right; by his reason he is made akin to geometry, number, time, space, cause, and all necessary ideas; his will is an autocratic force, superior to all conditions; his deepest wants of feeling and desire are the hunger of his nature reaching after God, as the only sufficient food, the unchanging good and beauty of the world—all the currents of his life pour on after eternity, as the rivers seek the sea!

What then shall we conclude, but that, measured by the reach of his instincts, he is himself an eternal creature? Or, if the blind root can, by some wondrous method, discern the water through many feet of earth, how shall it surprise us that the sublimer faith-instinct of man can truly see those immortal waters, towards which the roots of his being do so manifestly run.

And then, beside all this, to shorten the argument down to its true point, every human soul is conscious of its immortality, knows it by an immediate knowledge, takes the permanent by its own inborn affinities, never lets go of it or loses out the fixed evidence of conviction, till it has blurred itself by the sottishness, or beguiled itself by the sophistries of sin.

One thing more remains to be suggested; viz., the immense contribution that is made, both to religion and the higher wants of genius, by the due understanding of lives. There is no such culture as this for the imagination; for it is a kind of culture that disposes at once to faith, and to all purest exaltations of feeling and fancy. There is, I know, a contrary prejudice. Indeed, I have heard an American scholar turning that prejudice into an oration, in which he said, for substance—'Why should the poor child's mind be drugged with facts and curiosities of science? Let him hear the stories of elfs, sprites, fairies, goblins, and good fellows; let him read, for true history, if he will, the Arabian tales, and weave them into

his dreams; teach him faith in this manner, and quicken his poetic fancy; but above all, do not begin with your primers of natural history, and bring him up among the beasts.' Now that a conceited, unbelieving, and therefore unbeautiful soul will be fashioned by the habit of accounting for all things by the laws and calculable forces of dead matter, I most certainly agree. But the wisdom of the proposed remedy is not so obvious. The soul of a child thus fed on 'gorgons and chimeras dire' will be only a den of superstition if he believes them, or if he finally outgrows the opinion of their reality, they will only have done what was possible to make him a sceptic and Sadducee. The truth is, that all hot-bed measures to force the imagination will only grow a greenhouse plant, that cannot live in the out-door winds, and under the fires of the sun. The imagination is no genuine power, save when it is the flaming out in thought of fires that must be so vented, and would otherwise suffocate in the soul. Faith, too, is the sister of beauty, and the only real poetry is truth. Vain study is it, therefore, this endeavour to give wings to a soul, when it has not gotten life enough, in its thought, to want them. Let it be enough to educate the eye, and sharpen the appetite for a keen observation—unfolding all the other powers, meantime, by a downright, solid, matter-of-fact training. And then, as the soul gets force enough to grapple

with the internal meanings and mysteries of things, let it look in here upon the lives, for these will do more to vitalize thought and give it wings, than all the mythologic fictions of the world. Here it will be entered into a realm of spirit-creatures, more delicate than fays and fairies, with the advantage that they are real—real enough to play their tricks, at will, on the stupid matter and its laws. These fantastic immaterialities it will find swarming in all grades and dimensions, between microscopic motes, and the giants of the forest, and the leviathans of the sea, reducing all substances between the stubborn flint and the fluid air, and working out their magic spells in ceaseless transformations that exceed even the fables of romantic story. Nature ceases, in this manner, to be a mere sand-bottom or platform of rock, and becomes a circle of joyous life—a perpetual Midsummer's Night Dream, without either dream or fiction in it. And these mute, unreasoning artists, fellow in a sense to mind, come into its feeling, and marry it to nature, by such delicate ties of sympathy and brotherhood, as quicken it to insight, exalting at once the philosophical understanding, and refining the poetic life.

Things above sense, the reverend mysteries of God and religion, now throng about the man, firing his imagination, and challenging a ready faith. Having passed within the rind of matter, by its mechani-

cal laws, and discovered there a more potent, multitudinous, self-active world of life, his higher affinities are wakened, drawing him away to the common Father, whose life is in him, as in them, and to those meditations of the future, otherwise faint and dim in their evidence. Or if, perchance, he remembers that all these creatures die and are no more, a feeling is by this time generated, which can no more be chilled, of his own self-asserting immortality. So that when the autumnal frosts have changed the world's green look, and the pale nations of the forest leaves hang withering, or fly their stems, loosened by the windy blasts, he will call them with the poet, 'pestilence-stricken multitudes,' and the sympathy yielded to the drooping spirits of creation will only have softened his own, preparing that gentleness in him which belongs both to faith and to genius. But the courage of his immortality stays firm, for well he knows that when the green myrmidons of spring appear to gladden again the earth, it will be to him as the opening of the gate 'Beautiful' over all graves, and that, being now a life again among the lives of May, singing with them that sing, and rejoicing in the new-born joy of all, it will only be his impulse to say, what before he believed,—'The resurrection and the Life.'

VII.

THE DOCTRINE OF LOYALTY WORKING ITSELF OUT IN AMERICA.[1]

TO settle the meaning of a word, having reference to great moral and political distinctions, is often a matter of much consequence. Never do men put themselves in the wrong so badly, or with so great seeming perversity, as when they have only confused, half-partisan ideas of the right. Thus it is enough, at such a time as this, to make thousands disloyal, that they have only random notions of loyalty, or such as come to them only in the smoke of a merely contentious use. The time has come, therefore, when this word, never till quite recently applied to American uses, should, if possible, have its meaning clearly made out and determinately settled.

Heretofore we have looked upon this word, and, in fact, have even spoken of it, as a strictly old world's word, capable never of any fit application to

[1] Undertaken as a Discourse, but not finished in time for the occasion.

the conditions of American society. It supposes, we have conceived, some kind of hereditary magistracy, such as belongs, in other nations, to royal and princely orders. Thus, when Mr. Dana published, thirty or forty years ago, his rather famous Article on the need of Orders in the State, to impersonate and connect with a personal sentiment the otherwise vapid and dry abstractions of law, his regret was, in fact, that we had no place for loyalty, and that, on our footing of equal society, no such necessary homage to a natively personal magistracy is possible. He had probably never heard the word *loyal* applied to an American citizen, and had no conception that it ever could be. All the great sentiments that figure under this word he conceived as belonging to the poetry of a more poetic society, blessed with the picturesque figures and distinctions of noble orders. And yet we find ourselves using, now, the words *loyal* and *loyalty*, as freely as they were ever used by Englishmen. We think, too, that we mean something by them, and, in fact, are having as great sentiments in them as ever swelled the bosom of any people in the world. And we are certainly as far right in this as a very badly confused use of the words allows us to be. We may even thank God in the fact that a public fire has broken out, finally, in our republican society, such as shows the capacity of fire to be in it. We have seen the consciously great senti-

ment of a great history bursting into flame, and we hope it may never cease to burn, till history itself is ended.

We are, just now, a kind of revelation to ourselves in this matter—surprised by the majestic figure now displayed of a self-devotion that before slumbered, and was hid in the recesses of our republican feeling and life. In this really grand waking of high sentiment, a stranger might sometimes be even ludicrously affected by the awkwardness displayed in our exaltations; even as the blinded Cyclops plucks up, as he wakes, the pine-tree for his staff, stalking down the hill-sides, with unsteady feet, and bellowing after the enemies he cannot see or seize. We lay charges of disloyalty, having really no clear sense of what it is. We glory in the character as being just what it is not. We claim a right to the name of it, on grounds that wholly misconceive it. The gentlemen of the law assume a special right to be its expounders and patrons, as if it were a matter belonging to their sole jurisdiction, when it is, in fact, no matter of legal significance whatever, and never belonged to the jurisdiction of the law at all.

In our endeavour, therefore, to settle the meaning and place of loyalty, we shall be obliged, first of all, to examine its relations to law, or to show, as we easily may, that it is, in fact, no subject of the law.

A somewhat conspicuous legal advocate of New York, Mr. Curtis, undertook, a short time ago, to enlighten the people of that city, and of the nation generally, by a discourse on this particular subject. His unnecessary tirade against 'the frantic declamations of the pulpit,' does not incline me to engage in a controversy with him. I only advert to his argument, because it is a convenience to have some presentation of the question on that side, which undertakes to be responsible for itself.

As a general thing, legal questions will be more adequately handled by the legal profession; but when the question stated, or the subject-matter discussed, does not belong to the law at all, the mere claim of a legal jurisdiction gives no special title to respect.

I undertake, then, to say that the law has nothing whatever to do with loyalty, and that it is not, in any sense, a legal subject. It stands on the same footing with patriotism, honour, and bravery—the law has no definitions for it, and never had; takes no jurisdiction of it. The subject is purely moral, lying in the field of right sentiment and religion; just like other matters that are analogous in some of the other relations of life. Thus a man is honourable, when he is true to his own personal convictions; filial, when he is faithful and dutiful to parents; pious, when he is obedient and true to God; and in just the same way he is loyal when he is devoted and true to his

government. And the law has nothing more to do with him in one case than in the others. There is no legal definition of honour, none of filial virtue, none of piety, and there is no more any such definition of loyalty.

The English common law makes a distinction between what it rather paradoxically calls 'imperfect obligations,' and those which are perfect; meaning, by the imperfect, those which are too far-reaching, and deep, and subtle, and spiritual, in one word, perfect, to be administered by the clumsy faculty of human tribunals; and, by the perfect, those which are single, and simple, and superficial enough to be maintained by the short perception of human evidences and judgments. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the duties of life, and probably a much larger proportion, belong to what are called, by the conceit of the law, imperfect obligations; that is, to the class which are so perfect that God only can administer them, because only He can trace the motives, distinguish the evidences, and settle the judgments by which their violations will be fitly redressed. Honesty and dishonesty, for example, kindness and unkindness, truth and untruth, patriotic and unpatriotic action,—the civil law can do nothing with these and a thousand other like obligations, save when the violation is by some outward act that is a personal or public wrong, and can be investigated by human

testimony. Thus, if the dishonesty takes the shape of a fraud, if the unkindness takes the shape of cruelty to animals, or to one's children, if the untruth passes into slander or perjury, if the defect of patriotism runs to an act of conspiracy with the enemies of the country, then the civil law finds a case within its narrow jurisdiction, and is able to undertake the matter of redress—redressing, however, the fraud never as dishonesty, the cruelty never as unkindness, the perjury never as untruth, the conspiracy with enemies never as a breach of patriotism. Exactly so it is with loyalty. It belongs to the class of imperfect obligations, such as God only can administer, and the civil law has never anything to do with it, till the disloyalty runs to some act of public treason. And then it punishes the disloyalty as treason, never as disloyalty. With that, as such, it has never anything to do, more than with dishonour, envy, covetousness, uncharitableness, anger, hatred, revenge, censoriousness; for which it has no definitions, and concerning which it has neither principles nor penalties.

So stands this matter of loyalty as before the law; it is wholly outside of the law, recognised and recognisable only by the law of God. Therefore when this gentleman of the law, annoyed by the suspicion, or supposed imputation, of disloyalty, comes into the field challenging any one to give him a definition of it—that is, a proper, legal definition—protesting that

he will not have this epithet shot at him as a 'missile,' unless by some one who can tell him, in good legal definition, what he means by it! the brave air of confidence he assumes is much less imposing than it might be. It is much as if some one should charge him with being a liar, or a coward, and he should reply, what then is your legal definition of a liar? and what of a coward? expecting to be triumphantly acquitted till the said legal definition is given! It will occur to almost any one that a great many very bad vices and wicked delinquencies could be sheltered, as easily, in the same manner.

But, happily enough for the truth, he is bold to make out the definition himself which he thus peremptorily demands; and for this it is that I am particularly indebted to him and to the assistance he contributes by a legal statement of the subject. It will be understood beforehand that the definition given depends, of course, in some way, on the constitution; for there is no so ready way of excusing the vice of disloyalty, or any other vice, as to hold the constitution before it—are not all the vices constitutional? He says, 'The true conditions of American loyalty are to be found in the law of the land, in the duties flowing from the constitution of our country.' Again, 'No duty of loyalty can possibly be predicated of any claim that is not founded in the supreme law of the land.' He cites, accord-

ingly, from the constitution what, in his view, concludes the argument—'This constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land.'

Anything then is loyal which is constitutional, or according to supreme law, under the constitution, anything disloyal which is unconstitutional, or against the supreme law. What a conclusion this, to be set to the credit of the law, or to stand for the defence of society! As if any citizen could not do the very worst, and wickedest, and most detestable, and really most mischievously disloyal things against the government, in a way that is perfectly constitutional, and violates, in fact, no law whatever. Besides, if the constitution and the supreme law are, in this manner, 'conditions of loyalty,' the conclusion appears to follow, that whoever violates the constitution, or the supreme law under it, is *ipso facto* disloyal; that every one who takes a bribe, for example, or an extortious fee, or sails without a clearance, or smuggles a piece of goods, or does not duly execute a legal process, or connives at a process which is fraudulent, is equally chargeable with disloyalty on that account! True he may be a very disorderly person in these things, a great violator of the laws. But how many thousands have we that have been violating the laws

of their country, in one way or another, every month and week, and perhaps day of their lives, who are yet offering even their bodies for their country on the field of battle! Doubtless they would be much better men, and truer patriots, if they had been more conscientious subjects; but there is no reason whatever to conclude against their loyalty, in the fact that they sometimes break the supreme law. If they so far violate the law as to become traitors, every traitor is, of course, disloyal; but not every disloyal person is a traitor, neither is any violation of the law, short of treason, a necessary proof of disloyalty. It may be such a proof, or it may not.

Loyalty, then, is no subject of law or legal definition. It belongs entirely to the moral department of life. It is what a man thinks, and feels, and contrives, not as being commanded, but of his own accord, for his country and his country's honour—his great sentiment, his deep and high devotion, the fire of his habitual or inborn homage to his country's welfare. It goes before all constitutions, and by the letter of all statutes, to do and suffer, out of the spontaneous liberties of right feeling, what the petty constructions and laggard judgments of the State cannot find how to compel. It does not measure itself by what the constitution or the laws prescribe. It has no art of contriving, for itself and others, how to hide from the country behind the constitution. Loving the consti-

tution warmly enough to even die for it, what will it more certainly despise, for just that reason, than to plead the letter of it as the measure of its obligation? Doubtless it is something not to violate the constitution or the statute laws. In ordinary times, one might naturally enough give it as the definition of a good citizen. But genuine loyalty is in a higher key, at such a time as this. One may even be a great stickler for the constitution, at such a time, and be only one of the most pestilent movers of sedition —more poisonously disloyal than he could be in the open renunciation of his allegiance. The loyal citizen, at such a time, does nothing but what the constitution or supreme law of the country requires of him! Why, the supreme law requires not one of the duties that are so genuinely great and true in loyalty; to volunteer body and life for the country; to stand fast when leaders are incompetent, and armies reel away in panic before the foe; to send off to the field, as bravely consenting women do, husbands, sons, and brothers, the props and protectors of home; to wrestle day and night in prayer, as Christian souls are wont, bearing the nation as their secret burden, when, for sex, or age, or infirmity, they cannot do more; to come forward as protectors and helpers of the children made fatherless; to give money and work, and prepare expeditions of love to mitigate the hardships of the wounded in their hospitals; to vote

with religious fidelity for what will help and save the country, rising wholly above the mercenary motives and selfish trammels of party—why, the supreme law requires not one of these, nor, in fact, anything else that belongs to a loyal and great soul's devotion; how then is it the measure and bound of loyalty?

The mistake, at this point, of those gentlemen who come forward to instruct us in the legal definitions of loyalty, is that they conceive it to be the same thing as keeping allegiance; confounding, thus, the tamest and lowest of all modes of political virtue with the highest and noblest, the legal with the moral, compulsion with impulse. What can be a lower style of citizenship than that of a man who does not, or it may be dares not, break allegiance?

But if the loyal man does more than simply keep allegiance, or simply hold fast the constitution, he will, at least, do that, a certain class will urge; and here precisely it is that we incur so many charges of disloyalty—our disloyalty consists in nothing but our fidelity to the constitution. As the constitution is dangerously violated by the executive magistracy of the nation, what is required of us but to thwart and, if possible, turn back that magistracy—does not loyalty itself require it? There could not be a greater mistake; what is more frequent than a disagreement with some party or administration, about the constitutionality of this or that particular measure?

Is the loyal subject, therefore, justified in doing everything he can against the government, or to cripple the success of the government? By the supposition he is in the minority, and the constitution itself expects him to suspend his judgment, and, for so long a time, defer to the superior right of the administration; else there would never be anything but anarchy under the constitution. Is it not then, do you ask, his right and duty, in such a case, to raise a vote, if possible, against such an administration, and bring in a better that shall rectify the abuse? Sometimes it is, and sometimes it is not. If it happens at the time that there is a grand rebellion on foot, throwing off, by open proclamation, all the bonds of allegiance, and tearing the nation itself asunder for ever, and if this rebellion waits to see dissensions raised, and will even value more a defeat of the administration than it would the greatest possible victory in the field—in such a case, any citizen of a large and steady loyalty will be slow to redress some partial, or partly questionable, breach of the constitution, by a course that jeopardizes plainly even the existence of the nation itself. Such kind of redress for the constitution he will even declare to be a crime of faction against it, because of its untimely obtrusion. All the worse, if it is undertaken as a party measure—he will then both disrespect the motive, and despise the recklessness and almost

treasonable perversity of it. And if the endeavour is maintained by appeals that indicate sympathy, or almost friendship, or it may be even connivance with the flagrant treason of the times, he cannot, as a loyal man, be anything less than profoundly disgusted. The instinct of a loyal heart is wonderfully single. In the hour of the nation's peril, it cannot look after that and party together. It scorns the attempt at such a time to divide or carry double, protesting—

> 'Who can be temperate and furious,
> Loyal and neutral in a moment?'

—let us fight our nation's enemies and destroyers till they are crushed everlastingly, and then, if we can, it will be time to amend the abuses of the laws.

While putting the case in this form, let me not be understood to allow, or at all believe, that the constitution has, in fact, been violated. It cannot be maintained that the Confiscation Act is any such violation, unless on the merely theoretic and speculative ground that, covering the slave property of rebel masters, it supposes the assumption, so far, of a possible ownership of such property by the government, at the moment of its lapse into freedom,—an objection that no one can very seriously feel. The proclamation of the President is even less open to objection, because it is no civil act at all, but simply an act of war, formally based in the rights of war. As such it is an act

wholly outside of the constitution, having no civil character at all, save that Congress and the courts of law must needs respect the emancipation executed by it, as far as it is *de facto* executed, or, at the cessation of the war, may be. They will only be so far obliged by it, that persons emancipated and taken into the service and protection of the government cannot be remanded back to slavery, without a cruel violation of good faith. And if the war continues long enough, that is, till the whole domain of slavery has been crossed and trampled by our armies, and a half million of the slaves have been put in the field, it will plainly enough be impossible for the institution of slavery to have any standing of existence allowed to it longer, except in the loyal states. Does any one ask what, in that case, becomes of the constitution—what of the Article pledging the suppression of slave insurrections? what of the Article requiring that persons held to service, or labour, shall be given up when taken as fugitives in other states? what of the Article giving to slavery a three-fifths right of representation? The answer is, that every word and line of these Articles stands precisely as it stood before—the constitution that is, is the constitution that was, without any particle of abatement or change. It only happens that the slavery itself is gone to which the constitution attached, gone by a power outside of all civil proceeding, just as if it had been swept away by

a pestilence, gone just as 'Indians not taxed,' in the exception clause, are gone, or will be, when there are Indians no longer. It is one thing for a constitution to be cloven down, and a very different thing that the subject-matter to which it attached no longer exists. Every soldier of the rebellion, for example, who has fallen in this dreadful war, had his rights of life and property guaranteed by the constitution, but the war has put him under ground; the result being that the guarantee stands exactly where it stood, only for so many as have thus fallen it does not attach. So, when slavery is dead, by the act of war, the faith of the constitution will stand, only it does not find the matter existing any more to which it gave its pledges.

Returning now, from this brief excursion, to the great principle that loyalty is a moral affair, graduated and measured by no mere terms of allegiance, or statutory obligation, some one may remind us that the word itself indicates, in its very composition, a close relation to law. It is literally and even etymologically law-alty; how then comes it to be a purely moral word, having nothing at all to do with legal definitions and duties? The answer is twofold: First, that it has nothing to do with the law, only in the sense that the law has nothing to do with it; for how can a purely moral, volunteer devotion be enforced by legal methods? Secondly, that it is a kind

of homage historically older than statutes, having respect as to a law, moral or primitive, which goes before all enactments. Thus it is a great mistake to suppose, as many have done, that English loyalty has respect, directly and simply, to the persons of the king and his noble orders. It pays them homage because there is felt to be a law primitive that makes them and creates for itself, by inheritance, a magistracy in them. And that homage is law-alty, because it accepts them as the organs of a grand providential order, prior to all history, older than all statutes. Just so there was a constitution here, if we may so speak, before the constitution, a nation before the defined Articles of nationality. It required, in fact, as good and high loyalty to fight the providential nation out into independence, as it now does to defend it. Nay, it required more loyalty to make the constitution, than it ever can to keep it. It was that old providential constitution, too, prior to the constitution, prior even to the Confederacy, that gave the Convention itself a right to say by what kind of vote the constitution should be binding; for, if the body had no right, stood in no providential order, then the vote prescribed never had or can have any binding force. Loyalty, in this view, is even older than the constitution; a moral bond created by Disposing Providence, and sanctified to be the matrix of the coming nationality and the constitution to be.

It must also be added, as regards the relations of the constitution and the laws to loyalty, that they may be so handled, by perverse construction, as even to make a genuine loyalty impossible. Just this was the effect of Mr Calhoun's doctrine of state rights, and it could have no other. Loyalty, so far, is like chastity; the perpetual boasting of a right against it makes a full end of it shortly. Further, as no husband and wife can once name the word divorce without making sure of the fact, so no people can so much as talk of retrocession from their government as a right, without having half accomplished the fact already. Government, like marriage, is either a finality, a state of supreme order that suffers no other even to be thought of, or else it is nothing. All the great sentiments that may gather to it and fortify its life depend on this. And, in this view, Mr Calhoun, so often recognised as the great statesman, or political philosopher, has the very singular merit of having made up a theory of our government which does not even allow it to be government at all. It is only a congeries of little supremacies, that may stay together as long as they please, parting when they please; a general sovereignty by leasehold, till some one of a score of minor sovereignties may see fit to stop the lease! He is a philosopher, in fact, who never in his life conceived the foundations of a government; and it will even be one of the wonders of the coming

ages that he believed, as he really appears to have done, the flimsy, traditional assumptions he takes for his first principles; another, that a great people, even in its green age of history, could have discovered any look of philosophy in the wooden platitudes of his argument. Indeed, it is one of the bitter mortifications of this dreadful rebellion, that it is the price we pay for shallow doctrine; viz., such as gives us a government having no final authority—just that imbecile, mock majesty that Mr Buchanan so fitly represented, when protesting, under his official oath to save the constitution, that he could not find anything to do for it! a government challengeable every year and day by new threats; bidding always for impatience and defiance; impossible, therefore, to become a fixed centre of homage and loyalty; inevitably doomed, by its own weakness, to lose, at last, the scanty homage of allegiance.

Dropping now all further reference to the constitution and the laws, as conditions of loyalty, let us pass to what is more simple and refreshing; viz., to the purely moral nature and quality of it, where, happily, we shall have less debate and be able to advance more rapidly.

The first thing that occurs to us here, is the close affinity of the loyal sentiment with that which attaches us to our native locality, or country. It is, in the

same way, a kind of natural necessity, upon such as feel naturally, and is almost equally undiscriminating. Thus, we remember that, conversing once with a sailor at sea, we rallied him playfully on the hardship it must be to him to return to the rather dismal and forlorn country of his birth, and were handsomely, because touchingly, answered—'Why, sir, if I had been born upon some nakedest, most barren rock of the ocean, it would be dear to me.' The woman of Sychar, in just the same way, could not bear so much as the hint of a more 'living water' than the ancient father Jacob's well; and if Jacob had left a government instead, she would have been as jealous for that with only better reason. Even Jesus himself, the only true and grandly real cosmopolitan among men, because he is the world's incarnate Lord and Saviour, proves his proper humanity still, in the distinctly Jewish feeling of his humanly political nature; calling it the heavenly felicity to be in Abraham's bosom, and exulting in expectation of a day when many shall come from the east, and from the west, and from all remotest Gentile peoples, to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God—using, fondly, this very exclusive image, to signify the grandeur and dignity of his most catholic, universal empire. Now, this natural sentiment of country, and race, and fatherhood, is but a very short remove distant from loyalty, running into it even by

a kind of necessity. It inaugurates law in us before the law is written, or pronounced; passing through all codes, and polities, and constitutions, when they arrive, to shape them to itself and flavour them with sanctity. It takes hold of what is most generous in our nature, without and before our consent, and begets a kind of homage in us that makes us patient and brave in sacrifice for the state. Our very nature is political, in short, just as it is domestic; configured to the state as to the family, craving after loyal emotion, even as after family love. Without this political equipment, we should not even be complete men.

Being so nearly natural or close to nature, the loyal sentiment is free of course. Allegiance may be compelled; loyalty is a volunteer devotion, else it is nothing. One requires to be watched, the other keeps watch itself for the nation. To make sure of one may require a legal or court-martial investigation; the other goes by hearts'-full, always out in its evidences, never ambiguous. A man stuck fast in the intrigues, and swayed by the clanship of party, will contrive to maintain a dastardly and mean allegiance, arguing, it may be, for the constitution, with only pretended concern, when he has no appetite, in fact, but for some party victory; deploring the wrongs of the magistrates in power, when really he is only feeding his appetite on them; and asserting what he calls

his sacred right of speech only to stir up faction, even in the critical hour of the nation's peril. But, where there is a true soul of loyalty, patience with the miscarriages and even the supposed wrongs of government, slowness to accuse, readiness to postpone accusations that might be too hastily made—anything almost will be yielded to for the time, that may fortify the cause of the nation and give it victory. Conscious of party affinities, swayed by strong, possibly just, prejudices against the ruling administration, there will yet be such nobility of feeling in the true loyal citizen, as allows him never to bear a look of sympathy, or suffer a suspicion of connivance with disorder and rebellion.

How far the loyal sentiment reaches, and how much it carries with it, or after it, must also be noted. It yields up willingly husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, consenting to the fearful chance of a home always desolate. It offers body, and blood, and life, on the altar of its devotion. It is, in fact, a political worship, offering to seal itself by a martyrdom in the field. Wonderful, grandly honourable fact, that human nature can be lifted by an inspiration so high, even in the fallen state of wrong and evil!

It is also one of the noble incidents of loyalty that it is not easily discouraged. It has the most 'perdurable toughness' of all human sentiments. The burdens it will bear, the sacrifices it will make, the

defeats it will suffer without surrender to them, the weary, long, long years of hope deferred and desolating war it will undergo, still fighting on; the mistakes or imbecilities of bad counsel and ineffective leadership it will excuse and go on to repair—these and such like are the proofs of loyalty, and history is full of the sublime examples it has given, from the heroic age of the Greeks down to the last modern records. Men will faint anywhere and everywhere, sooner than they will in what they do for their laws and liberties. It is only the doubtfully loyal, such as offer weak and washy protestations of loyalty in the place of an earnest devotion, that see lions always in the way and begin to talk discouragement. The true, great heart of loyal men is rock to all waves of disaster. Possibilities left, discouragements are nothing. Whoever then will talk to us of his loyalty at such a time as this, let him see, first of all, that his heart is tough in it, and then we shall know that he is qualified to speak.

It also requires to be noted that loyalty is a sentiment close akin to honour. I speak not here of that mock honour which some men hold by their will, when the true is gone out in their character, but of that which is true, that in which a firm, great mind honours, first of all, itself. All great and true sentiments have this kind of honour in them, and hence it is that, in a great war, heroically maintained for

ends of patriotic devotion, the public sentiment is raised to a grade of honour so much higher than it can be under the blandishments of peace and prosperous security. Every man feels that he is exalted, raised in honour before himself, when he gives himself to his country. And this majestic honour of the mind to itself is the power that makes a hero. There is even a kind of impassiveness in it. The soul is put in armour by it, as if the bosom were become a keep of iron. Even as the great poet says, with true dramatic insight—

> 'A jewel in a ten times barred up chest
> Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.'

All the romantic virtues move in the ranges of loyalty. Hence also it is that the class of men who are most doubtfully loyal, or positively disloyal, are commonly such as are wanting somewhere in the great-heart principle. The brute masses that have never risen to a conception of honour, the hacks and expectant spoils-men of party, the wooden decoys and trimmers of the pulpit, the sophists and mere words-men of the bar, whoever wants the great-heart altogether, or has a low, mean side of a heart otherwise noble—such commonly, if not always, are the natures that run to disloyalty; they make up a class, of whom it might generally be told beforehand.

There is also, we must not omit to say, a very perceptible and very close relation between loyalty and

religion. For what is religion but loyalty to God; and if there were no letting down of our great nature by sin, how grandly and heroically would it stand, taking sides eternally with God! The summit of our nature is capped by its homages, and they rise in dignity according to the height of their objects. What the man goes up to, thus, or after, in worship and devotion, is the measure of his noblest reach and capacity. Cleaving thus to God in worship, to parentage in filial piety, to great names in reverence, he also cleaves, in the same natural way, to the state. And the two homages in particular, that which goes after the state and that which goes after God, are so clearly related that we may even speak of loyalty as the religion of our political nature. Nor is it any mean token of our poor broken humanity that we have a political nature, mounting thus instinctively towards order, and justice, and complete society. Besides, the state itself, erected by eternal Providence, is felt to be a throne which He maintains and crowns even by His divine sanctions. We do not commonly speak of those who give up their lives on the battle-fields of their country as dying by martyrdom. And yet it is the martyrdom of loyalty unto which they freely gave their bodies, and knowingly consented to the sacrifice. The martyrs of religion scarcely make a sacrifice more real or total, though they suffer in a way more trying to constancy. We

believe, too, that there is a relation so deep between true loyalty and religion, that the loyal man will be inclined towards religion by his public devotion, and the religious man raised in the temper of his loyalty to his country, by his religious devotion. The two fires will burn together, and one will kindle the other. How often have we heard in this war of men who have actually become religious on giving themselves to their country as soldiers! The religious feeling also breaks out, we may see, unwontedly, as the great struggle goes on, in our speeches and public proceedings, our proclamations, and the despatches of our victorious generals. Our recognitions of God are easy and natural, and we draw no small part of our strength from the confidence that God is with us and will not let us fail in our cause.

Much has been made by Englishmen, and occasionally by writers of our own country, of the supposed fact that loyalty, or the loyal sentiment, is the privilege only of states that are under the sway of princely families and orders of nobility. There is a very great practical mistake in such an impression. The assumption is that loyalty is a strictly personal sentiment, wanting, of necessity, some loyal or noble person to be the mark of its devotion. No vague, multitudinous, scarcely apprehensible object like a nation, or people, or even a constitution, will suffice, we are told; it must have a person, or throne, to

embody all it clings to so fondly, in the native land and native laws and liberties, and be the mark of its political worship—this to enjoy, or even, as in fealty, to serve. But the king, autocrat, monarch, or czar, is taken hold of thus by loyalty, be it observed, not simply as being a person—little is known of him commonly in that regard—but he is accepted simply as the symbol-person, in whom victory, and law, and state are embodied. Just as good a symbol we have, as republicans, in our flag; for it is no frothy and vapid excitement that stirs our heedless passion, as many conceive, when we gather to our flag in *vivas*, and swear to maintain it. Our flag represents everything—the nation itself, the history, the laws, the successes, the honours of the past, the promises of the great future unknown, all that we have been, all that we can be. We make no idol of a poor rag in three colours, but we take it as the one all-sufficient symbol. No royal person could signify as much with as little confusion. Most royal persons have bad passions, weaknesses, meannesses, vices, that awfully mar the symbol-force of their persons; flags have none. Loyalty puts nothing into them but honours, protections, principles of justice, promises of good, and then the flag it clings to with such homage and devotion is no more any such abstraction as many think of, when they sentimentally deplore the want of a personal objectivity in our institutions; it embraces

all the good and great persons of the past, and all the blessed hopes of a good and great future. Therefore it is that we rush to the flag with so passionate fervour, and, with no particle of nonsense, vow to die for it. The symbol our loyalty has in it is only the more perfect, that we are distracted by no personal imbecilities and vices, claiming homage, in part, to themselves.

Loyalty, then, is seen to be no matter of legal jurisdiction. It is a great moral sentiment that marks our political nature, and is next in dignity below the sentiment of religion, which is loyalty to God. We are to judge it, accordingly, and all seeming defections from it, just as we do all other matters of a purely moral significance, such as truth, honour, honesty, charity. No man has a right to complain of being wronged, in the charge of disloyalty, just because he holds the constitution, or does not break out in some flagrant treason. He may even be more basely and mischievously disloyal because he does not. By secret connivances, and factious words, and party cabals, he may even serve the enemies of his country more than he could by the open mustering of treason. Let no man whimper at the charge of disloyalty then, just because he is too much of a dastard in his crime to act himself boldly out and take the risk of a traitor's death. The meanest kind

of disloyalty is that which keeps just within the law, and only dares not perpetrate the treason it wants to have done; which takes on airs of patriotic concern for the constitution, when it really has none for all the wrong that can be done it by enemies openly fighting against it. Such persons must be judged morally, just as we judge all pretenders and hypocrites under false shows of virtue. We understand them well, and read them, for the most part, truly, and it is too much to ask that we shall be fools for their sake.

At the same time, there is a possibility of doing injustice in this charge of disloyalty. If we mean by it, as we often seem to do, that the persons charged in this manner have actually broken loose from their allegiance, or that they understand themselves to be really disloyal in their intent, it will often not be true. Moral defections more commonly cheat their victims at the beginning. They do not understand the immoralities in which they are being steeped, and, so far, do not intend them. In the same way it is possible for large masses of citizens to be fooled by the disloyalty they are in. Some of them are young, and trust themselves to leaders who prey upon the green age of their confidence. Some are ignorant, and are taken artfully by catch-words of which they have really no understanding. And some, again, it must be admittted, have a mean, cold nature, in which all the

great sentiments get a place of lodgment with difficulty. They can hardly mount high enough in feeling to conceive what loyalty is. The sense of country, family, honour, the political or social sense, runs low in their sterile natures; all the great inspirations take them at an awful disadvantage. Meantime, the crabbed, selfish impulses of clanship and party are a lean kine of poverty, devouring everything noble or generous they might begin to feel. They think they are loyal, it may be, and then they will go to the constitution or the court records to prove it! But the great heart—how can they have it when it is not in them? We will not deny the bare possibility of a tiny loyal sentiment in them. But who that knows them will ever expect more? Who will even expect them to know that they are disloyal when they are? Going after cabal more easily than after country, what will they do more naturally than give themselves to cabal and call it their country?

We see, in this manner, what multitudes there may be, in every community or country, who fall, as it were, by gravity, into the disloyal state, without intending it, or even knowing it. What, then, shall we say? Shall we class them as loyal? We cannot do that. The best that we can do for them is to call them unloyal, or disloyal, and add the salvos of pity as a partial qualification. They ought to be condemned, and they must also be pitied. None the less

to be pitied are they that they are, some of them, persons who have come, or would hereafter come, into conditions of power and public honour; for the day is at hand, when conditions of power and public honour are forever gone by to them. When this rebellion is finally put down, as it most assuredly will be, then the day of their damnation is come. They can now return to their country, but they must do it soon. To come back into the range of its honour and love when the day of trial is over, is impossible. Then it is too late—the gate is shut!

At the same time, that I may not seem to speak with unnecessary harshness, there is, truth obliges me to say, another mode, different from those which I have named, in which some persons have been carried over to the verge of disloyalty, by motives that more nearly entitle them to sympathy. I speak of those who have taken part hastily against the government, from a false anxiety to save the government. Who of us, that kept our sobriety, did not cling, for a time, to the *status in quo* of the political order and law?—the same which has been popularly phrased, 'the constitution as it is'—for how shall we ever get back into a state of settlement, we said, if the terms of settlement are themselves gone by? We did not perceive that the *status in quo* may be entirely changed, and the 'constitution as it is' remain untouched in its integrity. We saw clearly enough that slavery is

one of the most assailable points of weakness on the side of the rebellion, and, if not assailed, that it is even an element of strength in the rebellion. The right of war to assail this point of weakness and turn it on our side, we did not doubt; for it is even a first principle of public law. As little did we doubt that it must finally be done, if the war be long protracted; recoiling still, with instinctive dread, from the terrible necessity.

First came the Confiscation Act, then at length, and probably not too soon, the Proclamation—so comprehensively worded that the President seemed to assume the right of a general emancipation, by his own civil edict. Many of our most sober and thoughtful citizens were alarmed. The hold of law appeared to be loosened, and everything to be drifting towards inextricable anarchy. They took ground hastily, coming, as they thought, to the rescue of the law. They even went so far, in their zeal, as to set upon the government, in a way that, considering the time, was really not loyal, and it drew them farther, even than they knew, towards the rebellion itself.

It is impossible not to yield all such a degree of sympathy, and we shall do it the more easily if we find them ready now, at the more advanced stage of affairs, to advance also themselves, and modify their sentiments enough to meet our new conditions. Sticking fast in the letter, when eternal destiny has

pushed us out of it, every man can see is bad. Under the doom of war, we were bound to just the crisis we have reached, proclamation or no proclamation. It was right, for a time, to say, 'the constitution as it is'—it still and always will be right, if we only understand how entirely the *status in quo* may be changed, without any breach upon the constitution. This no statesman will forbid to change; for the real statesman is no bigot, sticking fast in what he determined rightly, when it is a possibility forever gone by. When affairs move rapidly, he keeps up with affairs. Nothing is now left us, from the first nothing was finally to be left us, but to champion the liberty of the slave. We do not understand that the President meant anything more, by his Proclamation, than to seize on the right of war, and to emancipate just as far and as fast as war could execute the fact. If he did, there is probably no court in the land that would execute his edict farther. In this understanding we can all be agreed, and also in the fact that the river of our destiny now runs where it must. We cannot tie ourselves to the legalities longer, and reason upon the war as if it were only a sheriff's posse out for the arrest of treason. We must take it as war, grim war, having all the rights of war, and must join ourselves heartily to it as the only chance of our future. The debates and misgivings are all over; nothing is now left us but loyalty to the cause. To some extent we have

differed honestly, and in ways that do not exclude respect; now there is no place for difference longer.

It may not be amiss, in this connexion, to suggest that constitutions are made to carry on government, not to carry back, rescue, redintegrate government; and that, in this latter kind of endeavour, where, to simply go by the letter, reasoning always from it, in the professional manner of the lawyers, would certainly sacrifice both government and constitution together, the real statesman will take a freer method for the salvation of both. According to the lawyers' method, the revolted states are just as truly under the constitution now as ever; there is, of course, no legal right of blockade, no right of war, but only to send a sheriff and make service; no right to distress and reduce the revolt by touching the security of slavery. But the statesman will reason differently. 'These revolted states,' he will say, 'are themselves parts of the document as truly as any of its articles. Tearing out these from the document, the sovereign order itself is so far broken up. If they cannot be recovered, then, as the constitution has another field, related to another neighbourhood outside, with new dangers to encounter, and diplomacies more critical and complex to manage, and a treaty of peace to arrange with successfully revolting subjects (which treaty itself must even be a breach of the constitution), I must, in true statesmanship, assume a certain free-

dom under it, or the letter of it, that I may save what I can of it, even though it be at the risk of some damage.' Even as the skilful ship-master, whom the storm is driving on a lee-shore off the gate of his harbour, will cut loose from his anchor and put himself boldly to sea, willing to save the ship without his anchor if he must, so, for the constitution's sake, he will declare the blockade of rebel ports, inaugurate a quasi war with the rebellion, permitting an exchange of prisoners, and will even dare to revolutionize revolution that he may bring it under;—all this by no permission of the constitution, or possibly even against the letter of it, bravely determined to save what he can when he cannot save all. In this we conceive he is truly, grandly, because practically, loyal; when if he wanted courage or spirit to strike off thus from the letter and take the open sea, his timid, pusillanimous coasting would be scarcely better than treason.

I have only to add, in conclusion, that when our present struggle is over and triumphantly ended, as it must some time be, then it will be our thanksgiving and joy that we have constitutions and laws more sublime and sacred than we ever thought them to be; a name and heritage more august; and, what is more than all, that we have more heart for our country, and a more intensely moral devotion to its honour and perpetuity. We shall then have passed the ordeal of history. Our great battle-fields will be hallowed by

song. Our great leaders and patriots will be names consecrated by historic reverence. We shall be no more a compact, or a confederation, or a composition made up by the temporary surrender of powers, but a nation—God's own nation. These throes of civil order are but the schooling of our loyalty, and our political nature itself will be raised, under the discipline, by the sense of a new public honour and morality.

VIII.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC.[1]

A QUARTER of a century since, in the year 1826, at which time I was a member of this venerable University, the Beethoven Society was organized, having for its object the cultivation of music as an art, but more especially of sacred music. It was designed to be perpetual, though I am obliged to acknowledge that we had, at the time, but a slender faith in its perpetuity. Still it has continued for so long a time, maintaining, I believe, a general advance in the noble art it was designed to foster, till now, at last, having become able to furnish a better pledge of its continuance, in the erection of a fine, classic-toned organ, from one of the best builders in the world, it has seemed fit that the occasion of its opening should be signalized in some public manner. In this view, and I suppose principally because I was connected with the Society in its origin—certainly not because I have

[1] Delivered before the Beethoven Society of Yale College, at the opening of their new organ.

any special competence for the task—I have been requested to offer a discourse such as I may deem appropriate to the occasion. Accepting your invitation, I derive my subject from—

1 Cor. xiv. 7, '*And even things without life giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?*'

Everything for a use, and everything in its place, is a rule, the apostle is saying, that holds in spiritual gifts and exercises, as in everything else. If you speak with tongues, let it not be as making only strange noises, but let some one interpret, that the tongues may edify, and not be sounds without a meaning. It will not do for Christians to be more unmeaning and idle in spiritual gifts than even things without life themselves, the pipes, and harps, and trumpets, and drums of music; for these, when they give a sound, give it with distinctions that have a meaning and a power, else they are nought to us. The war trumpet has so great significance and authority that, by the sounding of signals, it commands the squadrons of armies, right and left, front and rear, to advance or to retreat; but if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound or a false signal, if instead of sounding the charge it sounds the giving of alms, who shall prepare himself for battle? Trumpets are not used in this way. Are voices and tongues to be less intelligent or significant than tubes of unconscious horn or metal?

This reference of the apostle to instruments of music, you perceive, is a reference simply of illustration; he is discoursing of spiritual gifts, not of music. But he touches, in the way of illustration, two points of so great religious interest, that I propose, this evening, to make them topics of my discourse. They are these, viz., *the very wonderful fact that God has hidden powers of music in things without life;* and *that when they are used, in right distinctions, or properties of sound, they discourse what we know—what meets, interprets, and works our feeling, as living and spiritual creatures.* Of these I shall speak in their order, only endeavouring to confine the subject, in great part, to its religious import and applications.

This world of outward being has a fixed relation to all the five senses of man, and especially to the two nobler of these, the senses of sight and of sound; the senses of touch, taste, and smell being applicable only to small portions of the material world, and having as much less to do with the spiritual economy of life as an intellectual and religious experience.

The senses of sight and sound are pre-eminently conversable or social, therefore moral and religious in their connexions. And then, of these two, the sense of sight is more especially connected with the understanding or intellectual power, and the sense of sound with the feelings, emotions, and affections. God has

made the world to be a fit medium for both—to use the driest figure possible, a blackboard for the mind, and a sounding-board for the heart. In this manner, it results that we have two languages, the language of thought and reason formed in words, which are the names principally of visible objects; and the language of feeling, which is made by tones of sound different in time, pitch, quality, inflection—in a word, by music; which, for a long time, was not a written language, but is now more exactly written than the other. In speech, or vocal utterance, both languages are blended; words, which are mostly based in visible objects and spatial relationships, being, when spoken, gifted with additional meanings and powers from the qualities and inflections of the voice, instinctively toned or modulated by the feeling of those who speak; for it is not the words only of speech that have so great power, but quite as much the living notes of music in which they are spoken; notes that vary with the quantity and quality—the volume and depth and beauty, or the dearth, dullness, hollowness, coarseness of feeling in the speaker. Hence, too, the amazing difference of power in speakers, who may speak, or read, or recite the same words. One does it without the true distinction of sounds, the other with; even as our apostle himself observes, apart from any thought of becoming a critic or professor of elocution: 'There are, it may be, so many kinds of

voices in the world, and none of them is without signification.'

Hence, also, the very great difference you observe between the tones of utterance employed in a mere argument to the understanding or judgment of men, and those which are used, for example, in prayer addressed to God. We think nothing of it probably, but nature teaches us to make a distinction of sound unawares. Meantime, the musician who is able to catch and write down the tones we use in both cases, will show that we speak, in the former case, more in full-tone intervals, and these coarsely measured; in the latter, more in half-tones, and closer to the principle of musical notation. Just as we properly should, because we are not dealing here with mere notions of the understanding, but offering to God sentiments of penitence and love and worship. And yet, since preaching is so much a matter of address to the feelings or sentiments of our religious nature, this kind of speaking will have a distinction of sound, compared with other forms of public address in the senate, or at the bar. And so far has this distinction prevailed in the Christian sense of some nations, as in Italy, and particularly in Wales, that preaching takes the form of a distinct, musical recitative. And on this account it is said, that there is no tongue in the world, in which preaching has so great advantages, or exercises a power so resistless, as in the Welsh;

because it speaks in the music of love and sorrow, and fitly interprets, in that manner, the divine passion of the cross.

You perceive, in these suggestions, how closely our spiritual nature, as creatures of feeling, is related to the element of sound, wanting this in its distinctions for a language, as truly as it wants the language of words for intellectual discourse. Even as the poets, who are nature's best oracles, sing—

> 'Music! O how faint, how weak,
> Language fades before thy spell;
> Why should feeling ever speak,
> When thou canst breathe her soul so well?'

Accordingly, as we are wont to argue the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead, from the things that are seen, finding them all images of thought and vehicles of intelligence, so we have an argument for God more impressive, in one view, because the matter of it is so deep and mysterious, from the fact that a grand, harmonic, soul-interpreting law of music pervades all the objects of the material creation, and that things without life, all metals, and woods, and valleys, and mountains, and waters, are tempered with distinctions of sound, and toned to be a language to the feeling of the heart. It is as if God had made the world about us to be a grand organ of music, so that our feelings might have play in it, as our understanding has in the light of the sun and the

outward colours and forms of things. What is called the musical scale, or octave, is fixed in the original appointments of sound, just as absolutely and definitely as the colours of the rainbow or prism in the optical properties and laws of light. And the visible objects of the world are not more certainly shaped and coloured to us, under the exact laws of light and the prism, than they are tempered and toned, as objects audible, to give distinctions of sound by their vibrations, in the terms of the musical octave. It is not simply that we hear the sea roar and the floods clap their hands in anthems of joy; it is not that we hear the low winds sigh, or the storms howl dolefully, or the ripples break peacefully on the shore, or the waters dripping sadly from the rock, or the thunders crashing in horrible majesty through the pavements of heaven; not only do all the natural sounds we hear come to us in tones of music as interpreters of feeling, but there is hid in the secret temper and substance of all matter a silent music, that only waits to sound, and become a voice of utterance to the otherwise unutterable feeling of our heart—a voice, if we will have it, of love and worship to the God of all.

First, there is a musical scale in the laws of the air itself, exactly answering to the musical sense or law of the soul. Next, there is in all substances a temperament of quality related to both; so that whatever kind of feeling there may be in a soul, war and de-

fiance, festivity and joy, sad remembrance, remorse, pity, penitence, self-denial, love, adoration, may find some fit medium of sound in which to express itself. And, what is not less remarkable, connected with all these forms of substances there are mathematical laws of length and breadth, or definite proportions of each, and reflective angles, that are every way as exact as those which regulate the colours of the prism, the images of the mirror, or the telescopic light of astronomic worlds—mathematics for the heart as truly as for the head.

Accordingly, we find, so close is the hidden music of substances to the sympathy and feeling of man, that he begins at once, instinctively, to try them by his voice and feeling, and learn what distinctions of sound they will make. And so instruments of music begin to be invented and used, even before the flood; as early, indeed, as the keeping of herds and cattle and the comforts of the nomadic life are introduced. Jabal is the 'father' of these, his brother Jubal of the other; that is, 'of the harp and the organ;' one a stringed instrument, and the other, not an organ in our modern sense of the term, but a pandean or shepherd's pipe, the principle of which is the same. From that time to the present, the silent music, or musical property of things without life, has been more and more fully opened to discovery, till at last we find that every known substance, wood, shell, horn,

glass, copper, iron, steel, brass, silver, strings, and skins, and pasteboard, and even India rubber, wait to be voices of feeling and sing the passions of the human spirit. Nay, even the very stones of the field have their notes hid within them, and are ready to break out in song. For we hear that the stroke of flints upon each other has been actually managed so as to make an instrument of music, and discourse in strains of living melody—suggesting the probable fact that the mysterious laws of crystallization have a secret affiance with the powers of music, and so with the passions of the human heart.

> 'There's music in the sighing of a reed,
> There's music in the gushing of a rill,
> There's music in all things, if men had ears,
> Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.'

Neither can it be said that all these substances without life have simply a power to make sounds or aerial vibrations, taking advantage of which fact we ourselves arrange them so as to make sounds of a given pitch, and that so the music they yield is really of man alone. For though it be true that a given shape and arrangement is necessary to the effect, the laws of that arrangement and of musical rhythm are first established in souls, and in the air as related to souls, and then, besides, all these substances without life are so constructed as to make distinctions of sound as to quality, wholly apart from distinctions of

pitch, and it is the mysterious quality of sounds that makes them interpreters of human feeling, quite as much as their varieties of pitch. Hence it is found, that in instruments of wood, the different woods have all distinct qualities of sound, and that in some of them only a given kind of wood, carefully selected, will produce the quality of sound most desired in that particular instrument. Thus, down to the time of David, the harp had been made of the *berosh*, or cedar wood. But in Solomon's time, it was found that the *almug*, or *algum* wood, gave a better quality of sound, and all the harps of the choir were accordingly made of it. So it is affirmed that the Cremona viol has its rank of estimation, as a precious instrument, from the singular and musically soul-like quality of the wood selected for its construction. It is also found that the different woods, in friction upon each other, scream in distinct qualities of sound, and a key-board instrument has been constructed on this principle of friction, that discourses in the woods, by vibrations that answer to the sentiments of souls. Even as that most wonderful organ, the human throat, is gifted with a power to utter all the feeling of a soul, by distinctions of sound, so there is a throat of utterance in all created substance, voiced to serve its uses, and prepared by some mysterious quality of sound to be its interpreter.

It cannot therefore be said that music is a human

creation, and, as far as the substances of the world are concerned, a mere accident. As well can it be said that man creates the colours of the prism, and that they are not in the properties of the light, because he shapes the prism by his own mechanical art. Or if still we doubt, if it seems incredible that the soul of music is in the heart of all created being, then the laws of harmony themselves shall answer, one string vibrating to another, when it is not struck itself, and uttering its voice of concord simply because the concord is in it, and it feels the pulses on the air, to which it cannot be silent. Nay, the solid mountains and their giant masses of rock shall answer; catching, as they will, the bray of horns, or the stunning blast of cannon, rolling it across from one top to another in reverberating pulses, till it falls into bars of musical rhythm and chimes and cadences of silver melody. I have heard some fine music, as men are wont to speak,—the play of orchestras, the anthems of choirs, the voices of song that moved admiring nations. But in the lofty passes of the Alps, I heard a music overhead from God's cloudy orchestra, the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist, and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its folds, such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art can ever hope to raise. I stood (excuse the simplicity) calling to them, in the loudest shouts I could raise, even till my power was spent, and listening in com-

pulsory trance to their reply. I heard them roll it up through their cloudy worlds of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing in it as demon screams of sin, holding on upon it as if it were a hymn they were fining to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, minute after minute, till, finally receding and rising, it trembled, as it were, among the quick gratulations of angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean. I had never any conception before of what is meant by *quality* in sound. There was more power upon the soul, in one of those simple notes, than I ever expect to feel from anything called music below, or ever can feel, till I hear them again in the choirs of the angelic world. I had never such a sense of purity, or of what a simple sound may tell of purity, by its own pure quality; and I could not but say, O my God, teach me this! Be this in me for ever! And I can truly affirm that the experience of that hour has consciously made me better able to think of God ever since—better able to worship. All other sounds are gone, the sounds of yesterday, heard in the silence of enchanted multitudes, are gone; but that is with me still, and I hope will never cease to ring in my spirit, till I go down to the slumber of silence itself.

What I here say may probably enough seem extravagant. That such a power of music dwells in the

rugged rocks and granite masses of the world may be inconceivable. And yet if this visible creation of matter is made for the habitation of souls, made for human hearts as well as for human understandings, why should not the language of the heart and the rhythm of the heart's feeling be in it?

I am a little apprehensive that in these illustrations I may have seemed to some of you to be so much occupied with properties of matter, as to be leaving the domain of religion. To such as think it nothing to religion that God has made the world for it, and hid a language in all fibres, grains, and masses of substance, discoursing of love, and pure feeling, and adoring joy, it doubtless will. But to me there is nothing in any of the arguments for God from things visible, that seems to prove as much or have as deep a meaning as this from things audible. It transforms the world itself into a temple of worship, and fills it with voices waiting to utter and kindle a celestial love in all that live.

This conviction, I think, will be strengthened as we go on to speak of the second topic proposed, viz., of those distinctions or properties of sound, by which it may be made to serve most effectively the purpose of God in its appointment, as an instrument of religion. I say the purpose of God in its appointment, for we have it by a double appointment, that which fills the

material creation with it as a residence or temple of religion, and that which makes it, by express direction, an ordinance of worship to men. How carefully this part of the worship was ordered in the temple service of Israel, is known to every reader of the ancient Scriptures; how exactly also the choirs of singers and of players on instruments were arranged, one to answer to another in the deep wail of grief or penitence, the soft response of love, the lively sweep of festive gladness, or all to flow together in choral multitudes of praise, that might even shake the rock of Zion itself.

And this divine service of music was ordered by God Himself through His own prophet: 'And he set the Levites in the house of God, with cymbals and psalteries and harps, according to the commandment of David, and of Gad, the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet; for so was the commandment of God by his prophets. And the Levites and the priests praised the Lord, day by day, singing with loud instruments unto the Lord.'

And to this divine ordinance of song it is that David calls, when he says, offering to his nation the hymns he has written for their anthems of praise: 'O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.' 'Sing unto the Lord with a harp and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet, make a joyful noise before the Lord the king.' Or perhaps you

may hear him alone there in the temple, weeping out his shame and sorrow, in tears of sound, and crying to his harp, 'Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.'

And if any one wishes to know what power there may be in music, as an instrument of religion, let him ask what effect the songs of this one singer have had, melted into men's hearts, age after age, by music, and made in that manner to be their consecrated and customary expressions of worship. Suppose, instead, he had written a treatise of theology and given it to the head of mankind, what tenth part of power would he thus have exerted over the race? And you will remember that these compositions of his have their life in the principles of music. Without this they would not have been preserved, without this they could not have been set as they are in the depths of human feeling, and, what is more, they are in fact musical constructions; for all poetry is deep in the rhythmic power of music. Indeed, you may see as you read these compositions, line answering to line, the balancing and responding of choirs, and hear their confluence in the repetitions of the chorus—nay, you may almost hear the ring of the cymbal, the blast of the cornet, and the wail of the harp.

Besides, it is a fact that the inspirations of prophets and seers, and probably those of David himself, were connected as improvisings with religious music. Thus Elisha said, Bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him. So also we read that when Saul was seized with the spirit of prophecy, it was upon meeting a school of the prophets coming down a hill with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them—a fact in which we see that prophetic vision itself, in the schools of the prophets, was a state of higher consciousness, opened and kindled by the elevations of religious music. Nor is this anything remarkable, if we recognise the fact that God has made the substances of the world to crystallize and grow under laws of music; so that strings, and tubes of metal, and wood, and voices opening in sound, shall speak a panharmonic language for whatever feeling struggles in the depths of the human bosom. Indeed what human being, I may almost say, though it were better to say, what soul not closed against God by a life of sin, could hear the 24th Psalm properly delivered, in the grand choir of the temple service, without beginning to feel himself raised above himself, as if some power of prophecy were in him? So great, so mysteriously powerful, is the sway of music over the soul. We see this in things not religious. Many a song like the Marseilles Hymn has

revolutionizied an empire, or supported even for ages the nationality of a people. And what is it but the martial beat of music, acting on the yielding and thin element of common air, that lifts every foot of an army, and rolls it onward with the precision of mechanism and the force of destiny through the fiery hail of death? Or, what is it now that gives to a single person, a woman, greater power of impression over the feeling of mankind, power to sway more deeply the sense of whole nations, than any living man possesses, whether statesman or potentate, however distinguished by talent, however absolute in dominion? It is in facts like these that we are to see what sway God designs to exert in human bosoms, through the medium of this mysterious force, this language of the heart, which He has appointed and set in a connexion so immediate with our religious nature.

But, in order to the high result intended, the music of religion must be religious. There must be a distinction of sounds. As this language is given for the heart, it becomes a first principle that it must be of the heart, else it is an unknown tongue. And so true is this, that nothing can really fulfil the idea of religious music, which is not the breathing of true love and worship. Even instruments without life will not speak the true notes of power, unless the touch of faith is on them, and the breath of holy feeling is in

them—how much less the voice itself, whose very qualities of sound are inevitably toned by the secret feeling of the spirit.

We speak of music as a science, which in one view it is. It is science in the arrangement, but in the execution more. The understanding or head can utter no proper music, least of all religious music. The notes may be sounded in time and pitch and power, and yet the music will not be there. It might as well be imagined that a man can be an eloquent speaker, because he has the science of speaking and gesture in his head, with all manner of facts, images, and arguments at command, as that one can pour out the true inspirations of worship before God, because he knows the gamut of music and the fingering of its instruments. A certain counterfeit may be made in this manner, but it will be a counterfeit—an uncertain sound that has not the true distinctions. You may say, it is well, it is beautiful music, but for some reason it will not *find* you. Never will it be the proper language of feeling to the heart, till the spirit of adoration is in it. There will be a false quality in the sounds, something which says, 'this is execution,' some token of ambition, or affectation, or eagerness of impression; the solemnity will be hollow, the softness will be flat, the loudness a strain of the flesh. By one sign or another, what is done out of mere science will reveal

its weakness and falsity. The true power of worship will be felt only as the true life of worship in the heart flows out through all notes and movements, and bathes the music in dews of heavenly moisture. When the soul is simple, and God is templed in the inmost recesses of its feeling, then is there a quality in the voice and the touch, that reveals and communicates the inspired joy of the heart. And this is power. Even the most simple inartistic performance, full of love to God and the unaffected devotion of worship, will carry a more profound impression, one of higher sublimity, than the highest feats of execution and the finest strains of amateur propriety, unkindled by the heavenly fire.

There is great reason to suspect that the office of a choir and of choral music is badly conceived in our modern assemblies of worship. The true idea of Christian music involves what no mere drill or teaching can reach; a choral consciousness, inward elevations, rhythmic sweeps of feeling, as if the music were using the choir, and not they performing the music. Poetry can as well be written without inspiration, as any song of the heart's faith or feeling sung by the will and the written concert of the book. It requires something beyond the voice, which is higher in quality, a feeling chastened, softened, raised, purified, glorified, and this beating as a common pulse, a common inspiration, shall I say, in the

whole movement. To imagine that music of any kind can have its genuine power without the feeling, or above the feeling, is absurd. It supposes that music may be good as a lie—good as an expression when there is nothing to be expressed. Would that a choir could once be heard again on earth like that of the school of the prophets; a choir that, with all the advantages of modern science, and the more perfect instruments of modern invention, could improvise, in its feeling, the subject and sentiment of its song; pouring out a world's anthem—voices of life, and things without life, giving sound—to Him that made them all, and hid in their mysterious mould powers of harmony to feel His touch and utter His praise. Oh, the deep senses of God and the soul, and the soul's yearnings after God, that might be kindled thus and in awful joy expressed—kindled also as certainly as they are expressed, in the listening multitudes who hear!

This, at least, is the true idea of Christian music; it is the music of the Spirit. It is not a something given *secundum artem*, a touch of this and a flourish of that, or an indefinite piping and harping, which no one can tell whether it be this or that, but it is the voice of truth, love, duty, worship; a discoursing of heaven in the language of the heart. It streams into feeling as it streams out of feeling, and is to the spirit a holy baptism of sound.

We read the singular history of David, when he takes his harp to comfort Saul and soothe his maddened brain, and perhaps we say it is impossible. But we do not conceive the truth. It would have been impossible, with so much wood and so many strings, if that were all, to accomplish any such result. The best overture, most artistically played, would have been powerless. But David is not here as an amateur player; he is here in a consciousness glorified by holy trust, playing forth his prayer of feeling, and his love is in the wood and the strings, and the Spirit of God is sweeping as a gale through both him and them. Hence the power.

In drawing this subject to a conclusion, I cannot forbear to say a few words in regard to the very intimate connexion of the sense of music and the cultivation of that sense with the highest powers of genius and literary excellence. The talent of music, though in one view not intellectual, is yet in another even the more divinely intelligent. The language of the soul's feeling, we have seen, is in it; and nothing had ever yet any great power over man that was divorced from feeling. This divine principle of music breaks into the style of every good writer, every powerful speaker, and beats in rhythmic life in his periods. Even if he is rough and fierce, as he may be, and as true genius often is, it will yet be the roughness of an inspired

movement; a wizard storm of sounds that rage in melody, not the dead jolting of cadences that have no inner life beyond the wind-force that utters them. The talent of music is the possibility, in fact, of rhythm, of inspiration, and of all poetic life. A man may plod, plot, speculate, and sneer, who has no fibred harp of music hid in his feeling; he may be a qualified atheist, usurer, demagogue, dogmatist, or hangman; but he cannot be one that stirs men's blood divinely, whether in song or in speech, and is very little like to be much of a Christian.

'Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how rugged is that heart forlorn.
Is there who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the muse, he is her scorn.
The sophist robe of cobweb he shall twine,
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page, or mourn
And delve for lue in mammon's dirty mine,
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.'

In these rather violent terms of the poet Beattie we have nevertheless a very certain truth, and one that, with proper allowance, may be said to hold generally. The finest fibre of soul and the highest inspiration of feeling can be formed only in some connexion, more or less intimate, with a musical susceptibility and nurture. Hence it is the more remarkable that our Universities make so little of music. They labour at the rainbow, and neglect the deeper mystery of

the musical octave. They teach the laws of acoustics, but the laws of music, as related to what is deepest and finest in the soul's feeling, they do not attempt. They investigate the crystallization of a salt, but these wondrous and mysterious crystallizations of the air, in the notes of music, they commonly pass by; greatly to the loss, it seems to me, of those who are most concerned to receive what most pertains to the culture of the imagination and the heart.

But I must not occupy too much time with points that are separated from the religious interests of my subject. Some persons have a very decided prejudice against instruments of music, and even fancy that, on that account, they are more spiritual and more strictly Christian in their views of religion. Such a prejudice is greatly hurtful to themselves, because it takes them off in a kind of schism from this part of the worship, and a share in its benefits. Can they imagine that they are borne out in their prejudice by the Scripture? Or have they never read the Psalms of David? What instrument was there which he did not bring into the temple, and command to open its voice unto God? Even the trumpets, after a week's battle, must come and change their note to an anthem of victory. Imagine this great singer of Israel, and the vast company of the Levites, hearing, for the first time, in the temple of God, a newly invented organ, such as the instrument now perfected by modern art, such as the

beautiful instrument just now erected for your Society. What emotions roll over his soul and the souls of his great choir of performers. No breath will blow! No hand will strike the strings! All the instruments and voices are dumb! He rises, when the experiment is over, and goes forth, saying in himself, 'I will alter now my Psalms, I will say no more of trumpets and cornets, I will call no more for psalteries and instruments of ten strings. Profane all these and trivial! But this is the instrument of God!' And so, in fact, it now is. The grandest of all instruments, it is, as it should be, the instrument of religion. Profane uses cannot handle it. It will not go to the battle, nor the dance, nor the serenade; for it is the holy Nazarite, and cannot leave the courts of the Lord. What room is there for a reasonable prejudice against such an instrument? And if it be true, as I have been showing, that God has voiced the dead substances of the world to sing His praise, if He has made the round earth and all things in it to be an organ of sound about us, what should more delight us than to bring into concert with our voices an instrument that is the type of an appointment so sublime. A true Christian feeling, it seems to me, will ever turn thus to things without life giving sound, and hail their assistance in the praise of God; finding half the sublimity of praise in the concert of the inanimate works of the Almighty Creator. It will even cry with David, to the fire and

the hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind fulfilling His word, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, to join their voice with his and praise the Lord. And what harm will it be if they join him in the shape of an organ?

Let me also suggest, in this connexion, the very great importance of the cultivation of religious music. Every family should be trained in it; every Sunday or common school should have it as one of its exercises. The Moravians have it as a kind of ordinance of grace for the children; not without reason, for the powers of feeling and imagination, and the sense of spiritual realities, are developed as much by a training of childhood in religious music, as by any other means. We complain that choirs and organs take the music to themselves in our churches, and that nothing is left to the people but to hear their undistinguishable piping, which no one else can join, or follow, or interpret. This must always be the complaint, till the congregations themselves have exercise enough in singing to make the performance theirs. As soon as they are able to throw in masses of sound that are not barbarous but Christian, and have a right enjoyment of their feeling in it, they will have the tunes and the style of the exercise in their own way, not before. Entering, one day, the great church of Jesus, in Rome, when all the vast area of the pavement was covered with worshippers on their knees, chanting in

full voice, led by the organ, their confession and penitence and praise to God, I was impressed, as never before, with the essential sublimity of this rite of worship, and I could not but wish that our people were trained to a similar exercise. The more sorrowful is it that, in our present defect of culture, there are so many voices which are more incapable of the right distinctions of sound, than things without life, and which, when they attempt to sing, contribute more to the feeling of woe than of praise.

I cannot close without carrying your thoughts forward a moment to the scenes of the future life. It is sometimes made a question, how far the felicity of the blessed hereafter will consist in this particular exercise of worship. I allude not here to the low-minded and barbarous sneers of infidels, scoffing at the Christian heaven as a paradise of perpetual psalm, but to the serious doubts of Christian interpreters. It is not to be denied, as many of them suggest, that our current representations of this subject are derived, in great part, if not wholly, from the Apocalypse or book of Revelation. Neither can it be denied that the anthems of praise heard in heaven by the seer of Patmos, are visional anthems, as the beasts and four and twenty elders are visional beings —representations above, that herald and connect with scenes of history to come on earth. And yet they encourage, it seems to me, the common impres-

sion, even if they do not reveal what is actually transacted in the world of the glorified. This, at least, we know, that souls are organs still of feeling, and if they have great feeling to express, it will be strange if they have not the language of feeling too. As to the sound that shall be, using the word in our present earthly sense, we of course know nothing more than of the body that shall be. And yet there may be, and is like to be, a finer medium of sound, a more spiritual music, which the music of the earth only images or represents, just as there is to be a finer organ of body, which our grosser body represents. And then, again, what have we in the fact that a law of music penetrates and fills this whole empire of being, making the known universe itself an organ voiced for the expression of the heart, but a prophecy given, or a plain inference, that as hearts are eternal, so all realms of God to which the blessed go are for ever to thrill in ecstasies of sound. Besides, what is the joy of the glorified but a joy of society; that is, of feeling expressed, society in pure and great feeling, immediate, spontaneous, universal; propagated, of course, by some fit medium. By what other, unless by voices of feeling whose speech is music, voices angelically tempered by the inward love and purity, flowing into choirs of harmony and improvised anthems that, as waves of sound, are but the ocean beat and swell of bosoms conscious of God.

'And I heard the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' Many waters—mighty thunderings—chorus of sea and air, deep and wide as both! in the clearness of purity, the fullness of love, the tremendous emphasis of righteousness, swearing its Amen to God and His judgments.

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I'm a merry, merry squirrel,
All day I leap and whirl,
Through my home in the old beech-tree;
If you chase me, I will run
In the shade and in the sun,
But you never, never can catch me!
For round a bough I'll creep,
Playing hide-and-seek so sly,
Or through the leaves bo-peep,
With my little shining eye.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Up and down I run and frisk,
With my bushy tail to whisk
All who mope in the old beech-trees;
How droll to see the owl,
As I make him wink and scowl,
When his sleepy, sleepy head I tease!
And I waken up the bat,
Who flies off with a scream,
For he thinks that I'm the cat
Pouncing on him in his dream.
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Through all the summer long
I never want a song,
From my birds in the old beech-trees;
I have singers all the night,
And, with the morning bright,
Come my busy humming fat brown bees.
When I've nothing else to do,
With the nursing birds I sit,
And we laugh at the cuckoo
A-cuckooing to her tit!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

When winter comes with snow,
And its cruel tempests blow
All the leaves from my old beech-trees;
Then beside the wren and mouse
I furnish up a house,
Where like a prince I live at my ease!
What care I for hail or sleet,
With my hairy cap and coat;
And my tail across my feet,
Or wrapp'd about my throat!
Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

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